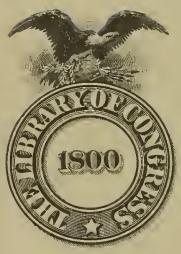
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

1815

THE

CABINET,

OR, A

COLLECTION OF CHOICE THINGS;

COMPRISING THE

BEAUTIES OF AMERICAN MISCELLANIES

FOR THE

LAST THIRTY YEARS.

—***—

BY A CITIZEN OF NEW-YORK.

—***—

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
CITY OF WASHINGTON

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY FANSHAW & CLAYTON,

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ADVERTISEMENT.

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In offering this interesting work to an enlightened public, but little need be said in its recommendation. The compiler has employed his leisure hours for the last twenty years in transcribing, for his own amusement, every miscellaneous production that he deemed worthy of preservation; and has, in this manner, collected a mass of entertaining, instructive, and useful matter. Although this selection was not originally intended for publication, yet, at the request of a number of his friends, he has been induced to prepare it for the press, and he trusts that it will be found worthy of their support.

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New York Society

THE

CABINET,

OR, A

COLLECTION OF CHOICE THINGS.

FEDERAL PROCESSION,

IN HONOUR OF

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

To testify the animated joy of the citizens of New-York, upon finding the federal constitution of government ratified by a sufficient number of states to make it operative, it was determined, that on the 23d day of July, 1788, they should so appear in procession, as to demonstrate to the world the pleasure that, in consequence of this event, had pervaded all ranks and degrees of the community.

The day having been more than once postponed, in the interesting hope that this state, then in convention, would likewise accede to the union, the committee of arrangements found it impossible any longer to oppose the patriotic ardour of their fellow-citizens. It was remembered, however, that the great object of exultation was not the ratifying of the constitution by any one particular state, but the already present existence of an era in the history of man, great, glorious, and unparalleled, which opens a va-

riety of new sources of happiness, and unbounded prospects of national prosperity! The adoption of the federal plan by this state, though not then expected to be immediate, was, however, with certainty considered among those events which time, increasing light, and an overruling Providence, would bring to our view.

About 10 o'clock, 13 guns were fired from the federal ship *Hamilton*, being the signal for the procession to move; the different bodies of which it was composed, having already collected from their various places of meeting. It now set out from the fields, proceeding down Broadway to Great Dock Street, thence through Hanover Square, Queen, Chatham, Division, and Arundel Streets; and from thence through Bullock Street to Bayard's house, in the following order:

Horsemen with trumpets.

Company of artillery, and field piece.

After these, the whole procession was marshalled into ten divisions, each of which was preceded by a white flag, borne to the honour of the ten states that had then acceded to the new constitution.

FIRST DIVISION.

Foresters with axes.

Columbus in his ancient dress, on horseback, represented by Captain Moore.

Foresters with axes, &c.

A plough, drawn by six oxen, conducted by Nicholas Cruger, Esq. in a farmer's dress, supporting the farmer's arms; a flag, with a wheat sheaf on the field, on the hand of which was inscribed, "*O Fortunati Agricola!*" over which was a rising star.

Two men sowing grain.

A harrow, drawn by two oxen and two horses, conducted by Mr. John Watts, in a farmer's dress.

A number of gentlemen farmers, with every implement of husbandry, displayed in a pleasing manner.

A new invented threshing machine, (which will thresh and clean seventy-two bushels of grain in a day,) conducted by Baron Poelnitz, and other gentlemen farmers, dressed proper, grinding and threshing grain.

United States arms, borne by Col. White, on horseback, supported by the Cincinnati; the horse beautifully caparisoned, and led by two boys in a white uniform.

A number of gardeners with aprons on, and various implements of husbandry.

A band of music.

Tailors.

A flag, ten by eleven feet, field sky blue, a fine landscape, Adam and Eve represented naked, excepting fig leaves for aprons, nearly in full stature,

in a sitting posture; motto, "And they sewed fig leaves together;" the United States forming a chain, or links, upon a large circle, in order as they adopted the constitution, and the names of each state in the middle; in the centre of the circle, "Majority." The sun beaming forth its rays upon those states that have acceded to federal measures. Rhode Island in mourning. General Washington nearly in full stature, holding a parchment in his hand, with this inscription, "The federal constitution." The federal eagle, with its wings expanded, soaring towards the sun: the whole hung in a large frame, with golden knobs at the tops of the poles; carried by two standard bearers, and supported by two men, one upon each side of the flag, with fine blue and white cord, and elegant tassels in their hands. The flag preceded by a committee of six, three and three, joined together by white handkerchiefs, with buff and blue sashes, and blue and buff cockades; followed by Mr. John Elliot, President, with a blue and buff sash and cockade; two of the committee, with buff and blue sashes and cockades, on each side of the President; followed by the rest of their branch, all wearing blue and buff cockades. The order closed by Mr. John Banks, Vice President, with a sash and cockade like the President's, and two officers, with buff and blue sashes and cockades; three flank officers, as adjutants, dressed in sashes and cockades, with white rattans in their hands. The sashes and cockades emblematical of the staff uniform of the American army.

Measurers of Grain.

An ensign with a flag, representing the head of General Washington in the centre, ornamented with thirteen stripes and thirteen stars, with this motto; "His Excellency General Washington;" on the opposite side, the head of Col. Hamilton, beautifully painted; in the centre, a device representing the measures used in the business, on one side of which was inscribed, in capitals, "Equity," surrounded with these lines:

"Federal measures, and measures true,
"Shall measure out justice to us and to you."

Two ships, one discharging salt, and the other taking in grain; a store, with a merchant in front, viewing, with a spy-glass, a French ship entering the harbour under full sail; on the reverse, the same, except the Mayor of the City in the place of Col. Hamilton. The order headed by Mr. Van Dyke.

Millers—No return.

Inspectors of Flour—No return.

Bakers.

Headed by two masters, Messrs. John Quackinbos, and Frederick Stymes.

Ten boys, dressed in white, with blue sashes, each of them carrying a large rose, decorated with various coloured ribands.

Ten journeymen, dressed in white, with blue sashes, carrying implements of the craft.

A stage, drawn by two bay horses decorated.

Four masters, with the federal loaf, ten feet long, twenty-seven inches in breadth, and eight inches in heighth, with the names in full length of the ten states which have ratified the constitution, and the initial letters of the other three.

A flag, representing the declension of trade under the old confederation. Motto,

"When in confusion I was made,
"Without foundation was I laid;
"But hope the federal ovens may
"My sinking frame full well repay."

On the reverse, the representation of their trade in a flourishing situation, with two ovens. Motto,

"We are well built, both sound and tight,
"We hope to serve the ships in sight,
"With the best bread, bak'd with good flour,
"When congress have the federal power."

In the centre, the spread eagle and crown, holding on the left the old confederation, on the right, the new constitution; Fame, with her trumpet, over it; followed by eighty masters, journeymen, and apprentices, with white aprons.

Brewers.

A standard, carried by Mr. Samuel Boyer, ornamented with the brewers arms, proper, barley sheaves and porter casks, encircled with hop vines; crest, an eagle with extended wings, holding a thermometer in his beak. Motto, "Home brewed." The federal brewery; a horse and dray loaded, in full speed to

Bunker's Hill; and other devices suitable to the occasion.

Messrs. A. Lispenard, Appleby, and Matlack, with each an elegant gilt mashing oar in hand, and barley heads in their hats, followed by two horses and drays, ornamented with hop vines and barley. First dray loaded with a store cask, containing three hundred gallons of ale, a porter cask and barrel; on the top of the large cask was fixed a ton, with a living Bacchus, a very handsome boy, of eight years old, dressed in flesh coloured silk, sewed tight round, from his chin to his toes; a cap, ornamented with hop vines and barley, a silver goblet in his hand, drinking and huzzaing the whole day with the greatest cheerfulness, performing his part to admiration. Below him sat Silenus, attendant on Bacchus, on a porter hogshead. Motto, "Ale, proper drink for Americans."

Second dray, loaded with porter casks and hop bags, followed by brewers and maltsters, with mashing oars, malt shovels, &c. twenty in number, ornamented with barley and hop vines in their hats.

Distillers—No return.

SECOND DIVISION.

Coopers.

Thirteen apprentice boys, thirteen years of age, dressed in white shirts, trowsers, and stockings, the trowsers drawn at the ancle with a green riband, their hats ornamented with thirteen pillars, coloured green and white, with ten branches springing from them, representing the ten states which have adopted the constitution, decorated with an oak branch and

green riband; a keg carried under the left arm, slung with a broad green riband, with a bow of the same, green and white on their right shoulder, round their right arms a green and white riband with a bow; each boy carrying a white oak branch in his right hand, and wearing white leather aprons. Headed by Mr. Peter Stoutenburgh, carrying a small flag, with the Coopers' coat of arms. Motto, "Love as brethren."

Forty-two apprentices, dressed clean, with a green oak branch in their hats, and carrying a branch in their right hand.

The stage, drawn by four bay horses, dressed with ribands, and decorated with green oak bows. On the stage was erected a standard, with a flag ten feet square, representing trade and commerce; a federal cooperage; Coopers at different kinds of work; the Coopers' coat of arms. Motto, "Love as brethren." Workmen at work on the stage, Mr. John Post, master. On the stage, a cask that had been put up during the session of the convention at Philadelphia, and which wanted repair; but notwithstanding one of the best workmen belonging to the branch was industriously employed great part of the time of the procession, it was found impracticable: this branch, considering this emblematical of the old confederation, determined to make a new cask, representing the new constitution, which was done accordingly, while the procession was marching.

Next the stage was one hundred and thirty-eight masters and journeymen coopers, their hats decorated with green oak boughs, carrying an oak branch in

their right hand, the rear brought up by Mr. Daniel Dunscomb, carrying a small flag, the same as in front. The order conducted by two masters, wearing green and white cockades, and each carrying a green hoop-pole, with the leaves left on the upper end.

Butchers.

Headed by Mr. Jotham Post, Alexander Fink, Joseph Lovel, and Jacob J. Arden; a flag of fine linen, neatly painted, displayed; on the standard, the coat of arms, viz. three bullock's heads, two axes cross ways, a boar's head, and two garbs, supported by an ox and a lamb; motto,

"Skin me well, dress me neat,
"And send me 'board the federal fleet."

A slaughter-house, with cattle drest, and killing; a market, supported by ten pillars, one pillar partly up; under it was written, "Federal market supported by ten," in gold letters. Federal Butchers; a ship, with smaller vessels. The standard carried on a stage drawn by four bright bay horses, dressed with ribands; a boy dressed in white rode and conducted each. On the stage, a stall, neatly finished; two butchers and two boys on the stage at work, splitting the lambs, &c. followed by one hundred of the branch, drest with clean white aprons, and steels on; a band of music; two banners, with the proper coat of arms; motto, "Federal Butchers;" one in the front, supported by Mr. William Wright; one in the rear, supported by Mr. John Perin. A capital bullock, of a thousand weight in his quarters, roasted whole by

the Butchers for the honour of the day, was presented to the procession in general.

Tanners and Curriers.

Arms on the flag: Azure, a flesher, and a currying-knife; or, crest, a bull's head, horned; or, supporters, on the dexter side, a Tanner in his frock and trowsers, holding in his dexter hand a Tanner's skimmer, proper; on the sinister, a Currier in his working dress, apron turned up, holding in his sinister hand a currying-knife, proper; a sun rising from beneath the union flag. Motto, "By union we rise to splendour." Behind all, an oak tree.

Skinners, Breeches Makers, and Glovers.

Headed by Messrs. Alsop Hunt, Benjamin Gatfield, James Mathers, Leonard Rogers, and James Hays; a flag of cream coloured silk, borne by James Mott and John Peal, supported by Henry Frederic and Jacob Grindlemeyer; coat of arms, a pair of breeches and three gloves, supported by two rampant bucks; crest, a buck's head; a green field, with a ewe and two lambs, one lying down, the other standing. Motto, "Americans, encourage your own manufactures;" followed by thirty-one of the trade, in buckskin waistcoats, faced with blue silk, breeches, gloves, and stockings, with a buck's tail in their hats. To these, Mr. W. Thompson, the parchment manufacturer, attached himself, with a standard of parchment, and the inscription, "American manufactured."

THIRD DIVISION.

Cordwainers.

Headed by Mr. James M'Cready, who supported a small flag representing the arms of the craft: motto, "Federal Cordwainers;" followed by twelve masters, representing twelve states.

A stage, drawn by four white horses, with two postilions in livery; a shop on the stage, with ten men diligently prosecuting their business, emblematical of the ten states that have adopted the constitution, with colours extended over the whole length of the shop, representing, in front, his Excellency General Washington coming out of the state house at Philadelphia, and presenting the constitution to Fame; she receiving it standing in her Temple, and ready to proclaim it to an astonished world! On the reverse, a full view of our own harbour, with the arrival of a ship with Crispin, who is joyfully received by St. Tammany.

Then followed the main body, three hundred and forty men, Mr. Anthony Bolton in the rear, with a small flag, as in front.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Carpenters.

Four masters, with each a rule in his hand; Vice President, with a blue riband at his breast, with a scale and dividers, and a drawing square in his hand; secretary and treasurer, with a green sash and archi-

tect book in their hands; the apprentices in sections, each bearing a white wand of five feet long in his hand; the standard borne by eight journeymen with red sashes; representing, under the standard of the United States, a portraiture of General Washington; motto, "Freedom's favourite Son." Two Corinthian pillars, supporting a pediment half finished, expressive of the yet unsettled state of the union; under this, thirteen pillars gilt, united by one entablature, with a purple riband; ten of them bearing the names of the states in the order of their adopting the new constitution. A motto on the frieze, "The love of our country prevails;" in the pediment, a shield; motto; "Honour God."

The journeymen in sections; the masters in sections; the President with a blue riband at his breast, with scale and dividers, and a star or union on his left breast, and a drawn square in his hand. Four masters, with two feet rules in their hands, two hundred and two rank and file.

Furriers.

Messrs. Lot Merkel, and John Siemon, carrying a white valuable fox-skin, manufactured; followed by an Indian, properly accoutred, with the dress and habiliments of his nation, as just coming out of the woods, loaded with various kinds of raw furs, as if bringing them for sale; followed by journeymen, each of them carrying furs and manufactures, the produce of this country. Likewise, a horse, with two bears,

each sitting on a pack of furs, led by an Indian in a beaver blanket and round hat with black feathers, followed by two journeymen furriers in their working habits, with master aprons, their coats trimmed with black martins, their hats decorated with black feathers and white cockades.

A red flag, on which a tyger, as large as life, was displayed, and above it a large muff of real ermine, as an emblem of the craft; followed by two journeymen in like habits as the first. In the rear of these, came Mr. Lyon Jonas, dressed in a superb scarlet blanket, and an elegant cap, ornamented with a beautiful plumage, smoking the Indian pipe and tomahawk.

Hatters.

Preceded by ten men in their working dresses, ornamented with blue sashes, and carrying bows, decorated with blue ribands. The flag, displaying the emblems of the branch, on a blue field, supported by two masters. Journeymen and apprentices, followed by masters, being sixty in number, with blue cockades and blue aprons, headed by Mr. Walter Bicker.

Perukemakers and Hairdressers,

To the number of forty-five. Standard and flag. The arms, a wig in quarters, and three razors on the top of the arms. The amicable society of perukemakers. Motto, "May we succeed in our trade, and the union protect us."

Two small flags on a barber's pole, ten links in each, emblematical of the ten adopting states.

Artificial Florists.

Rear of the fourth division brought up by the Artificial Florists, carrying a white flag, ornamented on the edges with artificial flowers, with thirteen blue stars, three of which drooping, representing the three states that had not adopted the constitution, supported by two boys in white, with blue sashes, and their heads set off with feathers. Motto, "*Floreati America.*"

FIFTH DIVISION.

Whitesmiths,

Carrrying an elegant pedestal of open scroll-work, supporting the arms of the trade, Vulcan's arm and hand-hammer. Motto, in gold,

"By hammer and hand,
"All arts do stand."

Below, the name of the trade, embellished with gold ornaments in swags of laurel; a highly polished finished lock was herein likewise exhibited, with a key at entrance. Over the same a bell rung continually during the procession, and at the top a finished jack, kept likewise in motion by the wind; followed by the masters singly, then two wardens, masters, journeymen, and apprentices, all with blue cockades.

Cutlers.

Two master cutlers, wearing breastplates, and drill-bows in their hands, and green silk aprons, embellished with the company's arms, richly painted, bound with red riband.

Four journeymen with green baize aprons, bound with red riband, and the company's arms.

Four apprentices, with green baize aprons, bound with red riband.

Confectioners.

Bacchus's cup, made of sugar, richly ornamented, four feet six inches in circumference; round the goblet's edge the inscription, "The Federal Confectioners," the letters of different colours; sugar-plumbs in the cup; the federal cake, ornamented with preserved fruit, made and carried by Mr. Pryor.

Stone Masons.

Flag; on the front an elegant plan of the President's (of Congress) house; at a distance was displayed a remote view of the temple of fame, supported with thirteen pillars, ten finished, and three unfinished; over the temple these words inscribed:

"The foundation is firm, the materials are good,
"Each pillar cemented with patriot's blood."

Over the centre of the flag a spread eagle; below the temple, a gentleman, and a stone mason showing him a draught of the temple; between the president's house and the temple, a grove of trees, and an elegant walk.

On the reverse, an elegant figure of the master mason; over his head was displayed the American flag, with the mason's coat of arms; at a distance a mason's shop in a shade of trees, a man at work in it; at a little distance, two men cutting stone; near the bottom

of the flag a man sawing marble, with a number of blocks and tools of all kinds lying round.

The order, consisting of thirty-two, headed by Mr. George Lindsay and William M'Kinney.

Bricklayers,

Preceded by Mr. John M'Comb, one hundred and two in number, supporting a flag, representing, under the colours of the United States, a medallion of His Excellency General Washington, encircled with laurel; in the centre, the bricklayers arms. Motto, "In God is all our trust." Over the arms, a riband, written, "The Amicable Society of Bricklayers," all in gold letters; on the lower part of the flag, a building with scaffolding, and men at work, attended with labourers. The whole painted on white silk.

Painters and Glaziers' Flag.

A view of a street with a number of buildings, one nearly painted, and a man in the attitude of painting, on a ladder, the front of a house; a ship, and a man painting the stern; a pillar with ten stripes circular; above the pillar the union flag, standing on the platform, supported by ten pillars, three pillars lying down underneath; in the two upper corners, two men in each, at different work, painting and glazing; in the centre of the two, the arms of the painters and glaziers. Arms, or, three shields gule; on the first a hammer, proper; in the second a diamond; in the third a lederkin; on the two upper shields a rule; in the centre of the field a paint pot and brush; crest, a glass cap; supporters, on the dexter side, a man hold-

ing a pillar and pencil; on the sinister, a man holding a sash frame. Motto, "May we Succeed." Over the two poles that supported the banner, a scroll, surmounted with a star; this motto, "May Trade Flourish and Industry be Rewarded."

Cabinet-makers,

Headed by Messrs. Carmer, Rucker, and Anderson. Robert Carter bearing the arms of the profession, followed by thirty apprentices, four abreast; twenty journeymen in the same order.

Stage drawn by horses, on which, during the march, a cradle and table were completed; on the stage, colours fixed, representing a furniture warehouse, where the different species of their craft were displayed. Motto, "Unity with Fortitude." Sixteen master workmen, four and four, closed the order.

Windsor and Rush Chair-makers,

Headed by Messrs. Thomas and William Ash, of the windsor, and Jacob Smith and Mr. Dow, of the rush chair manufactory, followed by sixty men, with green and red cockades in their hats, emblematical of their business; the standard, borne by two men, representing a large manufactory shop, with a number of workmen at work; in front of the shop, a view of the river, several vessels bound to different parts, taking in chairs; boys carrying them to the wharves; in one corner, the American union; in the other, the chair-maker's arms; a turning lathe, and two windsor chairs properly emblazoned. Motto. "Free Trade."

" The Federal states in union bound;
" O'er all the world our chairs are found."

Ivory Turner's and Musical Instrument Makers,

Headed by Mr. Ahasuerus Turk, and other masters of the above business, two and two. They bore a beautiful standard; in the upper part was the figure of Apollo, (the god of music,) sitting in the clouds, playing on a lyre; round his head were brilliant rays of gold. In a festoon, from Apollo to the corners, and down the sides, hung the different instruments of music, in the manner of trophies. Underneath Apollo was America, standing hand in hand with Europe, Asia, and Africa, emblematical of love and friendship with all the world.

" Divine Apollo strikes his sacred lyre,
" Our breath he fills with true federal fire;
" All nature smiles on this auspicious day,
" When love and friendship joins the new æra."

Motto, " Federal Musical Instrument Makers."

Drum-makers.

A flag; drum-makers arms; two drums in the two corners; a sheaf of flax in the centre at top; a lamb underneath; on the left of the arms, an oak tree; on the right, a man leaning on the arms, representing the drum-maker. Motto, " Federal Drum-makers."

" Tho' peaceably inclin'd we are,
" Let us prepare, lest there be war;
" Our enemies may overcome,
" Should we neglect the federal drum."

Upholsterers,

Accompanying the federal chair of state, a most elegant exhibition, each carrying a banner ornamented with fringe, painted to represent the different articles of their business. Ten of these were topped with brilliant stars, and three with stars obscured in different degrees. The federal chair was carried upon a handsome stage, covered with the richest carpet; over it stood a magnificent canopy, nineteen feet high, overlaid with blue satin, decorated with beautiful festoons, fringe, &c. and various emblematical figures. On the right stood a comely lad, in the character of Liberty, suitably dressed, and bearing her staff and cap, with a roll of parchment, inscribed, "Federal Constitution, 1788." On the left, another, in the character of justice, carrying the sword and balance. On the back of the chair were seen two angels elevating a laurel wreath, with this motto, "The reward of virtue," and on its top stood the bird sacred to Minerva. On the highest part of this beautiful canopy stood the American eagle, with expanded wings, supported by a globe representing the United States; a variety of other emblematical circumstances might be noted, such as two watchful tygers, in a recumbent posture, intimating the necessary union of strength and prudence. On the front of the stage, a banner, representing Fame in a flying posture, carrying the constitution, was supported by one in the habit of a native American, but richly decorated with feathers, plumes, &c. The motto, "May the Federal Constitution be supported by Liberty and Justice."

Lace and Fringe-weavers,

Bearing orange colours, elevated on a gilt standard, ornamented by their own manufactory; the device, an angel holding out a scroll with the words, "Federal Constitution," and underneath,

"O never let it perish in your hands,
"But piously transmit it to your children."

Paper Stainers.

A flag displayed, representing a piece of paper of a verditure blue ground, printed with a figure of General Washington, with the words "New-York Manufacture," in blue letters, on a gold ground, borne by Mr. John Colles, attended by an apprentice in a coat and cap of paper laced with bordering, and others carrying decorated tools. In the centre of the flag an oval figure, including ten golden stars, for the ten ratifying states; and on the exterior, three stars in silver, representing the states that have not acceded to the constitution. On the borders of the flag, "Under this constitution we hope to flourish."

Civil Engineers,

Carrying a design for erecting a dock for building and repairing men of war and other large vessels.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Shipwrights' Flag.

In front a large oak tree, a ship in frame, with pieces of timber lying promiscuously. Noah's ark above,

with the motto, "The bulwark of a nation." On the extended corner, an eye.

Blacksmiths and Nailors.

A flag with two smiths' shops represented; in one, a number of men forging an anchor; in the other, men shoeing a horse and making nails. Their coat of arms, three hammers crowned; over which was seen an eagle; under, the words, "The new constitution." Between the two shops, a large anchor. Motto,

"Forge me strong, finish me neat,
"I soon shall moor a federal fleet."

A man with his arm extended, with a hammer in it, with this motto:

"By hammer in hand
"All arts do stand."

The number, one hundred and twenty, in order, headed by Mr. John M'Bain. During the march the blacksmiths exerted themselves in the federal cause. They began and almost completed an anchor upon the stage, besides making a number of other articles, as hooks and thimbles, horse-shoes, nails, &c.

Ship Joiners.

A flag, with their arms; in the field various instruments of the craft displayed, crested with a ship, and ornamented. Motto,

"Our merchants may venture to ship without fear,
"For pilots of skill shall the Hamilton steer.
"This Federal ship will our commerce revive,
"And merchants, and shipwrights, and joiners shall thrive;

" On the ocean of time she's about to set sail,
" Fair Freedom her compass, and Concord the gale."

Boat Builders.

Headed by two masters. Barge rowed by proper bargemen in proper dress. Flag, field, thirteen stars and stripes; a print of His Excellency General Washington, and under him a boat building, axe and addice across, and drawing knife and plane. Motto,

" Accept, great chief, that share of honour's praise,
" A grateful people to your merit pays;
" Verse is too mean your virtues to display,
" And words too weak our meaning to convey."

The Block and Pump-makers

Finished a pump, turned three dozen sheaves and pins, made thirteen blocks, sheaved and pinned complete, on the stage, during the procession. A flag, with thirteen different kinds of blocks painted in an oval form, a pump boring in the centre. Motto, " May our industry ever recommend us to employment under the Federal Government."

A ship off the stocks, with only her lower masts in. Motto,

" Block me well, my spars sheave neat,
" And join me to our Federal fleet."

Sail-makers.

A stage drawn by four horses, on which was displayed their flag, representing the flag of the United States; directly below, the ship New Constitution,

under full sail; in the centre of the flag, Colonel Hamilton, the new constitution in his right hand, and the confederation in his left; Fame, with a trumpet, and laurels to crown him; under, this motto:

"Let steadiness our steps pursue,
"May justice be our guide;
"The Federal plan we keep in view,
"We fall if we divide."

Below this, on the left, the inside of a sail-loft; the master workmen cutting out sails, with men at work. On the right of this, a view of a river; a ship at anchor, representing Commerce; a boat taking in sails to carry on board; the outside of a sail-loft, at which men are reefing sails. During the procession was finished on the stage, a ship's fore-top-mast-stay-sail, a steering-sail cut out, on which was sewed about fifty-six yards, which was performed by four men in white shirts and trowsers, their sleeves tied up with blue riband. The remainder of the branch (thirty-seven in number) followed the stage, carrying in their hands yards and measure lines, &c. the boys dressed in canvass vests and trowsers, a blue sash tied round their waists, and a pine branch in their hats, with blue ribands; in the branch ten stars, in honour of the ten states that have adopted the constitution. Headed by Mr. George Warner.

Riggers.

The whole number, forty-one, with blue ribands in their hats, two drummers and fifers, a flag with thirteen stripes and thirteen stars, and a ship just from the

carpenters, with men heaving her foremast in with the windlass, and a rigging-loft on the wharf, with seven men at work, three of them serving a rope; one with a bowl of punch, drinking success to the new constitution. A cartman, with a cart load of rope at the loft door; Fame, with a trumpet, sounding "Federal Riggers;" the motto,

"Fit me well, and rig me neat,
"And join me to the Federal fleet."

On the other side, a ship almost finished, with men at work aloft; likewise, a rigging-loft, with men at work. A cartman taking out a gang of rigging from the loft; the motto,

"Now I am rigg'd both neat and strong,
"And joined to the federal throng."

The standard borne by Mr. Richard Clark.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

Federal Ship Hamilton.

A frigate of thirty-two guns, twenty-seven feet keel and ten feet beam, with galleries, and every thing complete and in proportion, both in hull and rigging; manned with upwards of thirty seamen and marines, in their different uniforms; commanded by Commodore Nicholson, and drawn by ten horses.

At the hour appointed for the procession to move, thirteen guns were fired from the ship as a signal for marching. She then got under way, with her topsails a-trip, and courses in the brails, proceeding in the

centre of the procession. When abreast of Beaver-street, she made the proper signal for a pilot, by hoisting a jack at the fore-topmast-head, and firing a gun. The pilot boat appeared upon her weather quarter, the frigate threw her main-topsail to the mast; the boat hailed, and asked the necessary questions; the pilot was received on board, and the boat dismissed. The frigate then filled, and moved abreast of the fort, where the crew discovered the president and members of congress. She immediately brought to, and fired a salute of thirteen guns, which was followed by three cheers, and politely answered by the gentlemen of congress. The procession then moved; when the ship came opposite to Mr. Constable's, the crew discovered at the window Mrs. Edgar, who had generously honoured the ship with the present of a suit of silk colours; immediately they manned ship and gave three cheers. When she arrived abreast of the Old-slip, she was saluted by thirteen guns from his Most Catholic Majesty's packet, then in the harbour, which was politely returned. She then made sail, and proceeded through Queen-street to the fields, when squalls came on, and the wind ahead, she beat to windward by short tacks, in which the pilot displayed his skill in navigation, heaving the lead, getting ready for stays, putting the helm alee, by bracing and counter bracing the yards, &c. In the fields, she had to descend several hills, in raising which she afforded a delightful prospect to the spectators, her topsails appearing first, and then her hull, in imitation of a ship at sea; exhibiting an appear-

ance beyond description splendid and majestic. When she arrived at her station abreast of the dining tables, she clued up her topsails, and came to, in close order with the rest of the procession, the officers going ashore to dine. At four o'clock she gave the signal for marching, by a discharge of thirteen guns, when the procession moved by the lower road. The manner in which the ship made her passage through the narrow part of the road was highly interesting and satisfactory, being obliged to run under her foretopsail, in a squall, and keep in the line of procession; this was accomplished with great hazard, by the good conduct of the commander, and the assiduity of the seamen and pilot; she arrived at her moorings abreast of the Bowling-Green at half past five, amidst the acclamations of thousands; and the different orders in procession, as soon as they were dismissed, honoured her with three cheers, as a mark of approbation for the good conduct of the commodore and his crew.

Pilot-Boat,

Eighteen feet in length, and four feet in breadth, commanded by Mr. Edward Wilkinson, with four lads; embellished with two flags, representing the light-house, Highlands, Staten-Island, and the sea; ships going in and out, the pilot boats attending them; drawn on a wagon by two horses.

Pilots.

Marine Society.

President with a gold anchor at his left breast, sus-

pended by a blue riband, and two vice-presidents, treasurer, secretary, and attorney. Standard bearer, with a white silk flag, representing a ship cast on shore; a dead body floating near her; a woman and children in great distress, lamenting the sad catastrophe, are consoled by Hope, leaning with one hand on a large anchor, and pointing with the other to charity, who holds a chart, inscribed, "New-York Marine Society;" in the upper part, handsomely ornamented, is written, "Marine Society, state of New-York;" in the lower, in gold letters, the society's motto, "To Charity add Knowledge."

Former officers—Standing Committees,

Society, and strangers; masters of vessels, four abreast.

Printers, Bookbinders, and Stationers,

Preceded by Messrs. Hugh Gaine, and Samuel Loudon, on horseback.

The standard alternately supported by Messrs. Bryce, Carroll, Harrison, and Purdy.

A handsome stage, drawn by four horses. Upon the stage, the federal printing-press complete; cases, and other typographical implements, with press-men and compositors at work. During the procession, many hundred copies of a song and an ode, adapted to the occasion, were struck off, and distributed, by Messrs. A. M'Lean and J. Russel, among the multitude.

A small flag on the top of the press, on which was

inscribed the word "Publius," in gold letters. Mr. John Loudon, representing a herald, mounted on the back of the press, dressed in a flowing robe, and a cap, on which were written the words, "The Liberty of the Press;" with a brazen trumpet in the right hand, proclaiming, "The epocha of Liberty and Justice," pending from the mouth of the trumpet. In the left hand, a parchment scroll, representing the new constitution. The master Printers, Booksellers, and Bookbinders, with their journeymen and apprentices, four abreast, following the stage.

Description of the Standard.

Fame, blowing her trumpet, and supporting the medallion of his excellency Doctor Franklin; Liberty attending, holding her cap over his head; the electric fluid darting from below; on the upper corner, the union flag, and Stationers' arms; and below, the bible and federal constitution, representing the religious and civil constitution of our country. Mottos,

1st. "*Ars artium omnium conservatrix.*"

2d. "May the liberty of the Press be inviolably preserved, as the palladium of the constitution, and the centinel of freedom."

And surrounding the medallion of his excellency Doctor Franklin, the following words: "Where liberty dwells, there is my country."

EIGHTH DIVISION.

Cartmen.

A cart painted red, with the words, "Federal cart," in white letters; ornamented with green boughs, and

drawn by an elegant bright bay horse, neatly caparisoned, and "Union" inscribed under each ear; driven by Mr. Edward Fowler, dressed in a white frock and overalls, with a blue sash and white bow. On the cart was erected a standard, with a broad flag; one side representing Murray's wharf, Stewart and Jones's store, and three vessels discharging and taking in cargoes; carts passing and repassing; the harbour; a view of Long-Island; the rising sun; a vessel under sail, named the "Federal Ship Hamilton;" a coat of arms; motto, "By this we live," in yellow letters. On the reverse, Jones's wharf and storehouses, with a view of the river, Long-Island, horses and carts, the rising sun, and federal ship; over which, on both sides, were these lines:

"Behold the Federal Ship of fame,
"The Hamilton we call her name;
"To every craft she gives employ,
"Sure cartmen have their share of joy."

Followed by three hundred cartmen, each wearing a laurel in his hat, and conducted by Messrs. T. Amerman, A. Mattiny, J. Demeroy, and W. Furman.

Horse Doctor.

Walter Gibbons, horse-doctor, dressed in an elegant half shirt, with a painted horse on his breast, a balling iron in the horse's mouth, and the Doctor putting a ball of physic down his throat, with implements of farriery ready for use. Over the horse written, "Federal Horse Doctor." At the bottom, "Physic." On his back a horse skeleton, the doctor examining

the head; over his head, "Federal Horse Doctor," at bottom, "Dissection."

Mathematical Instrument Makers.

In an oval compartment, encircled with ten stars, a Hadley's quadrant, telescope, azimuth compass, and time-glass, with suitable decorations. Motto, "Trade and Navigation;" supported by Mr. Thomas Biggs.

Carvers and Engravers.

The Carvers and Engravers (united) were led by Messrs. Richard Davis and Peter Maverick; the banner supported by R. B. Davis. On the banner, which was of silk, bordered with an elegant fringe, of American manufacture, were displayed the arms of the United States, viz. a chief, azure on thirteen pieces, argent and gules. In the centre was placed an escutcheon, parted, proper, pale. Argent, a chevron, or, between two gravers in chief, proper, a copper-plate on a sand bag in base, proper, for Engravers. Argent, a mallet and gouge, proper, for Carvers. Motto, "*Arte et Labore.*" This banner was suspended by the two upper ends to a gilt staff, which was crowned by a circle, two feet diameter, of thirteen stars, ten of which were gilt, three ungilt. In the centre the American eagle soaring. On a carved riband, between the banner and the stars, this motto, "*Nous brillerone tous bien tot.*"

Coach and Coach-Harness-Makers.

A stage in front, drawn by ten black horses, three

postilions dressed in yellow, and jockey caps trimmed yellow. Four workmen on the stage at work in the different branches. The flag extended on the stage, representing a coach-maker's shop, with doors open; hands at work; a coach finished. At the door, a vessel lying at the wharf, taking on board carriages for exportation. Over the shop, the union flag; over the ship the nine federal members from this county. In the centre, the coach and coach-harness-makers' arms, on a blue field, three open coaches, supported by Liberty on one side, holding in her left hand the cap of liberty, on the other side by Peace, holding in her right hand a cornucopia of plenty; Fame, blowing her trumpet over their heads; motto, "The Federal star shall guide our car." A genteel green monument, supported by ten pillars, with an union in the centre. Crest on the top of the arms, an eagle soaring from a globe.

Coppersmiths,

Headed by Messrs. Asher Myers and Charles White. A standard, emblematical of the branch. Motto, "May the labour of the industrious be crowned with success."

Founders' Colour.

Furnace, sand-trough, two pillars, an urn, cannon, two moulds. Motto, "May the Founders, through principles of Amity, agree in Unity."

Tin-plate-workers,

Headed by Messrs. Kempton, Hardenbrook, and

other masters, followed by their journeymen and apprentices, with white cockades, emblematical of their business; their standard borne by two of their profession, exhibiting a square; on one side, the Federal Tin Manufactory; on the other, the Federal Tin Warehouse; in the square are raised ten pillars, with lamps to each, lighted, emblematical of the ten states that have adopted the constitution. On each of the ten pillars is a different article of tin manufactory; in front is a view of the river; the federal man of war appears, and shows the poop lantern; at a great distance appears a light-house, and a ship in the offing. The ship of war shows the federal flag of ten stripes. On the manufactory are inscribed the words "Federal Constitution," and

"When three more pillars rise,
"Our union will the world surprise."

Pewterers,

Bearing an orange-coloured silk flag, on which was elegantly painted the United States' colours; underneath which, the pewterers' arms, supported by two miners, holding burning lamps in their hands. Motto, "Solid and pure," in gold letters; on the front part of the flag, the words, "Society of Pewterers," with the representation of a Pewterer's workshop, in which the different branches were at work, and some of their work finished. Above this were the following lines. viz.

"The federal plan, most solid and secure,
"Americans their freedom will ensure:

"All arts shall flourish in Columbia's land,
"And all her sons join as one social band."

Gold and Silversmiths.

A gold Federal Eagle on the top of the standard. The goldsmith's emblematical arms on white silk, emblazoned, the crest representing justice, sitting on a helmet, holding in one hand the balance, in the other the touchstone; the arms supported by two savages, the field quarterly, or, two eagles' heads cross'd, azure, two cups inverted between two gold buckles; the motto, "Justice is the Queen of Virtues." The supporters resting on a globe, representing the United States. Standard supported by the four senior goldsmiths, followed by twenty-five.

Potters.

A flag, on which was represented specimens of stone and earthen-ware. A stone-ware kiln in full flame, with different parts of both branches. A stage drawn by two horses, three hands at work, turning a number of vessels of different forms. Motto on the flag, "The Potter hath power over the clay."

The Chocolate-makers' Device.

The old Constitution represented by the naked body of a man, denoting Congress, without power, with thirteen heads, looking different ways, showing the clashing interest of the states in union, with these lines:

"When each head thus directing,
"The body naught pursues;

"But when in one united,
"Then energy ensues."

The ten men, well dressed, representing the ten states, supporting the head of a man, representing the new constitution united in a federal head. Across the loins of the naked man, in a circle, a scroll from the right hand to the left, pointing with the fore finger to a rising sun, and the federal head, with these lines in it :

"In all creation my like is not,
"Adopt the new, and let me be forgot.
"Behold how beams yon bright and rising sun,
"O happy era! tyranny is fled;
"Since federal government is now begun,
"United in one presidential head."

On the pedestal on which it stands are these words, "The Old Constitution." Beneath, a hand-chocolate-mill, with two men grinding chocolate. On the opposite side of the flag, thirteen stripes, representing that no alteration can dissolve the federal compact entered into by the first congress, when they declared independence.

Tobacconists,

Headed by Mr. Dennis M'Ready, displaying a white silk flag, on which was elegantly painted, gilt, (encompassed by thirteen tobacco plants,) their arms, on a superb shield. Motto, "Let brotherly love continue." Their flag was preceded by thirteen boys, dressed in white, with blue ribands each carrying a hand of tobacco with eleven leaves bound close to-

gether; then followed the masters and journeymen, to the number of forty-five.

Dyers,

Headed by John Morrison and Robert Dodds. Journeymen, apprentices; arms, three madder bags. Motto, "Give glory to God."

Brushmakers,

Headed by Messrs. Cooper and Watson, carrying a white flag, decorated with ribands, representing the brushmakers' arms. Motto,

"May love and unity support our trade,
"And keep out those who would our rights invade."

Joined by journeymen and apprentices, each wearing their aprons, and carrying, upright, a large brush, called a Turk's head, on staffs twelve feet long.

Tallow-Chandlers.

A flag with thirteen stripes; under these the figure of General Washington, with these words over him, "The illustrious Washington, may he be the first president of the United States." At the opposite end was placed the figure of Col. Hamilton. Between the two, the coat of arms of the branch, over which were placed thirteen candles, with the name of the state each represents; those representing the ratifying states were all burning, and united in one common flame. At the top of the flag, New-York and North-Carolina were lighted, but not joining the rest.

Saddlers, Harness, and Whip-makers.

Saddlers, to the number of twenty-four. Mr. J. Young, Mr. Henry Broadwell, and Mr. J. Amory, the principal whipmaker.

Then followed their emblematical figure of their profession; an elegant horse, decked with a bun hunter saddle, and rich scarlet furniture, with broad gold lace round the whole, and ornamented with embroidered tassels, making a very brilliant appearance. The bridle was grand, and displayed much taste in the ornaments. The horse was led by a groom, dressed in character, carrying an elegant whip, and attended by two black boys as ostlers. The other masters and journeymen following in the rear.

NINTH DIVISION.

The gentlemen of the bar in their robes, two and two, preceded by the sheriff and coroner. In the centre of their body, the constitution of the United States, elegantly engrossed on vellum, and decorated with ribands, emblematical of the union, was borne by John Lawrence, Esq. counsellor at law, supported by John Cozine and Robert Troup, Esqrs. counsellors at law. Ten students at law followed, singly, bearing in order the ratifications of the constitution by the several states as they came into the union. The rest two and two.

The Philological Society.

The secretary, bearing a scroll, containing the principles of a federal language.

Vice-president and librarian; the latter carrying Mr. Horne Tooke's Treatise on Language, as a mark of respect for the book, which contains a new discovery, and as a mark of respect for the author, whose zeal for the American cause during the late war subjected him to a prosecution.

Josiah Ogden Hoffman, Esq. the president of the society, with a sash of white and blue ribands. The standard bearer, Mr. William Dunlap, with the arms of the society, viz. Argent, three tongues gules, in chief, emblematical of language; the improvement of which is the object of the institution. Chevron, or, indicating firmness and support, an eye, emblematical of discernment, over a pyramid, or rude monument, sculptured with Gothic, Hebrew, and Greek letters. The Gothic on the light side, indicating the obvious origin of the American language from the Gothic. The Hebrew and Greek upon the reverse, or shade of the monument, expressing the remoteness and obscurity of the connexion between those languages and the modern. The crest, a cluster of cohering magnets, attracted by a key in the centre, emblematical of union among the members of the society in acquiring language, the key of knowledge, and clinging to their native tongue in preference to a foreign one. The shield, ornamented with a branch of the oak, from which is collected the gall used in making ink, and a sprig of flax, from which paper is made; supported on the dexter side by Cadmus, in a robe of Tyrian purple, bearing in his right hand leaves of the rush, or flag *papyrus*, marked with Phœnician characters,

representing the introduction of letters into Greece, and the origin of writing. On the sinister side, by Hermes, or Taaut, the inventor of letters, and god of eloquence, grasping his caduceus, or wand. Motto, "*Concedat Laurea Lingue*," expressive of the superiority of civil over military honours. The flag, embellished with the Genius of America, crowned with a wreath of thirteen purple plumes, ten of them starred, representing the ten states which have ratified the constitution. Her right hand pointing to the Philological Society, and in her left a standard, with a pendant, inscribed with the word "Constitution." The members of the society in order, clothed in black.

University.

A flag, emblematical of science, motto, "Science and Liberty mutually support and adorn each other." Supported by a standard bearer, preceding two large globes. The President and professors, in their academical habits, followed by the students, bearing different kinds of mathematical and astronomical instruments: after these moved the medical students, and the instructors of schools.

Merchants and Traders.

The merchants and traders were preceded by John Broome, Esq. president of the chamber of commerce, and William Maxwell, Esq. vice-president of the bank, in a chariot, together with William Laight, Esq. secretary to the chamber, on horseback, bearing a standard with an oval field, surrounded by thirteen stars.

The field, a Mercury standing on the shore, holding in his hand the arms of the city, surrounded by the emblems of commerce; motto, "*Non nobis nati solum*," not born for ourselves alone. The spear terminating in an American eagle, gilt, bearing on his breast the arms of the United States.

TENTH DIVISION.

Physicians, Strangers, and Gentlemen.

Porters.

A blue flag, with thirteen stripes, on one of which was inscribed, "September 17th, 1787." Thirteen stars on the field, on a standard supported by two porters, with the words "ten to three, we carry it." Under the stripes, "stands, we stand—falls, we fall."

Artillery and Field Piece.

The line of procession, containing nearly five thousand people, extended upwards of a mile and a half. The march was slow and majestic, and the general appearance of the scene as far surpassed every one's expectation, as mere description must fall short of it. While numberless crowds were pressing on every side, the doors and windows of houses were thronged by the fair daughters of Columbia, whose animated smiles and satisfaction contributed not a little to complete the general joy. As this splendid, novel, and interesting exhibition moved along, an unsuspected silence reigned throughout the city, which gave a solemnity to the whole transaction suited to the sin-

gular importance of its cause. No noise was heard but the deep rumbling of carriage wheels, with the necessary salutes and signals. A glad serenity enlivened every countenance, while the joyous expectation of national prosperity triumphed in every bosom. The whole body having arrived at Bayard's house, were disposed in a line, and reviewed; after which, the varied insignia of the procession being left upon the fields, the citizens were conducted to their several dining tables. Here they were honoured by the company of congress, of many foreigners of distinction, and the patriotic and respectable clergy of the city.

The two principal sides of the building provided for this entertainment, consisted of three large pavilions, connected by a colonnade of about one hundred and fifty feet front, and forming two sides of an obtuse angle; the middle pavilion majestically rising above the whole, terminated with a dome, on the top of which was a figure of Fame with her trumpet, proclaiming a new era, and holding in her left hand the standard of the United States, and a roll of parchment, on which was inscribed, in large characters, the three remarkable epochs of the late war; independence, alliance with France, peace. At her side was the American eagle, with wings extended, resting on a crown of laurel, placed on the top of the pedestal. Over six of the principal pillars of this colonnade were placed small escutcheons, inscribed with the cyphers of the several powers in alliance with the United States, viz. France, Spain, Sweden, Prussia,

Holland, Morocco; and over these were displayed the colours of these respective nations, which added greatly to the brilliancy of the entablature, already beautifully decorated with festoons and branches of laurel. The extremities of this angle were joined by a table forming part of a circle, and from this ten more colonnades were extended, each four hundred and forty feet in length, as the rays of a circle, the whole having one common centre, viz. the centre of the middle pavillion, where sat the president of congress. At the extremity of each colonnade was a pavilion nearly similar to the three before mentioned, having their outside terminated in a pediment crowned with escutcheons, on which was inscribed the names of the ten states which had then ratified the constitution. The whole of the colonnades were adorned with curtains elegantly folded, and with wreaths and festoons of laurel every where dispersed.

In the area contained within the angle first described, was placed the music, but so disposed as not to intercept the prospect from the seat of the president, through the whole length of the ten colonnades above mentioned. This noble and beautiful edifice, erected in less than five days, covered a surface of ground of eight hundred and eighty-feet by six hundred, and was calculated to accommodate six thousand persons.

The taste and genius of Major L'Enfant, so often displayed on other public occasions, and to whom the city is indebted for the design and execution, appeared in the present instance to have derived additional

brilliancy from the dignity of the object on which it was employed.

Dinner being ended, the following toasts were drank:

1st. The United States.

2d. The states which have ratified the new constitution.

3d. The convention of the state of New-York; may they soon add an eleventh pillar to the federal edifice.

4th. General Washington.

5th. His Most Christian Majesty.

6th. His Catholic Majesty.

7th. The States General of the United Netherlands.

8. The friendly powers in Europe.

9. The patriotic framers of the present national constitution.

10. The memory of those heroes who have fallen in defence of American liberty.

11. Success to agriculture, manufactures, and the sciences.

12. May trade and navigation flourish.

13. The day; may the union of the states be perpetual.

After each of which, ten cannon were fired; and in order to diffuse the joy to all classes of citizens, an ample proportion of the entertainment was detached to the prisoners in jail.

The repast ended, the procession returned in the same manner to its place of setting out; and the citizens were dismissed by half past five o'clock.

In the transactions of this day, a variety of circumstances might be noted, upon which the reflections of the patriot, the politician, or the philosopher, might dwell with pleasure. A procession inexpressibly magnificent, formed not to gratify the pride or ambition of an individual, but to manifest to the world the attachment of a people to a government calculated to secure and perpetuate their civil and religious liberties; the mutual confidence and joy of the various orders of the community; all narrow and bigotted distinctions lost, and absorbed in that noblest of passions, the love of country; the glorious hope, the emulous and patriotic zeal; the dignified and unsullied harmony of the day; and, it may be added, the uninstructed ingenuity of the American mechanic, unfolding itself in the invention of his emblems and motto.

But what most excited surprise in persons unacquainted with the character of American yeomanry, was to see a numberless multitude, in view of a tempting collation, not only adhering to every rule of decorum, unawed by a single bayonet or espontoon; but, though under the influence of public passions, verging to enthusiam, peaceably, at an early hour, retiring without a single instance of rudeness or impertinence.

To conclude this account of a transaction which will long be remembered, and which reflects infinite honour upon the mild genius of our government, and the inhabitants of this city. Instead of the trophies of war, and of captives in chains, which graced the triumphs of antiquity, we here behold the plough,

the ship, and all the implements of useful arts. The wreath of martial glory was exchanged for the garland of peace; and instead of the painful sensations, which in a humane and liberal mind would be excited by the triumphal entry of a conqueror, reeking from the blood and slaughter of thousands of his fellow men, the hearts of all the spectators anticipated with rapture the return of concord, of public and private justice, of individual happiness, and national glory, the constant attendants of a wise, free, and efficient system of government.

By order of the committee of arrangements,

RICHARD PLATT, Chairman.

THE

VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

Those who have lived some considerable time in the world, must have remarked the strange vicissitudes of fortune. Persons of the greatest intrinsic merit, and highest accomplishments, sink at once from ease and affluence to penury and sorrow; and others rising as suddenly from the very dregs of the people, to splendour, rank, and honours. The changes often attend one and the same person, so that no one can have any certainty of continuing long in the present state. Yet such is the force of innocence and virtue, that those who possess them will find comfort in the greatest abasement; whilst those who are destitute of those consolations, will not enjoy the most flattering gifts of fortune with ease and content. The truth of these remarks will be evinced by the following true history:

At the age of fifteen, Lydia Morton lost a dear and tender mother, who had instilled into her only surviving child, the principles of virtue and honour, founding them on the firmest basis, rational piety. Her affectionate father, who had spared neither pains nor expense to procure for his darling Lydia every accomplishment befitting a female, when he lost his wife, transferred the whole sum of his love and regard to his daughter, and seemed to redouble his care and

affection. As he was but forty years old when he became a widower, it was thought by many that he would console himself for the death of one wife by the arms of another. To this he was strongly urged by many of his friends: but no, said he, clasping his Lydia in his arms, this is the only wife I will ever embrace; she is my child, my friend, and my wife. No, my darling! no stepmother shall ever frown on the child of my dear dead Maria; thy tender father will supply her place, and add the mother's attention to his own.

Lydia, although she felt her loss most severely, yet received great comfort from those endearing expressions of her surviving parent; they mutually strove to diminish each other's sorrow, and so far succeeded, that in the space of six months, though they never ceased from a tender remembrance of Mrs. Morton, yet resignation to the will of heaven produced a calm that bordered on happiness.

One whole year had the father and daughter lived, comforts to each other; for one whole year the hours and days had passed in tranquillity, and Lydia thought her happiness secure, when she was destined to feel the common lot of human nature, a reverse of fortune, and aggravated sorrow.

Mr. Morton was the younger brother of a noble family, and having received, at his father's death, a younger brother's portion, had employed it in commerce. His integrity had procured him many friends, and his industry had been so crowned with success, that he had lodged six thousand pounds in the funds

for his dear Lydia. This sum, with what he hoped to accumulate by commerce, (in the exercise of which he still continued,) and might leave her at his death, he thought would enable him to expect, at her marriage, a settlement that might secure an independence during her life. As she had now passed her sixteenth year, and was both beautiful and accomplished, he seriously thought of a proper husband for her. Several he had recommended, but resolved never to let her give her hand without her heart accompanied it. Though she sincerely esteemed some of them, there was not one but what was indifferent to her in the light of a husband. She had not yet seen any man that had touched her heart, and she felt not the least inclination to alter a condition in which she was happy.

Mr. Morton had a brother, Sir Robert Morton, who possessed the family estate and title, and was two years older than Lydia's father. He had led a life of pleasure, that had prevented him from thinking of marriage; and, indeed, having constantly consorted with the worst part of the female sex, he had contracted such a bad opinion of the whole, that he would never venture on a wife. His excesses and debaucheries had brought on a premature old age, and rendered him so emaciated and debilitated, that he was advised to go over to Lisbon, to try if the salutary air of that city would restore that health which he had wantonly destroyed. It might have had that good effect if Sir Robert had not, on the slightest cessation of illness, plunged again into intemperance. The stamina of life were totally destroyed, and after two

years residence in Lisbon, his physicians plainly told him to settle his affairs, for he had not a month to live. Although for some years Sir Robert had been smoothing the path for the approach of death, yet when he found it so near he was greatly shocked. He wrote in haste to his brother, told him the fatal news, and requested him to come to him with the utmost speed.

Mr. Morton, as next heir, thought it highly necessary to obey the summons. As the pursuits of the two brothers had been very different, they had had little intercourse but by letters for above ten years; yet they retained a brotherly affection for each other; Mr. Morton had frequently remonstrated to Sir Robert on his course of life, but his representations had no effect; absorbed in pleasure, the baronet regarded his brother as an honest, wellmeaning fellow, who was destitute of spirit, and whose notions of life had been contracted by trade.

Hasty as the summons was, Mr. Morton could not obey it without making some arrangements. In respect to his business, that was quickly settled; it was left in the hands of Mr. Spencer, a gentleman of about sixty, whose abilities and integrity had been proved by sixteen years residence in the house, and whom Mr. Morton had lately taken into the firm. But in regard to Lydia, the arrangement was not so easy. As Mr. Morton intended to be absent no longer than whilst he could settle every thing after Sir Robert's death, he did not choose to take her with him, more especially as it was then the dead of winter, and he feared the voyage would be tempestuous; nor did he

wish to leave her in his own house, as she would there have no companion of her own sex; there being no female in the house except servants. He therefore resolved to place her with his late wife's sister, a woman of about fifty, who had been some years the widow of a Mr. Tyrrel, a gentleman of six hundred a year, which she held as a guardian to her son, then a young lad in the college.

Mrs. Tyrrel had always expressed the greatest affection for her niece; and Mr. Morton, thinking he should give pleasure to both, committed Lydia to her care without the least reluctance. He made his will, which he left, sealed, in the hands of Mr. Spencer, and embarked the fourth day after he had received his brother's letter.

It would be superfluous to say that the parting of a father and daughter, who had never before been separated, and tenderly loved each other, was affecting; Lydia melted into tears, and felt what she called, strange forebodings of evil. But Mr. Morton cheered her with the assurance of constantly writing to her; and not being absent above six weeks or two months at the most.

Mrs. Tyrrel's residence was at a pleasant villa, not above six miles from the capital. Thither Lydia went, and her aunt omitted nothing that might alleviate her grief for her father's absence, or give her amusement. Letters came frequently from Lisbon, each mentioning a nearer approach to the death of Sir Robert; and in about a month Mr. Morton wrote that his brother had paid the debt of nature, that he

had succeeded to the title and paternal estate; that Robert had bequeathed most of his ready money and moveables to Lydia; and that he would set out on his return in about a week. He also wrote to Mr. Spencer, that when he came back he would dispose of all his mercantile effects, give up his business, and occupy himself for the rest of his days with the happiness of his child.

Lydia felt the greatest pleasure at the receipt of those letters; another came by the next packet acquainting her that he should depart from Lisbon the next day in the Endeavour, a stout merchant ship, so that they might expect him in a few days. Mrs. Tyrrel expressed the greatest satisfaction, and Lydia waited with the eagerest expectation for the happy hour that would bring her father, now Sir William Morton, to her arms. She waited indeed—day followed day—week succeeded week—but no Endeavour arrived—no father appeared. Three months passed in constant and encreasing anxiety, yet no news of either. Doubts and suspense are, of all situations, the most distressing. It is better to know the worst that can happen, than to be in uncertainty, dreading every thing, and yet not knowing what to dread; poor Lydia was in this state, and was completely wretched; letters had been written to divers places, and to several people; the wife of the captain, and the owners of the ship, were equally ignorant of its fate.

Lydia was almost in despair; but not so Mrs. Tyrrel; she inwardly rejoiced; she formed great expec-

tations, and had laid her plans accordingly. We often see the children of the same parents very opposite to each other in tempers, abilities, desires, and inclinations; some adhere to virtue, and others are slaves to vice. It was so with the first two brothers that were in the world, and so it was with the two sisters, the late Mrs. Morton, and the present Mrs. Tyrrel. The first was beautiful in her form, mild, complaisant, generous, and truly virtuous. The second was very ordinary in her person, violent, malevolent, selfish, and capable of every action that could tend to her own pleasure, profit, or advantage; yet so perfect a mistress of dissimulation, that she preserved a specious outside, and veiled her vices and disposition with almost an impenetrable hypocrisy. Mr. Morton was so far deceived that he thought her as amiable, except in her form, as his dear wife. Lydia had every reason hitherto to be fond of her aunt, whose attentions were unremitting, who seemed to prevent every wish, and whose tenderness and affection appeared to increase in proportion as Lydia's doubts and anxiety augmented.

It has already been observed that Mrs. Tyrrel had a son at college, a youth who engrossed all his mother's love; and in him she believed a second self, for he inherited every evil quality of his parents.

From the first failure of letters from Sir William Morton; from the moment there could commence any doubts of his safety, Mrs. Tyrrel began to form her plan to turn the event to her own advantage. She had sent for her son home from college, and ordered

him to be particularly assiduous to Miss Lydia. The youth obeyed his mother, and sought every opportunity of making himself agreeable to his cousin. Her beauty and accomplishments would have been sufficient incitements, but the knowledge that Mrs. Tyrrel and her son had of the wealth that would descend to Lydia on her father's death, (which was greatly augmented by the estate of the late Sir Robert Morton,) was an additional spur to the united endeavours to make the whole centre with them.

Young Tyrrel was turned of twenty years old, his person was not disagreeable, and he had not neglected his studies; but Lydia could respect him no more than as a near relation, and all his attention could procure only civility from her, without the most distant appearance of any tender passion. However, he proceeded with all the art and cunning he possessed, which were not inconsiderable. Though born to a fortune of six hundred a year, his avarice looked upon that income as quite inadequate to his wishes; and he cared not what means, however base, would be employed to increase it.

Five months had passed since Sir William Morton's departure from Lisbon, when the wife of the captain of the Endeavour enclosed to Lydia a letter from her husband. In that he set forth that the second day after leaving Lisbon, a violent storm had arisen, with the wind at north, that had driven the vessel on the coast of Morocco, and that the ship had been wrecked a little to the southward of Mogadore, and had gone to pieces almost immediately after she had

struck; that he had been about twenty hours floating on the sea, on a hen coop, when he was fortunately taken up by an English ship bound to Guinea, which had been driven out of her course by the late storm, but had happily cleared the land; that he had had no opportunity of sending home the disagreeable news, till the ship had got her cargo of slaves, and had arrived at Barbadoes, from whence he should return in the next fleet. The captain added, that from the ship's going to pieces so suddenly, nothing could be saved; and from the violence of the storm, and the darkness of the night, he had no doubt, but Sir William Morton and every soul on board had perished.

This was fatal news to poor Lydia; for a time she was inconsolable, and then sunk into a settled melancholy; whilst Mrs. Tyrrel and her son inwardly rejoiced at the almost completion of their wishes. Sir William being now dead, his daughter was the undoubted heiress of his fortune, which included that of the late Sir Robert; for there were no males, even in the most distant line, that could pretend to dispute it with her. Mr. Spencer waited on Miss Morton with the will, that had been left sealed in his hands, and a day was appointed for opening it. It was foreseen that no specific mention could be made in it of the estate that had devolved to Sir William from the death of his brother; but as there was reason to expect that event, there was no doubt but some regard was paid to that circumstance.

Every one concluded Sir William had perished; but, alas! Mrs. Tyrrel well knew to the contrary.

though she did not choose to declare that knowledge. Her son, from the hour he came home, had been a daily attendant on the post-office in the city, to intercept any letters that might be directed to Lydia. Above three months before the letter from the captain arrived, young Tyrrel got possession of one from Sir William. It mentioned the storm and shipwreck, with an account that he had been driven on the strand by the waves, and though much bruised, crawled out of the reach of the sea; that when day arose he was seized by some Moors, who brought him to Mogadore, where he was kept a slave; that a Jew, who served there as an interpreter, had promised to negociate his ransom, which had been settled at one thousand guineas to his master, and one hundred to the Jew. He therefore directed his daughter to order Mr. Spencer to send immediately, bills for twelve hundred pounds to a merchant at Cadiz, (who was to forward this letter,) from whom the Jew would receive it.

The misfortune of Sir William Morton, being thus known, might have been soon remedied; but that would not suit Mrs. Tyrrel's purpose. She thought that if no notice was taken of this letter, the Moor who held her brother-in-law in slavery would be enraged at the disappointment of his expectations, and would therefore treat Sir William with more rigour. This, with the anxiety of mind he must feel from not hearing from home, she concluded would soon destroy him; and she waited with impatience for some authentic news that might relate the shipwreck, and

confirm that he was dead, when the captain's letter arrived, which seemed to put that event past a doubt.

But although she had passed three months in anxious expectations, she had not been idle. She knew if she could effect a marriage between her son and her neice, the whole of the family fortune would become their property. But the indifference with which Lydia beheld her cousin's assiduities, gave her no hopes of gaining that point, unless she could obtain some legal power over her. She knew her father had made a will; she thought it highly probable that he had left his fortune to his daughter, but knew not under whose charge and guardianship the execution of the will, and the custody of Lydia, was directed. It was absolutely necessary she should get that will into her possession: but it required the utmost stretch of cunning to obtain it. Mr. Spencer had too much honour and integrity to countenance any fraud or deception. She, therefore, would not hazard a trial that would, by its failure, risk not only her character, but the success of her whole scheme; some other means were to be tried, and Mrs. Tyrrel's brain, fertile in expedients, was not long at a loss.

From the day she had intercepted Sir William's letter, she began to appear greatly attached to Mr. Spencer. She had him frequently at her house, where he was a welcome guest to Miss Lydia, who greatly esteemed him, and the visit was as frequently returned. Mrs. Tyrrel sometimes went with her niece, and sometimes visited him alone. She cautiously observed in what part of his cabinet he placed

his most valuable and important papers, and did not doubt Sir William's will was one of them. She then appointed an evening when she, her niece, and some other ladies, were to be accompanied to a concert by her son, Mr. Spencer, and a large party; and Mrs. Tyrrel seemed to have formed this design merely as an opportunity to amuse Lydia, under her anxiety about her father.

The whole company dined with Mr. Spencer, when, at the moment they were to go to the concert, Mrs. Tyrrel pretended a sudden pain of the head, which rendered her utterly incapable of sharing in the entertainment, while she totally refused that the party should be put off on her account, or that any of it should stay with her. She said her disorder would probably go off in a short time; that she would wait the return of the company at Mr. Spencer's, and would not go home till the next morning. Lydia requested to stay with her aunt, declaring that not going to the concert would be no disappointment to her, as she was not in a frame of mind to relish the amusement. Mrs. Tyrrel answered, that music was the best composer of the mind, and she would by no means deprive her of the opportunity: that she would try to compose herself in Mr. Spencer's easy chair, and if she found her head better she would amuse herself with reading, if he would trust her with the key of his book-case. To this Mr. Spencer readily agreed, gave her his bunch of keys, and ordered his servants not to disturb Mrs. Tyrrel till their return from the concert.

Mrs. Tyrrel had not only gained the point of being left alone in the cabinet, but besides, the key of the bookcase was on a ring with several others; and she doubted not but that which opened the bureau was one of them. As soon, therefore, as the company was gone, and she was alone, she bolted the door and began the trial. The identical key was there, and she actually found the will in one of the drawers, with the cover sealed with four seals, impressed with the family arms. She put the important paper into her pocket, not thinking it prudent to examine the contents there, but to stay till she got home, when she could contrive to substitute another in its place. To do this would require another opportunity, which must be hastened, and another possession of the key obtained, lest the will should be missed; but she was soon released from any difficulty on the latter account, as, upon examination, she found one of the keys on her own bunch would completely answer her purpose.

Till the company returned, she revolved in her mind the different steps she had to take to prevent any frustration of her design. The first was to prevent Mr. Spencer from missing the will before she had put another in its place. This she effected, on the return of the company, when she declared a little sleep had completely relieved her head; but as she had given great trouble to him, she insisted that he should go with her the next day to her villa, which, as the public offices would be shut, (it being in the Easter holidays,) he could do without any prejudice to his business. To this Mr. Spencer consented, and

set out with Mrs. Tyrrel and Lydia the next morning as soon as breakfast was over.

On getting home, Mrs. Tyrrel knew she had no time to lose; therefore, leaving Lydia to entertain Mr. Spencer, by walking in the demesne, whilst she was employed, as she said, on family affairs, she locked herself in her chamber with her son, and opened the will. It was written entirely by Sir William, and witnessed by three of his clerks, as no person to whom any legacy is left can by law witness any testament. By this will she found her brother-in-law had left five hundred pounds to Mr. Spencer, and two hundred and fifty pounds to the Rev. Dr. Osborne, rector of the parish; whom he had appointed joint executors of his will, and guardians to his daughter. He had bequeathed five hundred pounds to Mrs. Tyrrel and the same sum to her son; and, after some other small legacies, he left the whole bulk of his remaining fortune to his daughter, to be paid her on the day of her marriage, or on the day of her attaining eighteen years complete, at which time she would be of full age. Then followed this clause: "And as it is highly probable that my elder brother, Sir Robert Morton, Bart. who is declared to be past recovery, may shortly depart this life, and as I am the undoubted heir to all his landed estate, with the houses and chattels thereon, in that case it is my will, that if I die before my said daughter, Lydia Morton, she shall heir and possess that estate, with those houses and chattels; and if she should succeed to them before she shall have arrived at eighteen years of age, the aforesaid guardians

may make such marriage settlements as she and they may judge proper and necessary ; and on the contingency of my said daughter possessing the estate of my said brother, then I will that she shall pay double the legacies that I have bequeathed to my sister-in-law, Mary Tyrrel, and to my executors, William Spencer and the Rev. Amos Osborne, doctor in divinity."

This will was not at all satisfactory to Mrs. Tyrrel. Though a proper remembrance was had of her and her son, yet two thousand pounds were little to her, whose wish was for all. She, therefore, resolved to have a will more fit for her purpose ; and here her son was of singular service. He had early employed himself in imitating the hand-writing of others, and, from frequent practice, had rendered himself able to counterfeit any hand. He, therefore, by his mother's direction, wrote a will, to which he joined his uncle's signature and those of the witnesses, and sealed it with the same seal which Mr. Morton had given to his daughter the day before his departure. The paper was of the same size with that of the real will, and being enclosed in a cover sealed with four seals, was ready to be substituted in place of the other, in Mr. Spencer's bureau, as soon as an opportunity offered. This opportunity she soon had, for on Mr. Spencer's return, she came to town with him, and going into the cabinet, requested that whilst he was out he would let her finish the reading of a book she had began a few evenings before. He opened his book case and gave it to her, but declined leaving

his key, saying she could take the book with her to her villa, that Lydia might read it also. He then went out on his business, and she, by means of her own key, put the will her son had counterfeited in the place of the other, and then went into the parlour, where, with the highest satisfaction, she waited his return.

Mrs. Tyrrel leaving now a will made to her own mind, which she had artfully deposited in the place of the real will, joyfully received the news of Sir William's shipwreck and probable death. Mr. Spencer having no suspicion of the artifice that had heen used, and firmly believing the will in his bureau was the identical deed left in his possession, went with it, on the confirmation of his friend's misfortune, and discharged his trust, by giving it into the hands of Miss Morton. On the next day it was opened in the presence of the family, and several of her friends. It was found to leave the legacies of one thousand pounds each to Mrs. Tyrrel, her son, and Mr. Spencer, and five hundred pounds to the Rev. Dr. Osborne, and the whole remaining effects, real and personal, of Sir William Morton, to his daughter Lydia, to be paid to her on the day when she should attain eighteen years of age, or on the day of her marriage, with the approbation and consent of her aunt, Mary Tyrrel, whom he had appointed sole executor of his will, and sole guardian of his daughter. Every one acquiesced in the tenor of this will. No one had the least suspicion of its being a forgery; the several legatees believed

in its reality, and acquiesced in bequests that were beneficial to themselves.

Mrs. Tyrrel administered to the will in due form, and immediately entered upon the trust. She disposed of all Sir William's mercantile effects, giving them a good bargain to Mr. Spencer, who continued the business; and having arranged every affair to her own satisfaction, she entered on the completion of her grand design, the marriage of her son with the rich heiress, Miss Morton, her niece and ward.

Although young Tyrrel strove every hour to ingratiate himself with his fair cousin, she continued to behold him with the most perfect indifference. For some time the wished for union was not pressed, but after a few months Mrs. Tyrrel was very urgent with Lydia; she not only made the proposal in form, and said every thing which she thought might prevail on her niece, but at length she hinted very plainly, not only that she would never give her consent to her ward's marriage with any other person, but that if any such union should take place contrary to her approbation, Miss Lydia would thereby forfeit all claim to her fortune.

Miss Morton was naturally of a mild disposition. She had, from her birth, been treated with the greatest tenderness and indulgence, and this was the first time that any thing harsh had been said to her. She at first seemed shocked at this attempt to control her. She was sensible that her conduct hitherto could neither merit rebuke, nor give any warrantable ground of diffidence in her future behaviour. She was some

minutes silent, when feeling herself much hurt, she replied, with a greater degree of spirit than she had ever hitherto shown, that as for marrying Mr. Tyrrel, it was so foreign to her inclination, that it was what she would never do; for though she respected him as a near relation, and should ever esteem him as a friend, she felt a strong repugnance in her mind to any nearer connexion. She had not the least desire to change her present condition, and, therefore, could not justly be suspected of any intention of marrying any other person. She appealed to her aunt whether she had shown the most distant partiality to any one gentleman, amongst her numerous acquaintance. Therefore, she could not be intimidated by any such engagement as Mrs. Tyrrel had hinted. However, she was resolved to keep herself single till she came of the age her father had thought sufficient for the management of her own affairs, (which would be only about a year and a half,) and then her aunt would be eased of any solicitude on her account.

An answer so spirited, and at the same time so very unexpected, staggered Mrs. Tyrrel. She hastily revolved in her mind what reply she should make, and after a short consideration, told her, that she could have no end in what she said but for Lydia's good; that age and experience had rendered her capable of giving advice to youth and inexperience. That there was no relying on the changeable disposition of a girl not yet seventeen years old, and therefore it was her duty to prevent any impropriety of conduct that might not at present occupy her mind, but might yet

be suggested, ere she was aware. This she should do by employing the authority with which her brother-in-law had invested her, and remove her charge from a place where she was surrounded by a numerous acquaintance. She ended by directing Miss Morton to give her maid orders to pack up what apparel and other things she might want, as she intended to go to England in three or four days.

The manner in which this was uttered seemed so peremptory, that Miss Lydia, situated as she was, could not imagine that any evil would result from her removal; and thought that a ready compliance might remove any suspicions that her aunt might have entertained. She therefore answered, that she was willing to go wherever Mrs. Tyrrel thought proper, and thereby show she had no kind of attachment here. She added, she would be ready by the time appointed; and only wished she could take leave of the worthy Mr. Spencer, but that was a pleasure she could not expect, as he was then settling some important business in the north.

Though this determination of going to England seemed to have been sudden, and taken upon the spur of the occasion, yet it was not so in reality. Mrs. Tyrrel had for some time resolved on that measure, in case she found that Lydia could not be prevailed on by persuasion to accept her son as a husband. She was not without her fears that Sir William might still be alive, and by one of those strange and unforeseen interventions of Providence, which she blindly deemed the effect of chance, might return home.

In that case, if she continued on the spot, her artifices could not escape detection; therefore, she resolved to go to England, and fix her residence in some remote part, whence she could contrive to receive every intelligence she might desire, and where she need not be discovered but when she might think herself safe. The marriage of her son with Lydia would not only secure the fortune if Sir William should never return, but if even he should, might effect a reconciliation, as a thing that being done could not be prevented, and there could be no proof of her having counterfeited the will. But as, from Lydia's indifference to young Tyrrel, there was little room to think persuasion alone would be effectual, she knew coercive means could be more successfully used in England than in a place where she was surrounded by very extensive acquaintance, and where the steady honour of Mr. Spencer would leave no means untried to protect the daughter of his friend from any oppression.

Having settled her plan of operations, and arranged her affairs, so as to be able to receive what money and intelligence she wanted, through the channel of an old artful attorney, who was entirely in her interest; she sailed for England, with her son and Miss Morton, but without any other attendant, as she said she would take no servant till she came to where she would settle. They landed at Liverpool, and directly proceeded to a neat house, with a beautiful garden, in one of the wildest glens in Cumberland, several miles from a post town, with a very small circle of neigh-

bours, and which had been purchased for her by a correspondent of Mr. Webb's, the old attorney, who had also a friend in London, who would receive and forward to the old lady whatever advices Mr. Webb might send; whilst their acquaintance in Ireland might thereby be led to believe she resided in the capital, and not in an obscure country place, three hundred miles distant.

The spot chosen for the residence of Mrs. Tyrrel was indeed very beautiful, but the situation was so obscure, that no person travelling that road could expect to find any thing so charming in such a spot. It was on the borders of Copeland forest, in a deep glen, between two high hills, on the edge of a large lake. It stood about six miles from the high road between Egremont and Whitehaven. As it was retired, it suited the purpose of Mrs. Tyrrel; and as it was romantically rural, Miss Morton was charmed with it; the solitude soothed the melancholy that she had contracted on account of her father's death, and she dwelt there with an apathy that bordered upon content.

Lydia's aunt, indeed, had not her mind in so tranquil a state; she eagerly sought to hasten the completion of her wishes, lest any sinister accident might prevent her designs. She laid closer siege every day to her niece, in her son's behalf, who on his part redoubled his assiduities: but they had the mortification to find that Lydia's indifference for young Tyrrel augmented in proportion to their endeavours to lessen it; and even approached to disgust. Dis-

appointment soured more and more the temper of Mrs. Tyrrel, a temper not naturally sweet; and thinking she was under no necessity of dissimulation, she gave a loose to her vexation, and treated Lydia with great harshness and ill humour.

The poor young lady had no friend to whom she could make her complaint, or unbosom the griefs that were hourly augmenting. The whole company that used to come occasionally to their house, and to whom Mrs. Tyrrel returned visits, were three sisters who lived at Calder Abbey, about ten miles distant. These were ladies of small fortunes and disagreeable persons, who having passed their youth in London, without attracting the regard of any man, or having had, either of them, one suitor, had joined their fortunes together, fled the metropolis in disgust, and having contracted a hatred for mankind, in return for the neglect they had shown, had buried their shame, disgrace, and ill nature, in the wilds of Cumberland.

Such females were not calcuted to sooth the sorrows of Miss Morton, or to be her confidants. She had written to some young ladies, the companions of her happier and more cheerful days, but her letters had been intercepted, and no answers received. She had also written to her much esteemed Mr. Spencer, but as she had used some expressions of dissatisfaction in her letter, Mrs. Tyrrel (who found means to read every letter she sent, as no person carried them to the post office at Egremont but Mr. Tyrrel,) had suppressed it. Thus cut off from every comfort, and every means of consolation, and daily exposed to the importunities

of her aunt and cousin, Lydia experienced a life of continual uneasiness.

The approach of winter robbed the place of her residence of all its beauties, and rendered it wild, dreary, and comfortless. Lydia was then deprived of the pleasures of the garden and her rural walks, and began to lose her health as well as spirits. At length an idea struck her that she would endeavour to escape from her persecution, and get to Whitehaven, from which she could easily procure a passage to Dublin, where she would put herself under the protection of Mr. Spencer, till she came of age, (according to her father's will) of which a full year was wanting. With this idea she pleased herself for some weeks, till an event happened that added effect to her resolves, and hastened the execution of them.

One day, just after dinner, she retired with her book; but had no sooner entered her chamber, than she found she had got the wrong volume, one that she had already read; she knew the book she wanted was in Mrs. Tyrrel's closet, in her bed room, and thither she went to fetch it. Not finding it readily, she was obliged to search for some minutes: she had just found it, and was about to leave the closet, when she heard her aunt come into the chamber with her son, and immediately lock the room door; this constrained her to keep close in the closet, and even turn the key while she was on the inside.

"You was wrong, Charles," said Mrs. Tyrrel, as soon as they were seated, "to begin a discourse on such a subject below in the parlour; we might have been

overheard by some of the servants, and Lydia might have come down suddenly; but now she is reading up in her room, and we are to ourselves. I am as impatient as you to have this business over." "You do not seem so madam," replied her son; "here are six months passed already in this cursed, melancholy hole, and I do not see we are the nearer to the point: the peevish girl seems to be more and more set against me; and neither your scolding, pressing, or arguing, nor my smoothness, have any good effect. Depend upon it, we shall never succeed this way." "I believe not," said Mrs. Tyrrel, "she is too stubborn; but if one means will not do, some others may; I agree we have lost too much time already; we must make up for it, and not have all the trouble we have taken, you know how—thrown away. But I have already planned a scheme that must succeed, and that shortly too; you know, of late I have been particularly civil to Parson Mowbray, the curate of Ennordale, our parish; the man is poor, with a large family, and I have lent him ten guineas on his note. Now, for ten more, and giving up that note, I am sure he will do any thing I desire." "May be so," answered the son, "but pray what can he do; Lydia will not mind his persuasions any more than ours." "I do not suppose she will," returned Mrs. Tyrrel, "I do not stand in need of his persuasions, I only want him to marry you; I can get him here any evening, and he will do the job in a few minutes, that will make us all easy."

"But you forget, madam, that the laws of this coun-

try are very severe against clandestine marriages; and Parson Mowbray will not risque transportation for the sake of twenty guineas."

"I do not intend he shall run any risque. That marriage cannot be deemed clandestine that is celebrated with the consent, and in the presence of the guardian to one party, and the mother of the other; and has moreover the sanction of public bans. I have resolved that Mowbray shall publish the bans the next and the two succeeding Sundays—we have only to contrive to keep the girl and servants at home on those days, and she will know nothing of the matter; for I will take care she shall see nobody in the mean time who goes to the church. Then, on Sunday fortnight, I will bring the parson home with me to dinner, and in the evening he shall marry you both—and then fate do your worst."

"This is a most excellent scheme indeed, madam," said Charles Tyrrel, "but the worst of it is, after you have taken all those pains and precautions, I much fear you will not prevail on the perverse girl to consent, and say, *I will*, and you know we cannot force her if she remains stubborn."

"Why, you blockhead," replied his mother, "if we cannot force her, can't we drop a little laudanum in her coffee that may make her insensible of what she does? And after you are married and bedded, when she recovers her senses next morning, she may rave and cry as much as she pleases; she will be legally married, and cannot help herself. But come, now you know all is settled, come down to the par-

lour, for I expect the Misses Hammond's to tea." instantly unlocked the door and went down.

Miss Morton had not lost one word of the discourse; she came softly out of the closet, and hastened to her chamber, that she might ponder on what she had so opportunely overheard.

She had now a convincing proof that her aunt would stick at nothing to gain her point; that she was totally in her power, without one friend or acquaintance to advise or protect her: she could make no confidant of any servant in the house. She resolved then to rely on providence alone; and, thinking it quite innocent to meet artifice with prudence, when she went down to tea she assumed an air rather more sprightly than usual. She resolved on her speedy escape, and as she foresaw she would be pursued as soon as she was missed, she thought it requisite to turn their suspicions to a contrary road from that she intended to take. For that purpose, her whole discourse that evening run upon London, her eager desire to see that place, and a request to Mrs. Tyrrel that they might spend a few of the winter months there. "No, no, cousin," said Charles, "no London; you may see several gay sparks there, whom you may prefer to me." "How do you know that," replied she, smiling, "may be not, and who knows, Charles, when I do see other gay sparks, but you may profit by the comparison?" She said this with so arch an air, that the old lady and her son brightened up, and the evening was spent with much more good humour than usual.

Still, however, Lydia kept up the conversation about London, and minutely inquired the road to it, setting down in her pocket-book the several towns she must pass through, the rate of post chaises, and where they were to be had.

When Lydia retired to her chamber, she seriously began to think of making her escape, and as she knew she should not go to church with her aunt the next Sunday, and that they were invited to dine with the Miss Hammonds, at Calder Abbey, she resolved that should be the day of her elopement.

The wished for Sunday came, and Lydia saw her aunt and young Tyrrel depart for church in the carriage. She had offered, with some earnestness, to accompany them, but Mrs. Tyrrel, with much seeming affection, dissuaded her, saying, "as she had been much incommoded with the head ache for some days past, and the weather was cold," for it was a frosty day in the month of February, "she would not take her out, lest the journey should make her worse;" adding, "that after church they would go and dine at Calder Abbey, and return soon in the evening."

They had no sooner set out than Miss Morton prepared for her escape. Of the three servants who were left in the house, she had given two of them leave to visit their friends in the neighbourhood, and only an old woman, the cook, remained at home. She had previously sewed about thirty guineas in the plaids of her petticoat, leaving three, and some silver, in her pocket, and having given directions for dinner, told the cook she would walk to see a poor sick

woman who lived in Copeland Forest, about a mile distant. She put on one of her plainest gowns and her ordinary hat, and, quitting the house, recommended herself to the care of Providence; lamenting that the heiress of a plentiful fortune should be reduced to such an extremity.

She had made herself thoroughly acquainted with the road to Whitehaven, and hoped to reach it before night; but she had not considered that she must pass through Ennordale, where her aunt was at church; and that thereby she ran a risk of being seen. This circumstance, when it occurred to her mind, staggered her much. If she continued the high road she must pass by the church, and though her aunt and most of the neighbouring people might be in it, yet the carriage must be there in waiting; and the coachman might see her; besides, in country places there is often a number of stragglers and idle people loitering in the village on a Sunday. If she left the high road for the field paths, she was equally fearful of meeting people who might know her, and though none of them would stop or molest, yet they might innocently give information which way she had gone, and she might be overtaken by her persecutors. It was equally hazardous to stop at any cottage on the road till the morrow. She knew she must be missed at night, and her flight might occasion a pursuit on every side. However, the die was thrown, and she must abide by the cast. Gathering boldness from her fear, she tucked up her gown, pulled her hat over her face, tying it down with her handkerchief, and reached the village

just as the people were coming out of church; she held down her head, mixed with the throng, and had the satisfaction to see at a distance her aunt's carriage drive on the road to Calder Abbey; she then set forward with redoubled haste, and about sunset saw a town before her, which she entered with great satisfaction; but to her great mortification, found, in her perturbed state of mind at quitting the village, she had taken the wrong road, and that she was come to the town of Egremont instead of Whitehaven. She was so confounded she knew not on what to resolve; after the fatigue of the day, during which she had taken no kind of refreshment, it was impossible for her to walk to Whitehaven, a distance of nine miles; for, though it was not more than five o'clock, it was dark, and she might stray still more. She pondered awhile, and then took the resolution of lodging in Egremont that night, and proceeding the next day by the earliest dawn to her desired port. She hoped that when she was missed, the pursuit would be rather towards London than elsewhere. She therefore addressed a neat elderly woman she saw at the door of a clean small house, and asked if she could furnish her with a bed for that night, as she was a young woman going to her mother at Whitehaven, who was just come from Ireland to meet her, they being both of that country. The mistress of the house, who was also an Irish woman, received her with her national warmth, got her every refreshment, and made her heartily welcome, being only a little troublesome by her inquisitiveness, which Lydia an-

swered or evaded the best she could, and urging her weariness, retired to bed.

She slept little, and when she arose in the morning, found herself rather fatigued than refreshed. However, having amply rewarded her landlady, Lydia departed at daybreak, and pursued her journey. But she had not gone above three miles, when, from the anxiety of her mind, she found herself so sick and faint, that she could walk no farther, and she sat down on a bank by the road side; her weakness increasing, she actually fainted, and lay for some time, when she was roused, by feeling herself lifted up by somebody. She turned her eyes, and beheld an honest looking countryman, who was raising her from the ground, and before her stood a wagoner, with the road wagon that he had stopped. It was going from London to Whitehaven, loaded with goods for that town; and the driver, having seen her lying on the bank, had humanely stopped, and called to a countryman who was in the wagon to come and assist him to get her into the vehicle. When she was a little recovered, she thanked them for their kindness, and as the carriage was going to the place she wanted to be at, she agreed to give a crown for her passage there, thinking at the same time that if she should be pursued, as she could never be suspected to be in a wagon, no search therein would be made for her, and she should also be screened from the sight of any person on the road. The wagoner told her, that as for the crown she offered, to be sure that if she could spare it, he would have no objection, but she should be welcome

to a place in it if she had not a farthing, and that as he should bait his horses about a mile farther, at a very honest, though poor house on the road, she might refresh herself with tea, or wine if she pleased. Lydia was placed in the wagon, and the slowness of its motion speedily recovered her, especially as her mind became more at ease. She got some tea at the road inn, and arrived safe at Whitehaven about four o'clock; she put up at a lodging house, and waited with impatience for the next evening, when a coal ship was to sail for Dublin.

But leaving Lydia in safety, though still in fear, let us return to Mrs. Tyrrel's house, which was in some confusion when Miss Morton did not return to dinner. The old cook was greatly surprised not to see the young lady come home at the expected time. She sent a boy, that lived near, to the house of the sick woman, to which Lydia said she was going, but she had not been there. The man and maid, to whom she had given permission to visit their friends, returned at six o'clock, and at the desire of the old cook, inquired for Miss Morton at every house for three miles round, and were just returned from a fruitless search when Mrs. Tyrrel and her son came home from their visit to Calder Abbey, having had the bans of marriage published for the first time in Ennordale church. On receiving the news that Miss Morton had left the house at nine in the morning, and had not since been seen, their consternation was not to be described. As they were ignorant that she overheard their discourse, and thereby discovered

their scheme, they could hardly think she had meditated an escape; they knew she had little or no acquaintance in the vicinage to whom she could fly; they were certain she had not gone to Calder Abbey, as they had not left it long. Mrs. Tyrrel examined Lydia's chamber, but no clothes, no linen, were missing, and she little thought Miss Morton would undertake any journey totally unprovided with changes of apparel. At length Charles Tyrrel recollecting her particular inquiries of the road and manner of getting carriages to London, declared she must have gone thither. Yet how could she go without clothes to a place where she had never been, where she knew nobody, nor had any acquaintance to receive her. They were bewildered in conjectures. However, he resolved next morning to proceed on the London road, and endeavour to trace her by going to every inn where coaches and post chaises were to be procured; and, accordingly, early on Monday he mounted his horse and set out.

Mrs. Tyrrel, on the other hand, sent messengers on the roads to Cockermouth, Keswick, Egremont, and Whitehaven; not that she had much reason to believe she had gone to either of these places, but merely to omit no possible means of recovering the fair fugitive, the regaining of whom was of so much importance to her.

But at this juncture Mrs. Tyrrel's son and messengers were not the only persons who were in search of Miss Morton. There were two others, who had taken different roads, and from different motives. The one

was young Mr. Spencer, son of the worthy Mr. Spencer, the friend and late partner of Sir William Morton, to whom Lydia was then flying for protection, and the other was Mr. Edward Webb, son of old Webb, the attorney, and friend of Mrs. Tyrrel.

Mr. Spencer had been much surprised at not receiving any answers to several letters he had written to Miss Morton; he had, indeed, once or twice heard from Mrs. Tyrrel that Lydia was well, but thought it strange that the young lady, who had always shown a great attachment to him, should refuse an answer. His son, George Spencer, had been three years at the university, and was just gone to study in the temple in London, as his father's choice and his own inclination had led him to the bar. To him Mr. Spencer had written, directing him to wait on Mrs. Tyrrel at the place to which her letters were addressed. His surprise increased, and even gave ground to some suspicions, when his son informed him that she had never been in London; and the gentleman where he inquired had told him Mrs. Tyrrel and her family were in the north of England, and that he only received and forwarded letters to her, but refused to tell him where she was, as he was particularly requested not to mention the place of their residence. On the receipt of this puzzling intelligence, he applied to old Webb, as he knew he received the rents of the estate, transacted business for Mrs. Tyrrel, and sent her remittances. The crafty attorney said truly, he could not tell where she was; he got constant answers by sending his letters to the same address that

Mr. Spencer did; and if Mrs. Tyrrel was out of London, and chose to keep her residence a secret, it was none of his business, he never inquired after it. This answer added to Mr. Spencer's inquietude, and he directed his son to spare no pains or expense to fathom this mystery. Young Spencer accordingly got acquainted with a clerk to the merchant, through whom the correspondence between Mr. Webb and his client was carried on, and by dint of money learnt that his master had made a purchase in Mrs. Tyrrel's name of a small estate in Cumberland, and in a few days actually showed him a letter he was carrying to the post office, directed, Mrs. Tyrrel, at Copeland Lodge, Egremont, Cumberland. Mr. Spencer copied the direction, and transmitted it to his father.

Mr. Spencer replied to his son, that from a very unexpected occurrence having taken place, he desired he would immediately quit all business, or other concern, and proceed to Copeland Lodge; that he would not go to the house, but procure all the intelligence he could in the neighbourhood, without saying who he was; and then go directly to Whitehaven, and wait his coming to meet him.

Young Mr. Spencer, in obedience to his father's directions, and indeed in compliance with the feelings of his own heart, came down to Copeland Forest with the utmost expedition, and arrived on the evening of that very Sunday Lydia had made her escape. He entered a small road inn near to Mrs. Tyrrel's house, and began to make his inquiries. The host told him the family of the Tyrrel's resided at the lodge, and

Miss Morton had been very much indisposed for some time past; he believed she might have been in love, for she was grown better, perhaps upon all things being settled; as he had heard at Ennordale church that morning, the bans of marriage published between her and young squire Tyrrel. He added, he was somewhat surprised to hear this, for as they were rich enough to pay for license, why would they be asked in the church? Whilst they were talking, several of the peasantry came in to take their Sunday night's pot, and they were all full of the inquiries that had been making through the neighbourhood after Miss Morton, who they said had been missing since nine in the morning; that squire Tyrrel was going to set off at daybreak to-morrow to London to look for her, and that several of the country people were to go to the neighbouring towns. The host asked some of the countrymen who had seen her in the morning how she was dressed, and when he was told, he exclaimed, "I'll be hanged then if it was not she I saw as I was coming out of church; I thought I knew her, but as her hat was over her face I could not see it; and as she took the Whitehaven road, whilst Mrs. Tyrrel's coach struck off towards Calder Abbey, I thought I might be mistaken, but as sure as a gun it was she."

Mr. Spencer listened attentively to this discourse; he could not think the bans had been published with Miss Morton's consent; for her quitting the lodge fully proved she had no inclination for Mr. Tyrrel. He was convinced she was gone to Whitehaven, and as he could gain no farther intelligence, he resolved to go

thither next day. Some of the peasants who came from town declared that they had not met her on the road, (which indeed they could not, as she had taken, by mistake, the road from Ennordale to Egremont,) yet he doubted not but he should find her, as well as meet his father there. As it was then pretty late, and travelling might be difficult in the night, he resolved to take the earliest hour of the morning, when he mounted and rode off.

The other person who was in search of Miss Morton was the son of old Webb the attorney. He set out from Dublin, and had arrived the day before at Whitehaven; and, as he well knew the residence of Mrs. Tyrrel, was not under the necessity of losing any time in inquiries, but was proceeding straight to Copeland Lodge. The subject of his embassy was to endeavour to gain Miss Morton's consent to marry him. Old Webb had learned from Mrs. Tyrrel that her son could make no impression on Miss Lydia's affections. Hence it came into his head, that if young Webb could pass a few days at Mrs. Tyrrel's, he might slily fortify Miss in her disinclination for Charles Tyrrel, and insinuate himself into her good graces, in which case he might bring her over to Ireland and marry her. He had hopes of success, as young Webb was really of an agreeable person, and was a lieutenant in the army, of a tolerable bold address: and if he could prevail on the young lady, he troubled his head very little about the consent of the old one, as he was too deep in some of her schemes, to be in any fear of her. He knew the extent of Lydia's fortune, for the papers

had gone through his hands, and thought it was worth some risque and trouble to make it centre in his family.

The wind being favourable to come to Whitehaven, young Webb had landed on Sunday afternoon, and not being used to the sea, had been much affected by a passage, that though neither long nor dangerous, was yet too rough for a young macaroni. He resolved to stay the next day to recover himself, before he proceeded to Copeland Lodge, and had actually taken up his temporary abode at the very house in which Lydia came to wait for the wind, which to her great mortification did not seem likely to become favourable. She, however, kept herself in her own chamber till she should be summoned to go on board.

Young Mr. Spencer had rode very fast, fearful lest if Lydia was in Whitehaven, which he had little reason to doubt, she might embark on board some ship, and render it impossible to overtake her, as his father had ordered him to stay in Whitehaven till he joined him. This was a circumstance for which he could not account, but he knew his father too well to doubt his having substantial reasons for whatever he did; and he was still more embarrassed to understand the expression in Mr. Spencer's last letter, that a very unexpected occurrence had taken place, but resolved fully to obey the injunctions, and wait his father's arrival, to clear up every point.

The day was far advanced when the young gentleman had got to town, but as soon as he got to the inn he was assured that no ship had sailed since Saturday, though one had arrived from Dublin.

As soon as he arose on Tuesday morning, he went down to the quay, and inquired amongst the outward bound ships if any young lady had taken a passage, and where she was to be called upon. He heard of several, but one in particular, who, by report, for he had not seen her, somewhat answered the description, and for whom a cabin in a coal ship, bound for Dublin, was taken by a Mrs. Stokes, with whom she lodged; young Mr. Spencer was about to seek the house of Mrs. Stokes, when his attention was called towards a ship just coming up to the quay, on the deck of which he saw his father. The old gentleman was glad to see his son there, and on coming ashore applauded his diligent obedience; he then called for a friend he had on board, and they all went to the inn, when a full account was given of the flight of the young lady from Mrs. Tyrrel, the publication of the bans, and the supposition that she was then in the town, and lodging at a Mrs. Stokes's.

Mr. Spencer heard his son's relation with great joy, but his friend who accompanied him was much agitated, though he scarce spoke. They all three went to the house of Mrs. Stokes, where they found a crowd before the door, and saw an officer forcing a young woman into a post chaise; he told the people that had gathered, that she was a young lady who had run away from her aunt, who was her guardian, and he was taking her back, which, if they had the least doubt of, they might accompany him to Mrs. Tyrrel. The mayor of the town, who happened to be passing by, on hearing the matter, said he knew Mrs. Tyrrel

very well, that she was a woman of condition, and therefore he would keep the young lady at his house till he sent to Copeland Lodge to inquire the truth. This did not suit the intentions of young Webb, who, having discovered Miss Morton in the house, had got a post chaise, not to carry her to Mrs. Tyrrel, but to some other place where he could urge his suit; and her refusing to go with him, had caused this dispute.

While Mr. Webb and the mayor were contesting, Mr. Spencer, his son, and friend, came up. He immediately knew Lydia, who ran to him, hung upon him, and begged his protection. He commanded the young officer, in a peremptory manner, to quit the young lady, and he would accompany her to the mayor's house; Webb asked by what authority he interfered, as he was no relation, nor could contest against the authority of a guardian, who was his father's client. "Sir," said the muffled gentleman to the mayor, "this young fellow contends for the authority of a guardian, but I have a prior and better authority, that of a parent. I am Sir William Morton, that young lady's father, who has been thought dead, because left long in slavery by the cruel contrivance of my sister, who, by forging, has assumed an authority over my child." The mayor, who had formerly had some dealings with Sir William, was overjoyed to find he was alive, and exerting his magisterial power, took them all to his own house.

Here Miss Morton, whose transports at finding her father living was extreme, as soon as she was a little recovered, related all she had undergone from Mrs.

Tyrrel, what black designs she had overheard, and how she had escaped with the intent of going to Mr. Spencer.

Sir William then began his narration, and after relating his shipwreck, and his hopes of ransom, as have been already related, proceeded:

" I waited some months in anxious expectation of having the money remitted that was to purchase my deliverance, but none coming, and my treatment becoming worse on that account, I abandoned myself to despair. The honest Jew assured me my letters could not have miscarried, as he had received answers to some that went by the same conveyance. I then suspected some treachery had been used, but was bewildered in my thoughts on whom I could fix it; I had known Mr. Spencer too long and too well to doubt his sending the money if he had received my letter; I knew my daughter's affection, and could have no diffidence of my sister. I therefore concluded the ransom had been sent, but the persons to whom it had been delivered had basely converted it to their own use; but how could I trace the villany, and what remedy could I procure. Just at the time when I was sunk in despair, and hopeless of any relief, the Moor, who was my master, fitted out a corsair under the command of his son, and as there were no longer any hopes of my ransom, he put me, with sixty-five wretched slaves, on board, where we were all chained to the oars.

" I now thought my misery would end only with my life, and anxiously waited for my death; we had

entered the Mediterranean, and had taken five prizes from the Spaniards, which were sent into Tangier, when one morning we were chased by a Maltese galley; we tried to escape, but she gained upon us, and her force was so great that all resistance was in vain, the Moorish corsair was taken and carried into Leghorn, where I was released, and being soon recognised by an English merchant there, with whom I had dealt when in business; on hearing my melancholy tale, he furnished me with every necessary, and gave me the means of returning home; I had a good passage, and landed in Dublin about a month since.

"On my arrival I hastened to Mr. Spencer, who was really overjoyed to see me, as it were, risen from the dead; he assured me that he had never received any letter from me, and showed the letters from the captain's wife, which announced our shipwreck, and the certainty that I had perished. He told me, that Mrs. Tyrrel, having administered to the will I had left in his hands, had taken my daughter to England, but he had not had any answer to several letters he had written to her, and but seldom heard from my sister. At the mentioning Mrs. Tyrrel's administering to my will, I was thunderstruck; I told him the will I had left with him gave her no authority. We soon perceived that some fraud had been used, and advising with an able lawyer, he procured me a sight of the original will which she had proved, and then the whole villany became manifest. The counsellor advised me to keep my being alive a secret till we had found my daughter; Mr. Spencer wrote for that

purpose to his son, who has so zealously and successfully obeyed his instructions. When we got the address of Mrs. Tyrrel, we desired the young gentleman to go to her residence, and when he had got all the intelligence he could, to meet us here, as I was resolved to come here in search of my child if he could not succeed.

In the mean while, young Webb, who began to think how he should make the best of a bad bargain, was no sooner left to himself, than he took post and went to Copeland lodge. Mrs. Tyrrel was much surprised at seeing him, but still more so when he related what had passed at Whitehaven. The news that Sir William Morton had arrived, had got possession of his daughter, and was within a few miles of her, struck her with the utmost terror; the whole extent of her guilt flashed in her face, and the prospect before her was terrible and gloomy. She, therefore, hastily packed up what was most valuable, and set off that very morning for London, expecting to meet her son on the road, which she did; when they arrived in town, she raised what money she could, and immediately embarked with her son for America; but it has been since confirmed that the ship foundered on its passage, and they both perished.

Sir William, his daughter, the Spencer's, and the mayor, arrived at Copeland Lodge the next day, but the birds were flown. He took possession of whatever he found in the lodge, and in searching a bureau, he found the identical will he had made and left with Mr. Spencer, which was a further confirmation of the

villany. Having disposed of all the effects there, the family returned to Dublin, where Sir William's public appearance reinstated him in his lands and possessions; and, soon after, perceiving that Lydia beheld young Mr. Spencer with a favourable eye, and being charmed with his manners and conduct, he joined their hands. Some months after, when authentic advice was received of the death of Mrs. Tyrrel and her son, he in his turn administered to her, and gained possession of her estate, which he immediately gave to his daughter and worthy son-in-law.

THE GOOD UNCLE.

Charles Marchmont was the youngest son of a gentleman in Warwickshire, and having been always a favourite with his mother's brother, (Mr. Invoice, a Turkey merchant,) his parents determined to make him a man of business; and Charles was, at an early period, placed at an academy in this metropolis, where, after being instructed in the several branches of education preparatory to the compting house, he was removed to Mr. Invoice's, near the Royal Exchange, where his assiduity, integrity, and modest deportment, considerably advanced him in the good graces of his uncle.

After this young man had been two years employed, with an unblemished character, in mercantile

transactions, he was requested by Tom Sprightly, a clerk to a merchant in the neighbourhood, to make one in a party of pleasure in the Whitsunweek at Greenwich. Charles communicated this invitation to Mr. Invoice, who endeavoured to dissuade him from going on the proposed excursion.

However, if your heart is set upon the party, I will not refuse your request. I have given my opinion; and if the legislature thought as I do, every holy-day in the calendar should be annihilated, since nothing can be more absurd than to set a season apart for the support of idleness and irreligion; nor any thing more repugnant to wisdom or virtue, than to sanctify a time for prejudicing the fortunes, and corrupting the morals of the youth of both sexes. Charles was, for the first time, dissatisfied with his uncle's observations, though they did not fail to make an impression upon him: he reported them to his new acquaintance, (Sprightly) who rallied him exceedingly upon his paying so much attention to the grave lecture he had received, and treated the opinion of Mr. Invoice as illiberal and absurd.

Charles wanted but little persuasion to follow his inclination, which was to enjoy the holy-day at the village above mentioned; but he had not courage to tell his uncle this truth; and though he had hitherto been remarkable for his attachment to veracity, he now resolved to deceive the old gentleman, by joining the party, and keeping it a secret.

The expected day arrived, and turned out one of those very fine ones which travellers would have

most agreeable at that season, it was clear, and yet so conveniently clouded as to check the heat of the sun, and make the exercise of walking, perfectly easy. Charles got up early in the morning, and telling the servants he was going upon business on board a vessel that had been consigned from the Streights to his uncle, directly proceeded to Sprightly, and with him and two of his companions, who were city bucks of the first head, turned their backs upon the smoky town, and soon arrived in the delightful Park which takes its name from Greenwich. Here they joined the festive throng, and participated in all the sports of the place.

A girl, about sixteen, exceeding lovely in her person, and much more elegantly dressed than the rest of holy-day gentry, suddenly attracted the attention of our young merchant. He inquired her name, and found she was the only daughter of Mrs. Hastings, a celebrated milliner in the Strand. It was not long before Sprightly, with his usual forwardness, introduced himself to this young woman's acquaintance; she had two companions with her, of her own sex, and Sprightly proposed that his friends and the ladies should dine together at the Star and Garter, and make a jolly party. The invitation was eagerly accepted, and Charles was so struck with the charms of Miss Hastings, who sung several love songs in a most enchanting manner, that the hours rolled away unperceived, and the clock struck eleven before he thought of returning to town. It was not without great difficulty that carriages were now obtained to

convey this dissipated company to London; and the embarrassment Charles was thrown into, at finding it was near one o'clock, when they set the ladies down at Mrs. Hastings's house, is not easy to be described. He had never been so late from home by several hours, and began to lament his situation in very pathetic terms to Sprightly and his companions, who, after repeated bursts of laughter, endeavoured to convince him of the absurdity of such a slavish attention to old Put's regulations. The keenness of their animadversions contributed to lessen his respect for Mr. Invoice, and they readily adjourned to a tavern in Covent Garden, where, after repeatedly toasting the healths of their fair companions, a scene of intoxication ensued, and our unfortunate youth added the vice of drunkenness to irregularity.

The next morning was accompanied with many serious reflections; and an aching head and a heavy heart, the inseparable appendages to debauchery, contributed to heighten the distress his folly had exposed him to. Penetrated with shame and sorrow, he got up before his companions, and slunk into his uncle's house as soon as the doors were open. The old gentleman, who had been extremely unhappy, from the apprehension that some accident had befallen him, on hearing an account of the matter, which Charles glossed over with many falsities, gently reproved him for the unwarrantable manner in which they acted, and endeavoured to show him how well his former observations, upon the consequences of what is called holy-day making, had been founded.

The first deviations from virtue are usually followed by greater degrees of iniquity. Charles had got into bad company, which is much sooner acquired than shaken off; he had conceived an affection for a girl, with whose character he was entirely unacquainted, a circumstance attended with more danger to unguarded youth than most others to which they are liable. In a few days he procured an opportunity of seeing Sprightly, who informed him he had seen the ladies; that they had settled a party for Richmond the ensuing Sunday, and that his company was requested by Miss Hastings. Charles felt his heart dilate at the name, and he joyfully accepted of the kind invitation. The expedition to Richmond, like that to Greenwich, was accompanied with a singular scene of mirth and festivity, during which he made a declaration of his passion to Miss Clara, for that was the name of Mrs. Hastings's daughter, who received his addresses with great affability. The bill, which amounted to a considerable sum, was discharged in a fit of gallantry by Charles, who, upon several occasions of the like nature, bore the expense of the company, who constantly laughed at him behind his back for being so egregious a dupe.

Mr. Invoice saw, with regret, the unfortunate train the affairs of his nephew were in, and frequently expostulated with him, in the mildest manner, to little effect. He now paid no regard to the duties of his profession, but lived in a continual scene of idleness and dissipation. In his sober moments, he sometimes determined to reform; but his bad habits had taken

too deep a root to be easily got rid of, and his resolutions were constantly destroyed by the sophistry of Sprightly, who found his account in keeping him company. His irregularities had involved him in a number of little debts, which the allowance his father had settled upon him, though a very genteel one, would not enable him to discharge. These circumstances at length came to the knowledge of Mr. Invoice, who, trembling for the fate of his nephew, called him into his study, and remonstrated to him upon his proceedings with more warmth than ever he had before. Charles confessed his errors, and promised amendment; but the old gentleman had been imposed upon too often to place any confidence in his declarations. Give me a list of your debts, Charles, said the good old man, and they shall be discharged; but the period is at hand at which we must part. I have long lamented the depravity of your conduct, and must insist on your returning to your father. The company you keep in this town will lead you to destruction; and it is absolutely necessary you should be as speedily removed from it as possible.

The determined manner in which Mr. Invoice delivered these words, left Charles no room to doubt of his being resolved to put his intention in execution. A banishment from London was what he by no means relished, and the thoughts of leaving Clara were insupportable. The girl, without deserving his esteem, had taken entire possession of his heart, and they would probably have been immediately married, had not her mother, who was exceedingly artful, disco-

vered he was a younger son, and had nothing to expect but from the bounty of his uncle. A short time after, Mr. Marchmont arrived in town, and as he was a man of very warm temper, Mr. Invoice thought it necessary to mention the occasion of his parting with his son as tenderly as possible. After he had recited his objections to the lad's conduct with the greatest delicacy, Mr. Marchmont assured him he was determined on making the youth attentive to business; and, as London was not a proper place for him to continue in, he was resolved he should go abroad for a few years. Mr. Invoice did not disapprove of this measure, and having a friend at Boston, whose character was exceedingly amiable, he hoped by sending him to that settlement, where the manners of the inhabitants would be a continual check upon his irregular proceedings, there might be some chance of a reformation being brought about.

Charles was amply supplied with every thing necessary and convenient for his passage in a few weeks after, during which time, as often as he could steal from his father, he constantly passed the hours with his dear Clara, who promised to keep up a regular correspondence with him, and vowed an eternal attachment. A few days before the ship was ready to sail, Mr. Invoice, at the conclusion of a short but pathetic discourse, calculated for the government of his future conduct, gave him a bank note for one hundred pounds, assuring him at the same time, that no reward should be wanting if he would adopt a different system of life from that he had so lately pur-

sued. Charles received his uncle's favour with great appearance of gratitude, and laid out part of it in an elegant gold watch and a diamond ring, which he presented to Miss Hastings as pledges of his affection. The day of his departure being arrived, his father and Mr. Invoice accompanied him to Deal, where he embarked on board a stout New-England brig, and in a few hours a favourable wind springing up, lost sight of the English shore.

His passage to Boston was attended with no remarkable occurrence; suffice it to say, he devoted his time, during the voyage, chiefly to the perusal of such moral writers as Mr. Invoice had recommended to him, and seriously determined to do every thing in his power to reinstate himself in the esteem of his best friends.

After a pleasant run, of little more than five weeks, the vessel anchored in Massachusetts bay, and Charles was received with great hospitality by his uncle's friend, Mr. Barter, who had been prepared for his coming, by letters recommending him to his care in the strongest terms. The manners of the people of Boston but little accorded with those which our young traveller had been acquainted with amidst the circle of his thoughtless companions in London. As his heart was naturally good, and all temptation removed, he soon gave Mr. Barter the warmest hopes of his entire reformation; to which nothing more contributed than the acquaintance he formed with a young lady who had been left by her father under the guardianship of Mr. Barter. She was a native of Phila-

delphia, and, her parents being quakers, she had been educated in the principles of that sect. At the time of our young merchant's settlement with her guardian, she was about thirteen years of age; and, with a singular sweetness of countenance and elegance of form, possessed an uncommon benevolence of heart. All his leisure hours were passed in the company of this agreeable girl, whom he loved with the affection of a brother, and took uncommon pains to make her acqainted with the sentiments of the best writers in the English and French languages. During his continuance in America, he constantly corresponded with Miss Hastings, whose letters were lively, and full of professions of eternal regard; and the advices he received from his father and uncle were such as promised him an ample return for his persevering in the laudable plan they understood from Mr. Barter he had determined to pursue.

When he had been about three years absent from his native land, the news of Mr. Marchmont's death interrupted his happiness in a very eminent degree. Mr. Invoice condoled him with great sensibility upon the awful occasion, and, convinced of the sincerity of his reformation, invited him in very pressing terms to return to London. The idea of gratifying a desire of visiting his mother country, so prevalent in most youthful minds, in some measure, however, alleviated his sorrow for the loss of a parent. He communicated his uncle's request to Mr. Barter, who, to his infinite satisfaction, informed him he not only approved of his embarking for England, but that he him-

self would accompany him in the voyage; as, besides some affairs of business which he wished to settle in that island, his respect for the memory of his departed friend stimulated him to take his ward to Europe in order to improve her education. In about six weeks after, Mr. Barter, having put the affairs of the house into a proper train, agreed with the master of a ship, bound to Bristol, for his passage, with Charles and his lovely charge, Miss Melvill. The prospect of seeing the happy isle, which had so long been distinguished for wealth and independence, excited the most pleasing sensations in the minds of all the party. They had crossed the greatest part of the vast Atlantic, accompanied by very prosperous weather, when a violent storm arose, which lasted for some days, and carried away their foremast and binnacle. In this forlorn condition they continued for near a week after, when, during a hard gale of wind, in the middle of the night, the vessel suddenly struck on a ridge of rocks. The confusion of the crew called Mr. Barter and his two companions upon deck; a scene of distress ensued which is not to be described. In a few minutes she received a second shock, which beat in part of her bottom; and while the people were busy in hoisting out the boat, she went to pieces.

Our unfortunate adventurer, on first being thrown into the water, was in a state of insensibility; in a short time, however, he in some degree recovered himself, and, being an excellent swimmer, made an effort for his preservation. The silver beams of the moon faintly trembled upon the billows; but instead

of affording any relief, served only to show him the horrors of his condition. Among the bodies which were floating near him, he plainly distinguished that of a female, whom he knew to be his fair pupil. He endeavoured to approach it, but in vain. The waves interfered, and her cries still vibrated in his ears, whilst they covered her from his sight. He had been in the ocean a considerable time, and his strength was almost exhausted, when he was cast upon a bank of sand, from whence he was quickly washed on shore by the violence of the storm. It was now daybreak; and the first thing he did was to give thanks to the Almighty for his deliverance. He contemplated the melancholy scene he had just escaped from with the utmost emotion, and burst into tears at the sight of some dead bodies, which were at a small distance dashing against the rocks. He wandered along the sea-beach for some time, when he met with a company of peasants, who informed him he was on the western coast of Ireland, near the town of Donnegal. They took him into one of their little cabins, gave him dry clothes, and some necessary refreshment. When he had in some degree recovered from the fatigue he had undergone, he returned to the sea side, where he found the country people very busy in plundering such part of the cargo as was drove on shore. At low water he discovered the corpse of the captain, and two of the seamen, which, with pious hands, assisted by the hospitable natives, he buried under the green sward of a neighbouring field. On the strictest inquiry, it did not

appear that any one had been saved from the wreck but himself. A few guineas which remained in his pocket, enabled him to proceed to Dublin, from whence he immediately wrote an account of the calamity which had befallen him to his uncle, who, with all possible expedition, remitted him a sum amply sufficient to bear his expenses to London, where he arrived about ten days afterwards.

Mr. Invoice received his nephew with the warmest affection: he told him he had but one point to insist on, which was, that he should not, on any pretence, renew his acquaintance with Miss Hastings, who the old gentleman assured him was a very bad girl. Charles sighed at this preliminary article, (on the sacred preservation of which Mr. Invoice declared his favour depended) but promised to act in such a manner as would give his uncle no cause of complaint. In a few days he received a billet from Clara, reproving him, in very pathetic terms, for his neglect, and requesting to see him. He was unable to withstand the invitation, and flew to her apartments, which were in a court near Covent Garden. She fainted on his approach; and soon after, in a flood of tears, told him, that her mother had been made a bankrupt within a few weeks, that they were reduced to extreme poverty, and had been abandoned by all their acquaintance except his old friend Sprightly, who had acted with generosity towards them; at this instant that young man entered the room, and Charles cordially embraced him. An interesting conversation ensued, in which Sprightly took great liberties

with Mr. Invoice's character; he assured Charles, that his father, previous to his death, had placed two thousand pounds in his uncle's hands for his use; that the old gentleman had practised every artifice to deter Clara from writing to him while he was in America; and wickedly endeavoured to corrupt her innocence. Thunderstruck at this information, which Sprightly insisted, for the present, should be kept secret from Mr. Invoice, our adventurer now returned home, very much prejudiced against his uncle. He could now easily account for his forbidding him to see the girl of his heart, and looked on his concealment of the money his father had left him, as an unwarrantable piece of hypocrisy. He was now constantly with Miss Hastings, Sprightly, and the rest of the old set which ruined him before. They continually poisoned his mind with regard to Mr. Invoice, who, perceiving his nephew falling into his former manner of life, expostulated with him in very severe terms upon his conduct. Charles, irritated at this treatment, answered with great warmth; and the altercation terminated in his precipitately leaving the old gentleman's house.

After this period, this mistaken youth was entirely influenced in his proceedings by Sprightly and Miss Hastings. His extravagancies soon left him penny-less; and when he wrote to Mr. Invoice for a supply, out of the money his father had left him, that gentleman replied, he would not part with a shilling, as, (if Charles did not reform,) the money, by Mr. Marchmont's direction, was to be divided among his other

children. He had continued for some weeks "steeped up to the lips in poverty," as Shakspeare says, frequently execrating the injustice of his uncle, when Sprightly called on him one evening, and told him Miss Hastings had been carried to a spunging-house for a considerable sum, which she had engaged to pay for her mother. Distracted at this intelligence, he hastened to the place, and lamented the distress his mistress was involved in with great sensibility. He formed several plans to relieve her, but saw the folly of them all as soon as he proposed them, as he had neither money nor interest. D—n it, says Sprightly, let us have no more castle building. I have just parted from Jack Scribble, who you know is clerk to Subtle the attorney, and he assures me your uncle is gone into the country to be married to a young girl, whose family nobody knows; and that, previous to his departure, Mr. Subtle made his will, in which you was cut off with a shilling; confound the scoundrel, do yourself justice on him, make him refund the money he has cheated you of. "How is that to be effected?" replied Charles, with great eagerness. "How!" rejoined Sprightly, "why go to his house, his servants will not refuse you admittance; pretend that you are sorry at having disobliged him, and that you have come to take up your abode there." "What then," says the youth. "Pshaw," continued his supposed friend, "don't you conceive? Break open his desk, pay yourself, and leave the doating rascal a receipt in full."

The spirit of Charles was so broken by his misfor-

tunes, and his mind so depraved by the company he kept, that he, who at another time would have spurned the proposer of such infamous advice from his sight, now received it without any marks of disapprobation; and in consequence of Miss Hastings declaring the officer would take her to prison the next morning, unless the money was paid, and her approving of the measure Sprightly had mentioned, he determined to put this dreadful project in execution that very night. He accordingly repaired to his uncle's, where he met with a kind reception from the servants, who strengthened the story Sprightly had told him of Mr. Invoice being gone out of town to meet a young lady, for whom, they understood, he had a great regard.

Charles took up his lodgings in his old apartments, and arose about an hour after midnight, in order to accomplish his desperate intention. He stole softly down stairs, and made his way, greatly agitated, into the counting house, where he forced the lock of his uncle's desk, and snatching out a red leather case, in which Mr. Invoice used to keep bank notes, and other valuable writings, he thrust it hastily into his bosom, and returned with great celerity to his chamber in order to examine the contents. He was not a little surprised at finding the first paper he opened to be a letter from his father on his death bed, which directly gave the lie to the story Sprightly had told him, relating to the two thousand pounds; which was directed to be given to Charles's brothers, unless he broke off all correspondence with Clara, and proved

himself deserving of his uncle's good opinion. His heart now began to sink within him; but what was his astonishment, on discovering in the next paper he unfolded, which proved to be his uncle's will, that the good man, after praying for the amendment of his conduct, had made him sole heir to all his fortune! Nature was unable to support this unexpected piece of information; the youth could only exclaim, gracious Heaven, what goodness! and fell senseless on the floor. On his recovering from the paroxysm of shame and astonishment, he found himself assisted by two of his uncle's faithful domestics, who, hearing him talk in a wild incoherent manner, forced him to bed, supposing he had lost his senses.

The fact was, the shock he had received threw him into a violent delirium, which lasted several days, when the strength of his constitution got the better of his disorder. The first object he saw by his bed was Mr. Invoice, who, in the most affectionate manner, conjured him to make himself perfectly easy, for he had forgot all his faults. Charles recovered daily, and, when his health was sufficiently established, his uncle produced him a letter from Sprightly, who had been committed to Newgate for forgery, in which that unprincipled wretch confessed that he and Clara had been married before Charles went to America; that their whole conduct had been a scene of hypocrisy to fleece him of his money; and that they had incited him to commit the last atrocious act, in order to preserve them from destruction. Charles expressed great compunction at his being so imposed upon, and

related to his uncle, with the strictest candour, every thing that had been reported by that artful couple to alienate his affection. "Some part of their story was true," said his uncle, "I did go to bring home a young lady, not to make her my wife, but your's, my dear boy. Summon all your resolution, and prepare for an unexpected interview."

Thus saying, he suddenly left the apartment, and immediately returned with Mr. Barter, who led in Miss Melvil. Words were not powerful enough to express their feelings; tears of joy spontaneously burst forth, and they ran into each others arms. After the violence of their joy had a little subsided, Mr. Barter accounted for their preservation, by acquainting him that he, and two of the crew, happily reached the long boat, which had been hoisted safe into the water while the ship went to pieces, that they soon after were fortunate enough to take up Miss Melvil, who lay without appearance of life for several hours: that early the next morning they fell in with a vessel bound to Lisbon, the master of which kindly took them on board, and they were under the necessity of accompanying him to that metropolis; from whence they wrote immediately to Mr. Invoice, and told him they had agreed for a passage on board a sloop belonging to Falmouth, at which port he very politely received them, and first acquainted them that Charles was alive, for whose loss Miss Melvil had been inconsolable.

The happiness of this party could receive no other addition, than by the marriage Mr. Invoice had pro-

posed, and which accordingly took place a few weeks after.

Miss Clara, otherwise Mrs. Sprightly, after her husband had been some time in Newgate, eloped with an Irish officer to Galway; and the unhappy culprit, after being convicted of his offence at the old Bailey, owed his life to the interest of the man he had injured.

Such, reader, are the incidents that occurred in the life of Charles Marchmont, a youth, whose misfortunes all originated on a Whitsun holy-day; and such will ever be the consequences of the smallest deviations from virtue, if not timely restrained by the dictates of prudence and morality.

The following is a well known fact, and was related by a clergyman whose veracity is unimpeached; and it will serve to prove the heaven inspired Shakspeare's observation, that

> "Murder will out, tho' seas o'erwhelm,
> "And mountains hide it from the face of day."

About the year 1769, a young gentleman of the name of Gordier, a person of high accomplishments, and immense property in the Island of Jersey, was upon the point of marrying the daughter of a wealthy merchant in Guernsey; but on a sudden he was lost to his friends and relations, as well as to the young lady who was to have been his bride; and notwith-

standing the most diligent inquiry in both islands, with every possible search that could be made, not the least intelligence could be obtained either of his death or his retreat.

It happened, however, that after a time, when all discourse concerning him had subsided, his body was accidentally found in Guernsey, by some boys in traversing the beach, with two wounds on the back, and one on the head, thrust into the cavity of a rock, whose mouth was so small, that it must have been with difficulty the body could have been made to enter it.

This discovery, with those evident proofs of murder, alarmed the two families; the former inquiries were in vain renewed; not the least light to countenance suspicion, or to ground conjecture, could be gathered, to trace out the murderer; and all that could be done, was to pay the last duty to the remains of the unfortunate youth, by solemnizing his funeral with all the marks of unaffected sorrow.

The mother of the young gentleman remained inconsolable; and the lady to whom he was soon to have been wedded, pined in secret for the loss of the only man in the world whom she could love. She was, indeed, courted by a young merchant, but though she was, in a manner, constrained by her parents to admit his addresses, she was inwardly resolved never to give him her hand.

The mother of Gordier, who never ceased to ruminate on the catastrophe which had befallen her son, was not a little solicitous for the welfare of the young

lady, whom she looked upon as her daughter-in-law, and whom she regarded with the greatest tenderness. After many melancholy years had passed, hearing that she was in a deep decline, she determined to go to Guernsey, that she might see, before she was gone forever, her who was to have been the wife of a son so much lamented, and still so dear to her remembrance and affection; her only remaining child, a son, accompanied her on the voyage; when they arrived, they consulted with her father and mother and the apothecary, who advised, as the young lady was in so dangerous a way, not to surprise her by an unexpected visit, till she was prepared by degrees to receive it. But notwithstanding all the care that could be taken, the sight of the mother brought to her mind the full remembrance of the son, and the shock was too great for her weak frame to bear; she fainted upon the first approach of Mrs. Gordier, and it was with difficulty that she was brought to herself. The mother was curious to know every little circumstance that attended the last interview of the young lovers, and of all that had passed since the discovery of the murder of her son; and the young lady was no less earnest to prolong the conversation, but her fits returned at almost every period, and she could only say how tenderly they parted, and with what ardency she expected his promised return the next day. It was no small concern to the afflicted mother to see the poor lady in this weak state, dying, as she plainly perceived she was, of a broken heart; and the company present could not forbear vehement execrations against the author of this double distress.

Mrs. Gordier, all on a sudden, burst into a flood of tears, on seeing a jewel, very remarkable and valuable, pendent to the young lady's watch, which she knew her son had purchased, as a present to her, before he left the island of Jersey. The violence of her grief was observed by the young lady, who had just spirits enough to ask her the immediate cause. Being told that the sight of the jewel at her watch occasioned it, the young lady took it in her hand with a motion of contempt, said something which sounded like clerk, fell backwards, and expired. Mrs. Gordier now broke out in violent paroxysms of rage, and declared that the jewel had belonged to her son, and that certainly the young lady just dead must have, some how, been a party concerned in this murder, or how did she come by it; as she was positive that her son had it in his possession the morning he was missing. The parents of the young lady could not hear their darling child thus cruelly abused without feeling resentment against Mrs. Gordier, who still insisted that the jewel was her son's, and that the sudden death of the young lady was occasioned by a fear of detection, for she was assured that she knew of his murder. Tears and mutual reproaches now took place, as the friends and relations of the young lady could not help resenting the ungenerous interpretation put upon the last closing moments of her blameless life. A scene of trouble and mutual reproach ensued, which is easier to conceive than to relate. When the commotion, however, was a little abated, and reason began to take place, the friends of both families very cordially interposed,

and endeavoured to reconcile the mothers, by a cool examination of the circumstances that occasioned the unseasonable heat.

Young Mr. Gordier recollected that he had heard his brother declare, that the jewel in question was to be presented to his bride on the wedding day; and, therefore, as that had never happened, his mother might be justified in her suspicions, though perhaps the lady might be innocent. The sister of the deceased calmly replied, that she believed the warmth that had happened was founded on a mistake, which she thought herself happy in being able to correct. The jewel, she said, which her sister wore, was not presented to her by Mr. Gordier, but was a present to her, some years after his death, by Mr. Galliard, a very reputable merchant in Jersey, who had very assiduously paid his addresses to her, encouraged so to do with a view, if possible, to relieve her mind, by diverting her affections to a new object; that as many jewels have the same appearance, it was necessary, before any thing was said, to examine closely, and be certain that it was the same. Mrs. Gordier, whose rage had now softened into tears, took the jewel in her hand, and touching a secret spring, it opened and discovered a beautiful picture of her son. Yes, said Mrs. Gordier, almost petrified with horror, it is, indeed it is, and that Galliard I believe to be the murderer of my son: she now, as well as she was able, apologized to the parents of the young lady; whose embarrassment, the scorn with which she wanted to spurn the jewel from her, and her desire to

declare to her from whence it came, told plainly her innocence. All these circumstances concurred to fix the murder on Mr. Galliard, who had formerly been her father's clerk; the last word she attempted to utter was now interpreted to mean the cl-er-k.

The clergyman, who was present, and who gave this relation, being the common friend of Galliard and the family where he now was, advised moderation and temper in the pursuit of justice. Many circumstances, he said, may concur to entangle innocence in the snares of guilt; and he hoped, for the honour of human nature, that a gentleman of so fair a character as Mr. Galliard, could never be guilty of so foul a crime: he therefore wished he might be sent for, on the present melancholy occasion, rather as a mourner, than as a murderer; by which means the charge might be brought on by degrees, and then, if innocent, as he hoped he would appear, his character would stand fair; if guilty, care should be taken that he should not escape. He added, in support of his counsel, that a man, once publicly charged with murder, upon circumstances strong as the present appeared, though his innocence might be clear as the sun at noon day to those who examined him, would never again be able to redeem his character with the world, let his whole life after be ever so irreproachable.

The greatest part of the company seemed to approve of his advice and reasons; but it was visible, by the countenance of Mrs. Gordier, that she, in her own mind, had prejudged him Guilty. However,

in conformity to the advice that had been given, Mr. Galliard was sent for, and in a few hours the messenger returned, accompanied by Mr. Galliard in person. The old lady, on his entering the room, in the vehemence of her passion, charged him abruptly with the murder of her son. Mr. Galliard made answer coolly, that indeed he well knew her son, but he had not seen him for many days before the day of his disappearance, being then out of the island upon business, as the family in whose house he now was could attest. But this jewel, (said the mother, showing him the jewel open as it was) is an incontestable proof of your guilt. You gave the deceased this jewel, which was purchased by my son, and was in his possession at the time of his death. He denied ever seeing the jewel. The sister of the deceased then confronted him, and taking it in her hand, and closing it, this jewel, (said she) you gave to my sister in my presence, on such a day, (naming the day, the hour, and the place) and pressed her to accept it; she refused it: you pressed her again; she returned it; and was not prevailed on to take it, till I placed it to her watch, and persuaded her to wear it. He now betrayed some signs of guilt; but, looking upon it now it was closed, he owned the giving it, and presently recollecting himself, said he knew it not in the form it was first presented to him; but this trinket (said he) I purchased of Levi the Jew, whom you all know, and who has travelled these islands for more than twenty years. He, no doubt, can tell how he came by it. The clergyman now thought himself happy in the counsel he had given; and addressing

himself to Mrs. Gordier—I hope, madam, you will now be patient till the affair has had a full hearing. Mr. Galliard is clear in his justification, and the Jew only appears to be the guilty person at present; he is now in the island, and shall soon be apprehended. The old lady was again calm, and forced to acknowledge her rashness, owing, as she said, to the impetuosity of her temper, and to the occasion that produced it. She concluded with begging pardon of Mr. Galliard, whom she thought she had injured.

Galliard, triumphing in his innocence, hoped the lady would be careful of what she said, and threatened, if his character suffered by the charge, to refer the injury to the decision of the law. He lamented the sudden death of the unfortunate young lady, and melted into tears when he approached her bed. He took his leave, after some hours stay, with becoming decency, and every one, even the mother, pronounced him innocent.

It was some days before the Jew was found; and when the news was spread, that the Jew was in custody who had murdered young Gordier, remorse, and the fear of public shame, seized Galliard, and, the night preceding the day in which he was to have confronted the Jew before a magistrate, he was found dead, with a bloody penknife in his hand, wherewith he had stabbed himself in three places, two of which were mortal.

A letter was found on the table in his room, acknowledging his guilt, and concluding with these remarkable words: "None but those who have expe-

rienced the furious impulse of ungovernable love, will pardon the crime which I have committed, in order to obtain the incomparable object by whom my passions were inflamed. But thou, O Father of Mercies! who implanted in my soul those strong desires, will forgive one rash attempt to accomplish my determined purpose, in opposition, as it should seem, to thy almighty providence."

CHAUBERT, THE MISANTHROPIST.

Chaubert was born at Bordeaux, and died there not many years ago in the Franciscan Convent; I was in that city soon after this event, and my curiosity led me to collect several particulars relative to this extraordinary humorist. He inherited a good fortune from his parents, and in his youth was of a benevolent disposition, subject, however, to sudden caprices, and extremes of love and hatred. Various causes are assigned for his misanthrophy, but the principal disgust, which turned him furious against mankind, seems to have arisen from the treachery of a friend, who ran away with his mistress just when Chaubert was on the point of marrying her; the ingratitude of this man was certainly of a very black nature, and the provocation heinous, for Chaubert, whose passions were always in extremes, had given a thousand instances of romantic generosity to this unworthy friend, and reposed an entire confidence in

him in the matter of his mistress; he had even saved him from drowning, at the imminent risk of his life, by leaping out of his own boat into the Garonne, and swimming to his assistance when his boat was sinking in the middle of the stream. His passion for his mistress was no less vehement; so that his disappointment had every aggravation possible, and operating upon a nature more than commonly susceptible, reversed every principle of humanity in the heart of Chaubert, and made him, for the greatest part of his life, the declared enemy of human nature.

After many years, passed in foreign parts, he was accidentally brought to his better senses by discovering that through these events, which he had so deeply resented, he had providentially escaped from miseries of the most fatal nature; thereupon he returned to his own country, and entering into the order of Franciscans, employed the remainder of his life in atoning for his past errors after the most exemplary manner. On all occasions of distress, Father Chaubert's zeal presented itself to the relief and comfort of the unfortunate, and sometimes he would enforce his admonitions of resignation by the lively picture he would draw of his own extravagancies: in extraordinary cases he has been known to give his communicants a transcript or diary, of his own hand writing, of certain passages of his life, in which he had minuted his thoughts at the time they occurred, and which he kept by him for such extraordinary purposes. This paper was put into my hands by a gen-

tleman who had received much benefit from this good father's conversation and instruction; I had his leave for transcribing it, or publishing, if I thought fit; this I shall now avail myself of, as I think it is a very curious journal.

My son, whoever thou art, profit by the words of experience, and let the example of Chaubert, who was a beast without reason, and is become a man by repentance, teach thee wisdom in adversity, and inspire thy heart with sentiments of resignation to the will of the Almighty.

When the treachery of people, which I ought to have despised, had turned my heart to marble, and my blood to gall, I was determined upon leaving France, and seeking out some of those countries from whose famished inhabitants nature withholds her bounty, and where men groan in slavery and sorrow. As I passed through the villages towards the frontiers of Spain, and saw the peasants dancing in a ring to the pipe, or carousing at their vintages, indignation smote my heart, and I wished that heaven would dash their cups with poison, or blast the sunshine of their joy with hail and tempest.

I traversed the delightful province of Biscay without rest to the soles of my feet, or sleep to the temples of my head. Nature was before my eyes, dressed in her gayest attire. Thou mother of fools, I exclaimed, why dost thou trick thyself out so daintily for knaves and harlots to make a property of thee? The children of thy womb are vipers in thy bosom, and will sting

thee mortally when thou hast given them their fill at thy improvident breasts. The birds chaunted in the groves, the fruit-trees glistened on the mountains' sides, the water-falls made music for the echoes, and man went singing to his labour. Give me, said I, the clank of fetters and the yell of galley slaves under the lashes of the whip. And in the bitterness of my heart I cursed the earth as I trod over its prolific surface.

I entered the ancient kingdom of Castile, and the prospect was a recreation to my sorrow-vexed soul: I saw the lands lie waste and fallow; the vines trailed on the ground, and buried their fruitage in the furrows; the hand of man was idle, and nature slept as in the cradle of creation; the villages were thinly scattered, and ruin sat upon the unroofed sheds, where lazy pride lay stretched upon its straw in beggary and vermin.

Ah! this is something, I cried out; this scene is fit for man, and I'll enjoy it. I saw a yellow, half starved form, cloaked to the heels in rags, his broad brimmed beaver on his head, through which his staring locks crept out in squalid shreds, that fell like snakes upon the shoulders of a fiend. Such ever be the fate of human nature! I'll aggravate his misery by the insult of charity. Hark ye, Castilian, I exclaimed; take this pisette; it is coin; it is silver from the mint of Mexico; a Spaniard dug it from the mine, a Frenchman gives it to you; put by your pride and touch it. Curst be your nation, the Castilian replied, I'll starve before I'll take it from your hands. Starve, then, I answered, and passed on.

I climbed a barren mountain; the wolves howled in the desert, and the vultures screamed in flocks for prey. I looked, and beheld a gloomy mansion underneath my feet, vast as the pride of its founder, gloomy and disconsolate as his soul. It was the Escurial. Here, then, the tyrant reigns, said I; here let him reign; hard as these rocks his throne, waste as these deserts be his dominion! A meagre creature passed me; famine stared in his eye; he cast a look about him, and sprung upon a kid that was browsing in the desert; he smote it dead with his staff, and hastily thrust it into his wallet. Ah! sacrilegious villain! cried a brawny fellow; and leaping on him from behind a rock, seized the hungry wretch in the act; he dropped upon his knees, and begged for mercy. Mercy! cried he that seized him, do you purloin the property of the church, and ask for mercy? Take it! So saying, he beat him to the earth with a blow, as he was kneeling at his feet, and then dragged him towards the convent of St. Lawrence. I could have hugged the miscreant for the deed.

I held my journey through the desert, and desolation followed me to the very streets of Madrid; the fathers of the inquisition came forth from the cells of torture; the cross was elevated before them, and a trembling wretch, in a saffron coloured vest, painted with flames of fire, was dragged to execution in an open square; they kindled a fire about him, and sang praises to God, whilst the flames deliberately consumed their human victim: He was a Jew who suffered; they were Christians who tormented. See

what the religion of God is, said I to myself, in the hands of man.

From the gates of Madrid I bent my course towards the port of Lisbon; as I traversed the wilderness of Estremadura, a robber took his aim at me from behind a cork tree, and the ball grazed my hat upon my head. You have missed your aim, I cried; you have lost the merit of destroying a man. Give me your purse, said the robber. Take it, I replied, and buy with it a friend; may it serve you as it has served me.

I found the city of Lisbon in ruins; her foundations smoked upon the ground; the dying and the dead laid in heaps; terror sat in every visage, and mankind was visited with the plagues of the Almighty, famine, fire, and earthquake. Have they not the inquisition in this country? I asked; I was answered they had—And do they make all this outcry about an earthquake? said I within myself; let them give God thanks, and be quiet.

Presently there came ships from England, loaded with all manner of goods for the relief of the inhabitants; the people took the bounty, were preserved, then turned and cursed their preservers for heretics. This is as it should be, said I; these men act up to their nature, and the English are a nation of fools; I will not go amongst them. After a short time, behold a new city was raising on the ruins of the old one! The people took the builder's tools, which the English had sent them, and made themselves houses. I overheard a fellow at his work say to his companion,

Before the earthquake, I made my bed in the streets; now I shall have a house to live in. This is too much, said I; their misfortunes make this people happy, and I will stay no longer in their country. I descended to the banks of the Tagus: there was a ship, whose canvass was loosened for sailing. She is an English ship, says a Gallieygo porter; they are brave seamen, but damned tyrants on the quarter deck. They pay well for what they have, says a boatman, and I am going on board her with a cargo of lemons. I threw myself into the wherry, and entered the ship; the mariners were occupied with their work, and nobody questioned me why I was amongst them. The tide wafted us into the ocean, and the night became tempestuous; the vessel laboured in the sea, and the morning brought no respite to our toil.

Whither are you bound? said I to the master—To hell, said he, for nothing but the devil ever drove at such a rate? The fellow's voice was thunder; the sailors sung in the storm, and the master's oaths were louder than the waves; the third day was a dead calm, and he swore louder than ever. If the winds were of this man's making, thought I, he would not be content. A favourable breeze sprang up, as if it had come at his calling. I thought it was coming, said he; put her before the wind, it blows fair for our port. But where is your port? again I asked him. Sir, says he, I can now answer your question as I should do; with God's leave I am bound to Bordeaux; every thing at sea goes as it pleases God. My heart sunk at the name of my native city. I was

freighted, added he, from London, with a cargo of goods of all sorts for the poor sufferers by the earthquake; I shall load back with wine for my owners, and so help out a charitable voyage with some little profit, if it please God to bless our endeavours. Heyday! thought I, how fair weather changes this fellow's note!—Lewis, said he, to a handsome youth who stood at his elbow, we will now seek out this Monsieur Chaubert at Bordeaux, and get payment of his bills on your account. Shew me your bills, said I, for I am Chaubert. He produced them, and I saw my own name forged to bills in favour of the villain who had so treacherously dealt with me in the affair of the woman who was to have been my wife.

"Where is the wretch," said I, "who drew these forgeries?" The youth burst into tears. "He is my father," he replied, and turned away. "Sir," says the master, "I am not surprised to find this fellow a villain to you, for I was once a trader in affluence, and have been ruined by his means, and reduced to what you see me; I can earn a maintenance, and am as happy in my present hard employ, nay, happier than when I was rich and idle; but to defraud his own son proves him to be an unnatural rascal, and if I had him here, I would hang him at the mizen yard."

When the English master declared he was happier in his present hard service than in his former prosperity, and that he forgave the villain who had ruined him, I started with astonishment, and stood out of his reach, expecting every moment that his frenzy

would break out; I looked him steadily in the face, and to my surprise saw no symptoms of madness; there was no wandering in his eyes, and content of mind was impressed upon his features. "Are you in your senses," I demanded, "and can you forgive the villain?" "From my heart," answered he, "else how should I expect to be forgiven?" His words struck me dumb; my heart tugged at my bosom; the blood rushed to my face. He saw my situation, and turned aside to give some orders to the sailors; after some minutes, he resumed the conversation, and advancing towards me, in his rough familiar manner, said, "It is my way, Mr. Chaubert, to forgive and forget, though to be sure the fellow deserves hanging for his treatment of the poor boy, his son, who is as good a lad as ever lived, but as for father and mother"—"Who is his mother? what is her name?" I eagerly demanded. Her name had no sooner passed his lips, than I felt a shock through all my frame beyond that of electricity; I staggered as if with a sudden stroke, and caught hold of the barricade; an involuntary shriek burst from me, and I cried out, "that woman, O! that woman;" "was a devil," said the master, "and if you knew but half the misery you escaped, you would fall down upon your knees and thank God for the blessing: I have heard your story, Mr. Chaubert, and when a man is in love, do you see, he does not like to have his mistress taken from him, but some things are better lost than found, and if this is all you have to complain of, take my word, you complain of the luckiest hour in your whole life."

He would have proceeded, but I turned from him without uttering a word, and, shutting myself up in my cabin, surrendered myself to my meditations.

My mind was now in such a tumult, that I cannot recall my thoughts, much less put them in any order of relation; the ship, however, kept her course, and had now entered the mouth of the Garonne. I landed on the quay of Bordeaux; the master accompanied me, and young Lewis kept charge of the ship. The first object that met my view was a gibbet erected before the door of a merchant's counting house; the convict was kneeling on a scaffold, whilst a friar was receiving his last confession; his face was turned towards us; the Englishman glanced his eye upon him, and instantly cried out, "look, look, Mr. Chaubert, the very man, as I am alive; it is the father of young Lewis." The wretch had discovered us in the same moment, and called aloud, "Oh, Chaubert, Chaubert! let me speak to you before I die!" His yell was horror to my soul; I lost the power of motion, and the crowd pushing towards the scaffold, thrust me forward to the very edge of it: the friar ordered silence, and demanded of the wretch why he had called out so eagerly, and what he had further to confess. "Father," replied the convict, "this is the very man, the very Chaubert of whom I was speaking; he was the best of friends to me, and I repaid his kindness with the blackest treachery; I seduced the woman of his affections from him, and married her; and because we dreaded his resentment, we conspired in an attempt upon his life by poison." He

now turned to me and proceeded as follows: "You may remember, Chaubert, as we were supping together on the very evening of Louisa's elopement, she handed you a glass of wine to drink to your approaching nuptials. As you were lifting it to your lips, your favourite spaniel leaped upon your arm and dashed it on the floor; in a sudden transport of passion, you struck the creature with violence, and laid it dead at your feet. It was the saving moment of your life; the wine was poisoned, inevitable death was in the draught, and the animal you killed was God's instrument for preserving you; reflect upon the event, subdue your passions, and practice resignation. Father, I have no more to confess: I die repentant: Let the executioner do his office."

THE IMPRESSED SEAMAN.

When smiling peace shall again drop her olive branch, and impending war call upon the nation to man its ships, ah! may that purpose be effected without piercing the feeling bosom by the cruel means taken to supply them! Certainly there are heads to plan, and hearts to adopt measures that would prevent the mother's wail, and the widow's tear. Now, when so many individuals are going about, seeking every means to do good; now, when the gloom of adversity is cheered by the noble efforts of the sons and daughters of humanity; now is the glorious mo-

ment for those in power, during the smiling season of peace, to unite together, in order to prevent, if possible, the horrors of war being felt, even before the thunder begins to roar from the deck of honour, or the sword of the intrepid soldier is impurpled with the blood of his enemy.

The following relation is addressed to those who will not turn away from a tale of domestic wo—Alas! its foundation is fixed on truth! The unhappy family, consisting of a father, mother, and daughter, whose sufferings form the substance of these eventful pages, once existed! Innocence and domestic peace blessed their humble dwelling, nor were their comforts broke in upon, until the cruel policy of their own nation separated, without even a warning given, the husband from his wife and child—In one moment, without a crime to sanctify the deed, he was torn away by privileged ruffians—and his partner and his babe were left a prey to those evils which are sure to surround the unprotected daughters of misery.

In the memorable year 1759, Henry Randolph, a youth of about eighteen, entered on board a ship of war, in the hope of signalizing himself, by his valour, in the defence of his country. Henry, at a very early period, had lost his parents, who left him to the care of an uncle, whose employment was that of a pawnbroker, which by no means suited with the feeling heart and generous disposition of his nephew; and was the cause of frequent disputes between him and his kinsman. One day in particular, a poor woman, with a child in her arms, entered the shop,

with an old coat, the only one belonging to a distressed husband, at that time afflicted with a fever, and requested a trifle on it, to purchase something that had been ordered to relieve his complaint. The youth, shocked at the scanty petition being refused, stole round to the door, and as the poor creature came to it, put a shilling into her hand, which was all the pocket money he had; promising, at the same time, to devote his allowance from his uncle to the aid of her family, till released from the pressure of sickness. The fervent "heaven bless your goodness!" reached the ear of his uncle, who having no idea of what pity and compassion meant, at once informed his nephew, that as he could so readily relieve others, he might in future see who would relieve himself: for, from that moment his door should be shut against an undutiful boy, who had dared to act against the inclination of those who had kept him from beggary. Thus dismissed by his unfeeling kinsman, who, notwithstanding his cutting observation, had been a considerable gainer by the death of his brother, Henry, with no earthly tie to prevent him, formed a resolution of throwing himself upon the chance of war. A solitary guinea was all his unprincipled relation gave him on his departure. The poor woman was nevertheless remembered, to whom he directly hastened, and to whose distresses he bestowed a part of the little in his possession.

Embarked in a glorious cause, and possessed of that firmness of mind which bids defiance to dangers, Henry looked forward to the hour of engagement.

and anticipated the glory of victory. Poor youth, unaware that those unblessed with rank or fortune will never be rewarded according to their merit. But fatal experience at length brought home to his disappointed breast the fallacy of building on bravery or worth. He fought—he conquered—and well merited the name of a brave seaman; yet, notwithstanding the wounds of honour, and the claims of dangerous services, from a nation who owed him much, at the conclusion of the war he had the mortification of finding himself discharged, neglected, moneyless, and friendless! His uncle, during his absence, had paid the debt of nature. The old man had been detected in dishonest practices, which had caused his utter ruin; and he died of a broken heart in the work-house of the parish to which he belonged. Previous to his departure from the British shores, Henry cherished an affection for the blooming Nancy Abbot, who being likewise left an orphan, while but a child, the neighbours of her departed parents, who had lived with credit, though unblessed with fortune, took pity on her helpless innocence, and raised a subscription among themselves to procure her board, clothing, and education. Their benevolence was not extended to the unworthy; the little Nancy, virtuous, amiable, and thankful, proved the delight and pride of her friends; who, when she had attained her eighteenth year, assisted her in establishing a day school, for which, by her good qualities, she was so well suited. In a little time, the products of her employment not only yielded her a comfortable subsist-

ence, but she was likewise enabled to lay by a sum for the hour of emergency, should such an hour ever arrive.

Unlike the world, which is ever prone to shrink from the unfortunate, the Henry of Nancy Abbot returned to enrapture her heart, which was a stranger to false refinement, and too honest to diguise its feelings.

Henry was still in possession of every manly sentiment, unwarped by the ingratitude of others, which had before won upon and secured her regard and affection. With such a strong incitement to virtue as the chaste endearments of his beloved Nancy, whose industry had triumphed over want, and secured the good wishes and commendation of her numerous friends, and whose beauty and innocence exceeded the richness of any other dower, Henry still smiled upon his fate, nor wished it altered.

It is natural to suppose he lost no time in urging her to become his. The persuasions of the man she loved, towards a unity of their fortunes, were not long resisted; and they very soon confirmed, at the sacred altar, those vows which, no doubt, heaven had smiled upon, and virtue had approved.

Henry, possessed of strong natural parts, assisted by a common education, and bearing a mind fraught with principles which revolted at the idea of idleness; and, moreover, too independent to think of subsisting, even by means of the dearest object of his affection, and partner of his future days, while health and means of application for employment were not withheld, soon procured himself an engagement as a porter in

the warehouse of a wealthy trader in the city, who, pleased with the fidelity of his domestic, very soon procured another under him, by which means his situation became easy and profitable.

There is a commendable pride, which every man ought to encourage—the pride which preserves him from subjecting himself to needless obligations, as long as his own efforts prove sufficient to yield those supplies his situation in life demands.

About a twelvemonth after their marriage, the amiable Nancy presented to the arms of her Henry a smiling cherub. To visit the mother and the little stranger became the first attention of the fond father, on his return from his daily employment. Enraptured would he hang over the pillow which gave rest to its lovely cheek, and trace in his sleeping babe the features of his beloved; then, with clasped hands, and eyes raised to Heaven, would he look up with thankfulness to that Power who had thus enriched him.

Thus comforted with mutual felicity, year after year passed on in a series of calm and uninterrupted content; while their Harriet grew up the darling of her parents, and the admiration of their friends, until her thirteenth year closed upon that happiness which was fated never to return! Farewell now to innocence and tranquillity! The cup of wo was filled, and they were condemned to swallow the draught of bitterness.

It had been a custom with Henry to celebrate the anniversary of the accession of his monarch to the British throne, and on the evening of October 25,

1778, this happy family were innocently engaged among themselves. Harriet had been indulged with the company of a neighbour's daughter about her own age, and the two young folks were taken up in those little amusements which enliven the sportive and blissful hours of health and youth, when a loud rap at the door made them start from their seats, and an immediate repetition aroused their apprehension, which Henry perceiving, he told them to fear no harm, as heaven would guard the innocent; and instantly repaired to learn the cause of so rude an alarm.

Picture, ye who can picture distress and agony, at that sad moment when misery mocks the powers of description, the feelings of Henry, when, on opening the door, he found himself surrounded by a press-gang! Instantly they seized upon their defenceless prey, notwithstanding the bitter cries of his wife, the little Harriet and her companion, hurried him away from a home of peace and comfort, which no self-reproaches had ever embittered. In vain did he entreat for a little time to reconcile his Nancy to the bitterness of her fate; strangers to humanity, and authorized by the cruel custom of their country, it did not belong to the horrid business of these protected plunderers to attend to the wailings of the wife and child. The husband, the father, had become theirs, and no other idea than that of instantly conveying him away employed their thoughts.

Denied the mournful privilege of even a parting embrace, Henry could only look back on the convulsions of his wife, and hear the screams of his child,

without the power of assisting the one, or comforting the other. He was soon hurried to the tender, in the unwholesome confines of which he remained till the vessel dropped down to the Nore, where this miserable and undone wretch was put on board a man of war, which had received sailing orders, and immediately departed on its destined expedition.

The afflictions of Henry were still further embittered by the cruel treatment he experienced from his commander, who, wanting a mind to discriminate between sorrow and sullenness, was continually charging him with neglect and inattention. The afflictions of the soul had so weakened his constitution as to render him unable for a time to attend to the imposed duties of his miserable station; a little indulgence was therefore requested, till he should be recovered from an illness that at that time endangered an existence which it was his duty, notwithstanding his sufferings, to endeavour to preserve; intelligence of his incapacity was therefore conveyed to his captain, who, to the disgrace of manhood, after severely accusing him of idleness and artifice, commanded punishment as a cure for an emaciated frame and almost breaking heart. Pause, ye who have shed your tears for the fate of the enslaved African, and drop one here for Henry. Slavery, with all its supposed and real ills, may truly be deemed sunshine to the colour of his fate!

The cruel orders of his commander were obeyed, and the disgrace of public discipline bore hard upon the spirit of Randolph; and hard it ever must bear on

the spirits of those who are thus made slaves, in order that they may fight for British freedom!

And now the fatal moment arrived, when the rectitude of his mind began to waver. Disgrace, unmerited, had effected more than misery; the standard of honour had been shaken; and, but for this last dishonour, he had prepared his mind to meet his country's foe as a Briton ought, notwithstanding his private griefs, which he had hoped to medicine by valour, victory, and reward.

The expectation of a christian and a man had just began to cheer his bosom; he trusted Providence would protect his Nancy and his Harriet till it should again restore him to their embraces. Dawnings of comfort, how were ye overcast! Blossoms of hope, how were ye blasted! Spirit of a Briton, how were you debased! On the seas of Britannia the throne of slavery was established, and her own sons crushed by the cruelty of unfeeling power.

The first departure from that irreproachable conduct he had preserved through life did not fail to affect him much on recollection. In the bitterness of his grief he had accused heaven of injustice, while the profligacy of those around him had poisoned his principles. One of his shipmates had found out a way to purloin liquor from the purser's stores, and had made Randolph acquainted with the scheme, advising him, at the same time, to follow the example. At first, the unhappy Randolph started at the idea of theft, but when its criminality was softened down by the sophistry of false argument, he listened and became guilty.

It was not long before his practices were discovered, and he was condemned to be hand-cuffed and chained by the leg on the forecastle, where he was kept on short allowance. The petrifying powers of accumulated disgrace at length hardened his heart against the sense of shame; it had been rendered hopeless by the cruelties of his countrymen, and he soon became reconciled to the Hebrew mode of requiting evil with evil. In a short time there was a demand made on his courage by the hour of action and of danger; giving, therefore, one sigh to the remembrance of those of innocence and peace, he rushed forward on the deck, but not to his death; his trials were not yet over, and the severity of his destiny was yet unfilled! Victory fell to the lot of the enemy, and Randolph was conveyed, with others who survived the desperate action, by numbers three times superior to their own, to a loathsome prison, where they remained till the conclusion of the war; then they were released, but their enlargement procured them only an exchange of misery; they were obliged to apply to a magistrate for certificates; and, unhoused, unfriended, were compelled to beg bread through realms their valour had contributed to save.

Randolph, once more on his native shore, applied to his captain for a certificate of his services, who readily recognised him, and it was granted; he, therefore, made application to the proper office of the navy to receive his wages, upon which the clerk, turning over his books, informed him that his wages had been already paid to a person who produced,

what now appeared to be, a forged will and power; of course he must remain with his claims unsatisfied until he could take the proper steps for obtaining redress. This stroke, heavy as it fell, did not, however, entirely overcome him. Emaciated with want, anxiety, and fatigue, but more by those misgivings of the mind, respecting the fate of those he loved, and from whom he had been so long separated, he proceeded, a poor beggar, with trembling steps, towards the mansion where he had left his wife and child. Unhappy man! he knocked at the door, but strangers opened it. Mrs. Nevill, the person who then kept the school, informed him that all the neighbourhood had kindly administered to Mrs. Randolph's relief, but her afflictions becoming too powerful for her mind, in the course of a few months, bereft of reason, she gave up that being whose existence had been thus embittered by the cruelties of war, falling a martyr to enormities which the very laws of her own nation consider as such.

This shameful truth is what gives strength to the pleadings of humanity against a practice which every honest and good heart must condemn. If hints may be of use to preserve the honest and industrious to their wives and children, and pluck the daring and unprincipled from desperate lives and shameful ends; wretches who, estranged from every domestic and moral tie, prey upon the land, and destroy the repose of others; let those whom it may concern, by inquiry, learn that as soon as the day closes, it is unsafe for our citizens to venture from their houses; for,

even in the Strand, that grand thoroughfare of the first city in the world, nightly banditti assemble in formidable parties; and, in the open street, as in the sequestered wood, fearless of control, plunder the most manly in the sight of passengers who dare not interfere! Shame on those who will not listen to the means of redress, when they are invested with power to put them in practice. Those who have feeling will pardon the writer for wandering from his narrative into reflections to which it has led him; the candid and judging, he trusts, are well aware of his motive, and will suffer that to plead his excuse. The spirit broken Randolph, after a heartfelt groan for the death of his wife, ventured to ask for Harriet. "Name her not!" replied Mrs. Nevill, "she was a bad girl, and unworthy your attention." "Oh!" continued Henry, "do not rack me thus! say she is dead, and I will strive to bear the dreadful intelligence! But pity, O pity my poor brain! My lost wife was virtuous and good; O say not her child has been otherwise."

Mrs. Nevill, who was an advocate for justice, without mercy, perceiving the state of his mind, with a look of great sagacity, observed, "that it was needless to mince the matter, that every good parent was not blessed with good children, and that it was partly owing to sparing the rod while they were young. A lady at Richmond," continued this prudent teacher, "took your daughter as a companion, and foolishly indulged her love for music and reading; the consequences was, that in the course of a few months,

Harriet thought proper to run away from her protectress, who has never heard of her since. You know your daughter appeared some years older than she really was; it is no doubt her beauty attracted regard; several gay young fellows visited at the house, and it may naturally be supposed the villain was among them who allured her from such a heedless and improper guardian." Randolph could hear no more; he stamped on the ground, and beat his aching head. At length, after a pause, he looked on his intelligencer, perceived her spirit, and left her. He immediately repaired to Richmond, but there his griefs were rendered still more poignant: arriving at that mansion, belonging to the former protectress of his ruined and lost child, the servant took in his name, but quickly returned with orders for him to depart instantly from the door, as his lady had nothing to say to him. Alas, hapless parent! thou wert destitute of money, and no doubt the unfeeling domestic had given his own account of thy miserable appearance, picturing thy countenance, rendered pale and squalid from an almost breaking heart, as that of a wretch deeply dyed in the mysteries of villany. Thus repulsed, comfortless, a stranger in the wide world, without a single hope to console him, he determined to apply to his former master for some relief to his sufferings; but even this hope was frustrated. Disappointments in payments from abroad, aggravated by many severe losses at home, having created much uneasiness in the mind of Mr. Cartwright, he had given up all his connexions, and retired into a remote part of Wales.

Destitute of the means to procure a change in his appearance, which bespoke the extreme of wretchedness, excluded every hope of getting employment, nothing was left for the miserable Randolph but beggary! For some days he placed himself in different parts of London: but the aid of passengers was very small. He determined, therefore, to see if he could experience more humanity without the town than he had found within it, and had wandered on as far as Hampstead. It was the close of autumn; night made its swift approaches, accompanied with rain and a chilling wind. He had got upon the heath, where he was suffering cold, hunger, and fatigue. In this evil moment of want and desperation, he heard the sound of a carriage upon the road, and approached the person who was placed in it, in order to supplicate relief; but seeing only a lady, he resolved to change his supplication into a demand, which procured him a few guineas, and the offer of a watch, but that he refused, and told the driver, who was but a lad, to proceed. He then quitted the road, and speedily found himself pursued by two horsemen. Finding swiftness and resistance of no avail, he surrendered himself. The lady proved to be a woman of fashion, and was coming to town for the winter season; her servants, at the moment of the robbery, happened to be too far behind to prevent it, but in a few minutes came up, when they were informed of the circumstance; on which two of them, following the directions of the post boy, who had marked Randolph's course, rode off, and took him as related.

It would prove a painful and unpleasing task to dwell on this part of Randolph's mournful history. It is sufficient to inform the reader that he underwent imprisonment, and a trial, which doomed him to an ignominious death. Circumstances, however, having been represented as favourable as possible, and this being his first offence, he was recommended to mercy, and obtained the king's free pardon. On his enlargement he found his miseries as great as ever, and he knew not where to turn for the support of life; when happening to meet a fellow shipmate, who was, at that time, in good circumstances, owing to the death of an uncle, who had left him a farm in the country; the generous tar heard with candour the relation of Randolph's sufferings, pitied his sorrows, and pardoned his guilt. Mr. Wilkins was then going down to his farm, about one hundred miles off; and told Randolph, that if he chose to exchange want for plenty, and approved of a removal from a spot he had so little cause to be attached to, there was a house at his service, where he might, if he pleased, spend the remainder of his days. "Come, my boy!" continued Wilkins, "you were young when I first knew you, but I liked your spirit. I have ploughed the sea, and am now going to plough the land. Thank heaven! I am not a novice as to the management of a farm, having spent fifteen years of my life with this very kinsman, who, bless his soul! has been so good to me, and I would never have left him, had not I, like an ungrateful young dog, quarrelled with my bread and butter, and left him in a huff; but no mat-

ter, I have a bit of the bridle, and after all, have met with goodness when I had no right to expect it. But it has given me a heart to feel for a fellow creature, much more a fellow sufferer and old shipmate.

Thus providentially preserved from threatening evils, Randolph, with grateful sensations, embraced the offer of his friend. They departed from London in a few days, but not before Randolph found himself clothed, and in possession of money. Wilkins was not very rich in that quality which the world is fond of distinguishing under the term refinement; he had not a tear to shed for every trifle, but he possessed a heart ready to burst on the relation of human misery; a heart which prompted him to relieve with delicacy, and wherever his obligations fell, to let them fall as light as possible on those who experienced his bounty.

The two friends soon arrived at this humble though neat mansion of rural felicity and domestic peace. The daughter of Wilkins ran to embrace her parent; she was a blooming girl, and her countenance was that of innocence. Randolph looked upon her, and at the happy father, by turns, and then, with a deep sigh, fell senseless to the ground! Nature, who had formed the heart of Wilkins, was his only prompter on this melancholy occasion; he sent his daughter away, and suffered not his wife to administer. In a little time Randolph recovered, and clasping his hands, exclaimed, "O, my lost Harriet!" then turning to Wilkins, he continued, "pardon the unhappy man who dares to envy his benefactor; but I will yet look up; I once, my friend, was blessed with a daughter

lovely as your own, and now, I trust, a saint in heaven! I have been led by misery into guilt, but live to own the mercies of a protecting God! My poor child too, has erred; but that Being, who permitted her to behold a wretched father torn from her infant arms, and a desperate mother expire in madness, has, no doubt, taken their wretched offspring to himself." Wilkins, in return to this affecting address, looked far more than he could utter. At length, clapping his guest gently on the shoulder, he exclaimed, "Poor fellow! in this harbour rest secure; the blasts of misfortune have borne hard upon thee; but now the storm is over do not let your spirits be cast down; I am a rough seaman, my actions must comfort you more than my words, for there I fall short. But come, let me lead you to my good dame, and perhaps her conversation will cheer you; a good heart like her's will ever be a glad one; she has taught me to honour religion, and but for her, I should never have been what I am, nor ever have known the happiness I have felt in performing my duty as a christian.

Randolph experienced in the society of Mrs. Wilkins the truth of the above observation; her manners were mild, and her heart was guided by the pure precepts contained in that volume which administers comfort to all who seriously turn to its sacred pages.

From the same source Randolph procured balm for his distempered mind, and deeply felt how much he was indebted to a preserving providence.

Two years had elapsed, when Wilkins having some business to transact, which would keep him from his family about a week, at the distance of near fifty miles from their dwelling, he proposed that his friend should bear him company, in hopes that change of air might remove a severe indisposition under which Randolph had laboured for some months, and which threatened a decline.

The offer was accepted, and they set off on their journey; but when they had got within five miles of the place they were going to, a sudden and violent illness obliged Randolph to stop at an inn on the road; and finding himself unable to proceed, he desired to be left there until Wilkins should return.

As the business which had caused the journey was urgent, Wilkins left, though unwillingly, his sick companion, with a strict charge to the master of the inn to procure every assistance his malady required.

Randolph was immediately put to bed, and no attention was spared on the part of the people of the house. A medicine, which had been ordered on his going to rest, performed its part so happily as to enable him to rise the next day. Towards the evening, which was remarkably fine, he imagined himself so far recovered as to be able to walk out.

He proceeded about a mile; a beautiful setting sun enriched the appearance of every surrounding object, and tempted him to extend his walk still farther, when he was seized with a sudden delirium, and sunk to the ground. Fortunately two servants, who belonged to a Lady Middleton, whose seat was

situated near the spot, were at that moment passing by, and ran to his assistance; but poor Randolph was unable to answer the inquiries they made; on which, with great humanity, they bore the unhappy man between them to her ladyship's mansion, where every aid his situation required was extended towards him.

Recovering by degrees, he looked around him; then fixing his eyes on Doctor Spencer, her ladyship's physician, "Tell me, worthy sir," said Randolph, "to whom I am indebted for the preservation of a life which has been marked by varied miseries, yet prolonged by heavenly mercy." Doctor Spencer, perceiving the mind of his patient greatly agitated, told him to compose himself, that he would see him once more that evening, and again in the morning. "It is enough, my good sir," continued the worthy man, "at present, to know that you are among friends. Lady Middleton, who owns this seat, is at this time engaged with her attorney, on some business of consequence, respecting the affairs of Sir Charles Middleton. Alas! sir, a few months ago, all was happiness and serenity in this now mournful mansion; but death hath robbed it of its master, and heaven knows how much, and with what reason, all within it have mourned their irreparable loss! but more of this in the morning, when I hope to find you able to converse with me. I am a man, sir, who has had misfortunes, which have led me strongly to feel for human afflictions." Upon this, he withdrew; and Randolph, laying his head upon his pillow, fell into a gentle slumber.

The next morning, Doctor Spencer revisited his patient, and found him perfectly sensible, though extremely low. The good old man, seating himself by the bedside, after feeling the pulse of Randolph, thus seriously addressed him: "Tell me, my dear friend, if you are connected with any one whom you are anxious to see. Do not be alarmed, but your illness is of such a nature as to mix along with my hopes a degree of doubt; therefore, ill could I answer it to my conscience, if I told you there was no occasion to provide for the worst that may happen." Randolph, clasping Doctor Spencer's hand, exclaimed with great energy, "Blessed intelligence! O sir! I have had connexions, from whom being rudely torn, misery and want have made me guilty of crimes. The former are gone where I trust I shall meet them; and the latter, through the atonement which I have flown to, I am sure are forgiven."

He then went through the whole of his unhappy history, which was heard, by the person to whom it was told, with candour and humanity. Doctor Spencer then prevailed on Randolph to be as calm as possible, and undertook to inform the family of Wilkins of every circumstance necessary for them to know; and likewise to leave a letter for him, on his return to the inn where he had left his friend. But alas! all was needless, for before the light closed upon that day, Randolph was dismissed from all his sufferings.

Doctor Spencer immediately waited on Lady Middleton, with intelligence of every thing that had been done; but when he came to Randolph's eventful

story, his hearer gave a loud convulsive scream, and dropped senseless from her chair. Doctor Spencer had the presence of mind not to alarm the family, and in a little time her ladyship revived; when casting her eyes wildly around the room, she exclaimed, "Where is he! where is my father?" "Your father?" rejoined Doctor Spencer; "Yes, my father; reply not, but bear me to him."

Doctor Spencer was scarcely able to support the petrifying effects of this discovery; at length, advancing to Lady Middleton, with a collected look and steady manner, he thus addressed her:

"Madam, permit an old man to advise you how to act on this occasion, which requires the exertion of all your resolution: if you mean to save your parent, you must restrain your impatience. Pardon me, madam, for this boldness; and let my age, and my affection for you and yours, cover me from your resentment. I will go instantly to your restored parent, and as soon as possible prepare his mind to receive you." Without waiting a reply, he returned to his patient's chamber, requested his attention, and thus addressed him: "Your destiny, Mr. Randolph, has been indeed severe; but, notwithstanding the bitter evils you have endured, reflection on the past must bring back to your mind certain blessings, the recollection of which, no doubt, fill your heart with thankfulness, for have you not been an object of heaven's peculiar mercy!" The attentive Randolph expressed his sense of the justness of the observation; and Doctor Spencer proceeded: "and that mercy, my

dear friend, is not yet exhausted. It is yet in my power, through the means of a mysterious Providence, to comfort you even beyond your hopes: receive then my intelligence with calmness and thankfulness. You have a good and innocent child yet living; and who, in a little time, can be brought hither to receive her father's blessing."

The venerable Spencer waited for Randolph's reply, who clasping his hands together, held them up for a time in silent adoration, while his countenance wore a smile expressive of an inward satisfaction. He then turned to his worthy friend, saying, "It may seem strange to you, sir, that a heart which ought to bound with ecstacy should yet be broken: I am sensible that I have not many hours to live; but, that heaven should sweeten those hours with such an earnest of future bliss, exceeds all human comprehension."

Doctor Spencer, though much afflicted in knowing himself that Randolph's last hour was swiftly coming on, yet repressing his emotions, went to the apartment of Lady Middleton with a cheerful aspect, and approaching her with a tender respect, said, "come, my dear child, your parent is now prepared to see you: but do not be alarmed at beholding him pale and very low: it is the duty of good hearts like yours to bear with submission to the decrees of providence: I have reason to imagine, my worthy lady, that you and I must very shortly mourn his loss: but, consider, my daughter, for I know he will leave you to my care, we shall indeed have occasion to mourn, but not like

those who have no hope. Let us then be careful, lest in indulging our grief too far, we become ungrateful to that power whose mercies we have so richly experienced. At my request, your father has composed himself to sleep; in the mean time I told him I would hasten and bring you to his arms. He may perhaps become inquisitive concerning your story: I think it needful, therefore, to be indulged with so much of it as you think proper to disclose, in order to remove from yourself a task which may prove rather severe." "Kind and generous sir," replied the weeping Lady Middleton, "your protection will prove my blessing, and your receiving me as a child, will comfort a heart which has ever revered your principles. Receive, in a few words, my unhappy story, and then lead me to the restored parent, whom I am prepared to give up to that heaven, where, I trust, sir, you and I shall shortly join him."

Lady Middleton then recounted what the reader is already acquainted with; we shall, therefore, only pursue the relation from her situation with her Richmond friend.

"In this gay family I experienced every indulgence that gives pleasure to young minds: I was taught every polite accomplishment, and moved in a continual round of amusement; but my heart revolted at joy, for my parents were ever present in my mind. Among the young gentlemen that visited at the house, Sir Charles Middleton was the most accomplished, and was just come to the possession of his estate. From the first moment that I beheld him, I felt a par-

tiality in his favour: we soon became dear to each other. He likewise was an orphan; and often did we mingle our tears together. He won upon me to consent to a private marriage, which he represented as absolutely necessary, at least for a time, as his uncle, who had no children, had declared he would leave his estate to strangers, if his nephew did not marry into a family of rank and title. My love was too great to object to his desire in this particular; and, unknown to the family, depending on his honour, which never knew a stain, and on that worth which never will again be equalled, I came with him to this mansion, where we were united by the most sacred ties. Oh! Doctor Spencer, you know the rest; you know that his generous heart, too delicate to call me his in private, panted only for my honour and my peace: you soothed his wounded spirit, on the cruel treatment he received from his unfeeling uncle, on the discovery of our marriage; and you watched him during the course of that fever which took him from my widowed arms. But come, sir, I am now collected; lead me to my honoured father, and let me receive that blessing, which you have given me cause to fear will not often be repeated." Doctor Spencer bowed, and led her to the chamber. On entering, they found Randolph still in a slumber, but it was broken with sighs. In a little time he awoke; Doctor Spencer, advancing to the bedside, took hold of his hand, and requested his attention to a short recital of his Harriet's history, from the time he left her: on hearing which, Randolph exclaimed, "Blessed, and ever blessed Providence!

my thankful soul bends to thy decrees; let me but see my child once again, and I shall be contented." On this, supported between two attendants, Lady Middleton advanced, and kneeling down, felt the hands of her father resting upon her head: then rising, she threw her arms around him in speechless agony. Doctor Spencer was too much moved to utter a word; but looking for a time on the affecting scene, his heart became too full for his strength, and he sunk down on a chair and wept aloud. At length, recollecting himself, he again struggled with his feelings, and advanced to the bed, where he beheld Lady Middleton still embracing her father, with a wildness which alarmed him. On raising her up, she uttered a long and deep sigh, and fainted in the arms of the attendants, as they were conveying her from the lifeless corpse of her parent, who had just lived to breathe out his departing spirit in the arms of a child he had for a long time considered as lost.

Doctor Spencer, after giving proper directions concerning the lifeless body, notwithstanding the depression of his own spirits, hastened to support those of Lady Middleton, whose religion forbidding her to despair, he found in the attitude of prayer, and audibly addressing that power whose mercy extends to all those who call upon him. The sight comforted his heart, and he withdrew unobserved to the adjoining chamber, where he could distinctly hear the pious ejaculation delivered from lips that had been early taught to express dictates of innocence, from which her gentle spirit had never swerved. The daughter

of Randolph knew no guile; and she possessed, in a very great degree, those softer charms which render her sex truly amiable.

But however resigned, Lady Middleton still found herself unequal to the task of combating with her accumulated and severe afflictions; and Doctor Spencer observed, with inward regret, that although her griefs were silent, they were yet deeply rooted in a heart too amiable to reconcile it quickly to the loss of parents who had thus fallen the victims of misery, and a husband, in whose love and attention alone she had hoped to experience comfort. The melancholy satisfaction of dwelling on the remembrance of those we have loved and honoured, is an enjoyment known only to the possessors of true refinement and pure sensibility. Lady Middleton had bestowed her affections on an orphan, as she then imagined herself, and who, like herself, had cherished in his bosom the strong and dear recollection of his departed parents.

Wilkins having completed his business, returned to the inn where he had left his friend. His surprise may easily be imagined on receiving the letter which had been left for him. Its contents induced him immediately to hasten to Lady Middleton, to whom he was introduced by Doctor Spencer. Without reserve, the child of Randolph embraced the honest and deeply affected seaman, whom she considered as an instrument in the hand of Providence in preserving her lamented parent from impending misery. Wilkins could only sob out, "Be comforted, my dear child; I loved thy father from the first moment I saw him.

He was then a fine stripling, and possessed the heart of a lion: but heaven and himself only have known how it has been since broken down by the storms of adversity. Well, well, there is a great deal of injustice in the world, and my departed brother seaman has come in for his full share of it. But, as my dame says, the keen edge of heaven's just vengeance is never suffered to rust, and reflection will come home to the cruel-minded." The effusions of the honest heart of this generous sailor conveyed consolation to the afflictions he endeavoured thus to relieve; and Lady Middleton experienced every comfort she was capable of receiving in the society of the tender, humane, and refined Spencer, and the honest, manly, and feeling Wilkins.

A few weeks passed on, during which Lady Middleton employed herself in settling her worldly concerns, in which she nobly paid back the debt of gratitude to those who had so richly merited every thing she had to bestow.

The task performed, her thoughts were wholly turned to the vast concerns of an immortal state, to which she knew she was hastening, and which she had ever happily considered was not to be left to the mercy of a moment. The friendly warning of her release from life at length arrived, and perceiving the trembling tear glisten in the eye of Wilkins, on being summoned to take his farewell, the child of Randolph, for the last time, kissed the hand of her father's friend, and thus delivered the acknowledgments of a heart that deeply felt its obligations: "Honoured friend of

my departed parent, whose released spirit is now beyond the reach of human misery, bless me, ere I die, as that parent would himself have done, were he now leaning, like you, in tears and agony, over the death-bed of his suffering child. Words are too weak to express my gratitude, my esteem; and oh, suffer me to add, my affection."

After a pause, she requested Doctor Spencer to attend to the last words she should probably utter. "I feel, my worthy sir," she continued, "that your poor orphan has not long to remember the loss of those from whom she may say she has been bereft by the cruel policy of the land from which she is departing. I have considered the first cause of all my sufferings, and in that cruel policy I find them to have originated. Unfeeling men tore my poor father from me, and I now again behold his anguish—again behold the convulsions of my distracted mother, and again experience that void in my own heart, which has never since been filled up. I am fully sensible that it will not be long before I meet them in that heaven where injustice will never again separate them from me. In the course of a few years, that death should mark the unfortunate, and claim them as his own, is not for you or me to regret; for when and where could they have hoped for peace or comfort! To the heart-stricken and deserted, the source of all earthly good is dried up, and the grave is ever a friend to the weary and heavy laden, who wish to lay down the burden of persecuted existence. A great part of my worldly possessions, which are considerable, I have, by will, bequeathed to

yourself; the conduct of my lamented husband's family to him and me has rendered it even unfit for me to remember the proud in spirit, and by that means increase the folly of human consequence, and add riches to the rich. I am sensible your goodness will ever be prompting you to acts of mercy and occasional munificence. Perhaps some future Randolph may call forth your pitying tear. Perhaps some deserted mother may plead at your heart, as at heaven's gate, for mercy. Comfort them, oh! comfort them from the stores of her who was once poor, and let the daughters of affliction be relieved by the means of their sister in adversity."

The task is done: the writer can add no more, than that the mother, the father, and the child, rest under one tomb, raised by the venerable Spencer.

THE MOOR,

There was once in Venice a Moor of great merit, who for his personal courage, and the proofs he had given of his conduct, as well as his vigorous genius in the affairs of war, was held in great esteem by those gentlemen who, in rewarding patriotic services, excel all the republics that ever existed. It happened that a virtuous woman of great beauty, called Desdemona, not drawn by female appetite, but by the virtue of the Moor, fell in love with him; and he, subdued by the charms and noble sentiments of the lady, be-

came equally enamoured of her. Their passion was so successful that they were married, although her relations did all in their power to make her take another husband.

They lived together in such peace and concord while they were at Venice, that there never passed between them either word or action that was not expressive of affection. The Venetians, resolving to change the garrison which they maintained in Cyprus, elected the Moor to the command of the troops which they destined for that island. Although he was extremely pleased with the honour proposed to him, (as it is a dignity conferred only on those who are noble, brave, trusty, and of approved courage,) yet was his joy diminished when he reflected on the length and inconvenience of the voyage, supposing that Desdemona must be very averse to undertaking it. His wife, who valued nothing in the world but her husband, rejoiced exceedingly in the testimony of approbation so lately shown him by a powerful and celebrated republic, and was extremely impatient for the departure of the troops, that she might accompany him to a post of so much honour; but was very much vexed at seeing the Moor disturbed, and, not knowing the reason, said to him one day at dinner, "how can you be so melancholy after having received from the senate so high and so honourable a distinction?" "My love for you, Desdemona," replied the Moor, "disturbs my enjoyment of the rank conferred on me; since I am now exposed to the alternative of either endangering your life by sea, or leaving you at

Venice. The first would be terrible, as I shall suffer extremely from every fatigue you undergo, from every danger that threatens you; the second would render me insupportable to myself, as parting from you would be parting from my life." "Ah! husband," returned Desdemona, "why do you perplex yourself with idle imaginations? I will follow you wherever you go, though it were necessary to pass through fire, instead of only going by water in a safe and well equipped vessel. If there are dangers in the way, I will share them with you; and indeed your affection for me could not be great, if you thought of leaving me at Venice to save me from a sea voyage, or believed that I would rather remain here in security than share with you both danger and fatigue. I insist, therefore, on your preparing for the voyage with all that cheerfulness which your dignity ought to inspire." The Moor then tenderly embraced his wife, saying, "May heaven long preserve us in this degree of reciprocal affection." Soon afterwards, having settled his affairs, and prepared the necessary stores, he went on board the galley with his wife and his company, and sailed for Cyprus with a favourable wind. He had in his company an ensign of a very amiable outward appearance, but whose character was extremely treacherous and base. He had imposed on the Moor's simplicity so successfully, that he had gained his friendship; for although he was in fact a very great coward, yet his carriage and conversation were so haughty and full of pretension, that you would have taken him for a Hector or an Achilles. This rascal had also con-

ducted his wife with him to Cyprus, who was a handsome and discreet woman; and being an Italian, Desdemona was so fond of her, that they passed the greatest part of their time together. In the same company was also a lieutenant, to whom the Moor was much attached. The lieutenant was often at the Moor's house, and dined frequently with him and his wife. Desdemona, seeing that the Moor was so fond of him, showed him every mark of attention and civility, with which the Moor was much pleased. The detestable ensign, forgetting his duty to his own wife, and violating all the laws of friendship, honour, and gratitude, with which he was bound to the Moor, fell passionately in love with Desdemona, and thought only how he might enjoy her. He dared not, however, avow himself, for fear the Moor, if he discovered it, should instantly put him to death. He sought by all the private means in his power to make Desdemona conscious of his love. But she was so entirely taken up with the Moor, that she thought neither of him or any one else; and all that he did to engage her affections produced not the least effect. He then took it into his head, that this neglect arose from her being pre-engaged in favour of the lieutenant; and not only determined to get rid of him, but changed his affection for her into the most bitter hatred. He studied, besides, how he might prevent in future the Moor from living happily with Desdemona, should his passion not be gratified after he had murdered the lieutenant. Revolving in his mind a variety of methods, all impious and

abominable, he at last determined to accuse her to the Moor of adultery with the lieutenant. But knowing the Moor's affection for Desdemona, and his friendship for the lieutenant, he plainly saw, that unless his deceit was very artfully conducted, it would be impossible to make him think ill of either of them; for this reason, he determined to wait till time and place afforded him a fit opportunity for entering on his wicked design; and it was not long before the Moor degraded the lieutenant, for having drawn his sword and wounded a soldier upon guard. This accident was so painful to Desdemona, that she often tried to obtain for him her husband's pardon.

In the mean time, the Moor had observed to the ensign, that his wife teazed him so much in favour of the lieutenant, that he feared he should be obliged at last to restore him to his commission.

This appeared to that villain the proper moment for opening his scheme of treachery, which he began by saying, "perhaps Desdemona is fond of his company." "And why?" said the Moor. "Nay," replied he, "I do not choose to meddle between man and wife! but if you watch her properly you will understand me." Nor would he, to the earnest entreaties of the Moor, afford any further explanation. The words had stung the Moor so severely, that he endeavoured perpetually to find out their meaning, and became exceedingly melancholy. Whereupon, when his wife, sometime afterwards, repeated her solicitations that he would forgive the lieutenant, and not sacrifice the service and friendship of so many years to one slight fault, par-

ticularly as the lieutenant and the soldier were friends again, the Moor grew angry, and said to her, "It is somewhat extraordinary, Desdemona, that you should take so much trouble about this fellow; he is neither your brother nor your relation, that he should claim so much of your affection." His wife, with much sweetness and humility, replied, "I have no other motive for speaking, than the pain it gives me to see you deprived of so excellent a friend as you have always told me the lieutenant was to you. I hope you will not be angry with me; yet his fault does not merit so much of your hatred: but you Moors are of so warm a constitution, that every trifle transports you with anger and revenge." The Moor, still irritated by these words, replied, "Perhaps one who suspects it not may learn that, by experience, I will be revenged for the injuries done to me so thoroughly that I shall be satisfied." His wife, who was much terrified by these expressions, and seeing him, for the first time, in a passion with her, submissively answered, "I have none but the purest motive for speaking on the business: but not to displease you in future, I promise not to speak of it again." The Moor, on this new application made by his wife in favour of the lieutenant, imagined that the ensign's words meant that she was in love with him: he therefore went to that scoundrel in a state of great dejection, and endeavoured to make him speak more intelligibly. The ensign, bent on the ruin of this poor woman, after feigning an unwillingness to say any thing to her disadvantage, and at last pretending to yield to

the vehement entreaties of the Moor, said, "I cannot conceal the pain I feel in being under the necessity of making a discovery which will be to you so very shocking; but since you insist on it, and the attention which I ought to pay to the honour of my commanding officer prompts me to speak, I will not now refuse to satisfy your demand and my own duty. You must know that Desdemona is only displeased at seeing you angry with the lieutenant, because, when he comes to your house, she consoles herself with him for the disgust which your blackness now occasions her to feel."

These words penetrated to the very bottom of the Moor's heart; but to be better informed, (although his previous suspicion made him give credit to the ensign's information,) he assumed a threatening countenance, and said, "I know not what prevents me from cutting out that insolent tongue of yours, that has so impudently attacked the honour of my wife." The ensign then replied, "I expected no other reward for this friendly office of mine; but since my duty has made me go so far, and my regard for your honour still remains, I tell you again that the case is so; and if her feigned affection for you has blindfolded you to such a degree that you have not seen what is so visible, that does not at all lessen the truth of my assertion. The lieutenant himself, who is one of those who are not content with their own enjoyments when some others are not acquainted with them, told me so; and, added he, if I had not feared your displeasure, I would have given him, at the time, the death he merited.

But since the information I give you, which concerns you more than any one else, makes you treat me so very improperly, I am sorry I did not hold my tongue, that I might have avoided giving you offence." The Moor then answered, in great agitation, "if you do not make me see, with my own eyes, the truth of what you tell me, be assured that I will make you wish you had been born dumb."

"This would have been easy enough," replied the villain; "but since you have driven him away for a lighter reason than that which ought to have banished him thence, it will be difficult to prove it. For though I think he yet continues to enjoy Desdemona whenever you give him an opportunity, he must necessarily proceed with greater caution now than he did before he had incurred your displeasure. But I do not despair of making you see that, which upon my word you will not receive." They then separated. The poor Moor went home with a barbed arrow in his side, waiting impatiently for the day when the ensign should show him what was to render him for ever miserable. But the known purity of Desdemona's conduct gave no less uneasiness to the villanous ensign, because he was afraid he should not be able to convince the Moor of what he had so falsely assured him. He applied himself, therefore, to the invention of new malice, and devised other expedients. I have already said that Desdemona went frequently to the ensign's house, and passed great part of the day with his wife. The villain had observed that she often brought with her a handkerchief that the Moor had

given her, and which, as it was very delicately worked in the Moorish taste, was very highly valued by them both; he determined to steal it, and by its means complete her ruin. He had a little girl about three years old that was much caressed by Desdemona; and one day, when the unhappy woman was on a visit to this villain, he took up the child in his arms, and presented it to Desdemona, who received it and pressed it to her bosom. In the same instant this deceiver stole from her sash the handkerchief, with such dexterity, that she did not perceive him, and went away with it in very high spirits. Desdemona went home, and taken up with other thoughts, never recollected her handkerchief till some days after, when, not being able to find it, she began to fear that the Moor would ask her for it, as he often did. The infamous ensign watched his opportunity, went to the lieutenant, and, to aid his wicked purpose, left the handkerchief on his bolster. The lieutenant did not find it till the next morning, when, getting up, he set his foot upon it as it had fallen to the floor. Not being able to imagine how it came, and knowing it to be Desdemona's, he determined to carry it back to her, and waiting till the Moor had gone out, he went to the back door and knocked. Fortune, who seemed to have conspired, along with the ensign, the death of this poor woman, brought the Moor home in the same instant. Hearing some one knock, he went to the window, and much disturbed, asked "who is there?" The lieutenant, hearing his voice, and fearing that when he came down he would do him some mischief, ran away with-

out answering. The Moor came down, and finding no one either at the door or in the street, returned full of suspicion to his wife, and asked her if she knew who it was that had knocked. She answered with great truth that she knew not. "But I think," said he, "it was the lieutenant." "It might be he," said she, "or any one else." The Moor checked himself at the time, though he was violently enraged, and determined to take no step without first consulting the ensign. To him he immediately went, and related what had happened, begging him to learn from the lieutenant what he could on the subject. The ensign rejoiced much in this accident, and promised to do so. He contrived to enter into discourse with him one day, in a place where the Moor might see them. He talked with him on a very different subject, laughed much, and expressed by his motions and attitudes very great surprise.

The Moor, as soon as he saw them separate, went to the ensign, and desired to know what had passed between them. The ensign, after many solicitations, at last told him, that he had concealed nothing from him. He says he has enjoyed your wife every time that you have staid long enough from home to give him an opportunity; and that, in their last interview, she had made him a present of that handkerchief which you gave her. The Moor thanked him, and thought that if his wife had no longer the handkerchief in her possession, it would be a proof that the ensign had told him the truth. For which reason, one day after dinner, among other subjects, he asked her

for this handkerchief. The poor woman, who had long apprehended this, blushed excessively at the question, and to hide her change of colour, which the Moor had very accurately observed, ran to her wardrobe, and pretended to look for it. After having searched for some time "I cannot conceive," said she, "what is become of it; have you taken it?" "Had I taken it," replied he, "I should not have asked you for it: but you may look for it at your ease."

Leaving her then, he began to reflect what would be the best way of putting to death his wife and the lieutenant, and how he might avoid being prosecuted for the murder. Thinking night and day on this subject, he could not prevent Desdemona from perceiving that his behaviour to her was very different from what it had been formerly. She often asked him "what it was that agitated him so violently? You, who was once the merriest man alive, are now the most melancholy." The Moor answered, and alleged a variety of reasons, but she was not satisfied with any of them; and knowing that she had done nothing to justify so much agitation, she began to fear that he grew tired of her. She once, in conversation with the ensign's wife, expressed herself thus: "I know not what to say of the Moor; he used to treat me most affectionately; and I begin to fear that my example will teach young women never to marry against their parents' consent; and, the Italians in particular, not to connect themselves with men from whom they are separated by nature, climate, education, and complexion. But as I know him to be the

confidant of your husband, whom he consults on all occasions, I entreat you, if you have heard any thing that might explain this mystery and be of use to me, not to deny me your assistance." These words were accompanied with a flood of tears.

The ensign's wife, who knew all, (as her husband had in vain endeavoured to prevail on her to become an accomplice in the murder of Desdemona,) but durst tell her nothing for fear of her husband, only said, "Take care not to give the Moor any cause for suspicion, and do all in your power to convince him of your affection and fidelity." "Why, so I do," said she, "but to no purpose." The Moor, in the mean time, did all in his power to prove what he desired not to find true, and begged the ensign to let him see the handkerchief in possession of the lieutenant. Although this was a difficult undertaking, yet the villain promised to do all in his power to give him a satisfactory proof of this. The lieutenant had a woman in the house, who was a notable embroiderer in muslin, and who, struck with the beauty of Desdemona's handkerchief, determined to copy it before it should be returned to her. She set about making one like it, and while she was at work, the ensign discovered that she sat at a window where any one who passed in the street might see her. This he took care to point out to the Moor, who was then fully persuaded that his chaste and innocent wife was an adulteress. He agreed with the ensign to kill both her and the lieutenant; and consulting together about the means, the Moor entreated him to undertake the assassina-

tion of the officer, promising never to forget so great an obligation. He refused, however, to attempt what was so very difficult and dangerous, as the lieutenant was equally brave and vigilant; but with much entreaty, and considerable presents, he was prevailed on to say that he would hazard the experiment. One dark night, after taking this resolution, he observed the lieutenant coming out of the house of a female libertine, where he usually passed his evening, and assaulted him, sword in hand. He struck at his legs, with a view of bringing him to the ground, and, with the first blow, cut him through the right thigh. The poor man instantly fell, and the ensign ran to him to put him to death. But the lieutenant, who was outrageous, and familiar with wounds and slaughter, having drawn his sword, notwithstanding his desperate situation, and raised himself for defence, cried out murder, as loud as he could. The ensign, perceiving that some people were coming, and that the soldiers quartered thereabouts had taken the alarm, fled for fear of being caught, and returning back again, pretended that he had likewise been brought there by the noise. Placing himself among the rest, and seeing that the leg was cut off, he concluded that though he was not dead, he must die of his wound: and although he was exceedingly rejoiced at all this, yet he condoled with the lieutenant as much as if he had been a brother.

Next morning this affair was spread all over the city, and came to the ears of Desdemona, who, being very

compassionate, and not suspecting this could occasion mischief to herself, expressed the greatest concern for the lieutenant's misfortune.

The Moor drew from hence the worst inferences, and said to the ensign, "You must know that my simpleton of a wife is almost mad with sorrow for the lieutenant's accident." "How could it be otherwise," said he, "as he is her life and soul?" "How?" said the Moor, "her life and soul! I will separate her soul from her body; I should disgrace my manhood if I killed her not;" and discoursing together if poison or dagger would be best, and not liking either the one or the other, the ensign said, "A method hath occurred to me that would satisfy you without creating the least suspicion. The house where you live is very old, and the ceiling of your chamber is broken in many places. Desdemona might be beaten to death with a stocking full of sand, and no marks of this would remain on the body. When she is dead, we will pull down a part of the ceiling, and bruise your wife's head; then give out that a beam in falling has done this, and killed her. If you follow this advice you will avoid all suspicion, and every one will believe her death to have been accidental." This savage advice pleased the Moor; and waiting for a convenient opportunity, he concealed the ensign one night in a closet that communicated with their chamber.

When they were in bed, the ensign, according to his directions, made a noise in the closet, and the Moor immediately asked his wife if she heard it?

She answered, yes. Get up then and see what it is. Poor Desdemona obeyed, and as soon as she was near the closet door, the ensign rushed out, and with the stocking that he had prepared, gave her a violent blow on the small of her back; she fell down scarce able to breathe; but with what little force she had, she called the Moor to her assistance. He got out of bed, and said to her, "Most infamous woman, you are now to receive the just reward of your infidelity! even so are those wives treated, who, pretending to love their husbands, are untrue to their beds." The poor woman hearing these words, and feeling that she was ready to expire from a second blow that the ensign had given her, said, "That since the justice of this world was refused her, she attested the divine justice in favour of her honour and her truth;" and invoking the divine assistance, she was finished by the impious ensign, who struck her a third time. After breaking her scull, they drew down, as they had determined beforehand, a part of the ceiling. The Moor then called out for help, as the house was falling. The neighbours, on this alarm, run thither, and found Desdemona dead under the beams. Her life had been so virtuous, that every one lamented her fate; and the following day she was buried, to the great sorrow of the whole island. But God, who is a just observer of the hearts of men, suffered not so great a crime to pass without the punishment that was due to it. The Moor, who had loved Desdemona more than his eyes, finding himself deprived of her forever, and reflecting, besides, that

the ensign had been the cause of his losing, in her, all the enjoyments of life, and even his own faculties, that villain became so insupportable to him that he could not bear the sight of him; and had he not feared the strict and impartial justice of the Venitians, he would have put him openly to death. But not able to do this with safety to himself, he degraded him from his commission, and permitted him no longer to remain in the company. Hence arose between them the most bitter enmity that can be conceived; and the ensign, the greatest of all villains, studied only how he might be revenged on the Moor. He went to the lieutenant, who was cured, and walked about with his wooden leg, and said to him, "The time is now come, when you might be revenged for the loss of your leg; and if you will come with me to Venice, I will tell you who the assassin was. Here I dare not inform you for many reasons: but there I will be your witness in a court of justice." The lieutenant, who felt himself violently exasperated against the person, though unknown to him, thanked the ensign, and went with him to Venice. When they were arrived, the ensign told him, "That the Moor was the person who had cut off his leg, because he suspected him of adultery with his wife, and that for the same reason he had murdered her, and afterwards given out that she had been killed by the ceiling falling in upon her." The lieutenant, on hearing this, immediately accused the Moor, before the council, of the injury done to himself, and the murder of Desdemona; and the ensign being called

as a witness, asserted the truth of both these accusations, and added, " that the Moor had communicated to him the whole project, with a view of persuading him to execute both these crimes, and when he had murdered his wife from the impulse of a furious jealousy, he had related to him the manner in which he had put her to death." The Venitian magistrates, hearing that one of their fellow citizens had been treated with so much cruelty by a barbarian, had the Moor arrested in Cyprus and brought to Venice, where, by means of the torture, they endeavoured to find out the truth. But the Moor possessed force and constancy of mind sufficient to undergo the torture without confessing any thing; and though by his firmness he escaped death at this time, he was, after long imprisonment, condemned to perpetual exile, in which he was afterwards killed, as he deserved to be, by his wife's relations.

The ensign returned to his country, where still continuing his old practices, he accused one of his companions of having attempted to murder a nobleman who was his enemy. The man was taken up and put to the torture, and denying firmly the crime laid to his charge, his accuser was also put to the torture; where he was racked so violently that his vitals were injured, and upon being conducted home, he died in great agony. Thus was the divine vengeance executed against those who had murdered the innocent Desdemona.

The ensign's wife, who had been informed of the whole affair, after his death, thus circumstantially related the story.

THE WELCH COTTAGE.

We took shelter at a most miserable looking hut at the side of the heath, and accepted the protection it offered, with as entire good will as if it had been an eastern palace. My horse was obliged to crawl into a kind of outhouse, where a swine driver and his pigs had the instant before taken refuge, and while I was reconciling my steed to this society, a Jew pedlar and his pack, and another traveller, with his dog, crowded in. Necessity, as Shakspeare says, brings one acquainted with strange company. Not that these are the words of that immortal bard, and of course my memory has injured the sentiment; but you, who have literally his works by heart, can do him justice.

A being, scarcely human in appearance, invited me to enter the hut. I entered. Its inhabitants—how shall I describe them? Fancy something which assembles the extremes of filth, penury, health, and felicity; personify these among men, women, and children; give to each of them forms and features which confer a sort of grace and beauty on the household of the barber of Barmouth, by comparison. Put all this filth, penury, health, and felicity into motion, and having formed a groupe, imagine that you see it unshod, unstockinged, uncapped, and nearly unpetticoated and unbreeched. Young and old were busied in counting the finest and freshest herrings I have ever seen, that instant brought in from the fishing boat.

The father of the family, to whom the boat belonged, declared he never had so prosperous a voyage; and though he was almost blown away, he would hazard twice as much danger for such another drag. "Look! what a size they are of, and how they shine, my boys and girls; i'faith, they seemed plaguily afraid of the hurricane, and came in shoals to the nets, as if they took shelter in them; little thinking, poor fools! that this was a jump from the water to the fire! And now I talk of that, here, put half a dozen of them into the pan, for I am deuced hungry; and, mayhap, this gentleman may be so too, and if so be that he is, he shall be as welcome to a fresh herring and a brown biscuit as myself. What say you, my heart of oak," continued he, clapping me as familiarly on the shoulder as if I had been his messmate, and, indeed, treating me as hospitably as if I had been so, and we had both escaped from a wreck to his cabin. Perceiving my dripping situation, he said, "Come, shipmate, doff your jacket; put on this rug; come to anchor in that corner; warm your shivering timbers with a drop of this dear creature, which will make a dead fish speak like an orator. There, another swig; don't be afraid of it; one more. And now you will do while your rigging and canvass are drying."

All this time, my host of the hovel stood in his sea-drenched apparel; on my reminding him of which, he cried out, smilingly, "Ah! you are a fresh water sailor, I perceive, and would take a deal of seasoning before you were good for any thing: but, for me, all winds and weathers are alike to old Jack, while I can

get good fish abroad, and good flesh at home; so fry away Molly, for the wet has made me as hungry as a shark; and, though I have drank like a whale, I shall now eat like a lion, and I hope you will do the same, messmate.

By this time mine hostess set before us our dish of herring; which, with oatmeal cakes, potatoes, and buttermilk, furnished one of the heartiest dinners I ever ate; after which, the sailor made me partake of a can of flip, sung a song about the dangers and hardships of a seafaring life, and made me take notice that he was the happy father of a cabin full of children, and that, if it pleased God to send him a dozen such pieces of good fortune every year, for a dozen of seasons, he should be as able, as he was willing, to procure a snug birth for every one. In the mean time, master, we will have another sip of grog, and drink success to the herring fishery.

Our regale was soon interrupted by the sudden exclamations from without doors, of "She's lost! She's lost! She can't weather it! She must go to the bottom! There is not water enough for her to come in, and the wind blows like the devil in her teeth. She's sinking; the next sea will finish her." All the cottagers ran to the beach, which was within a few paces. I followed instinctively. The hurricane was again renewed; the seas ran mountain high, and a small coasting vessel was struggling with them. In a few minutes the strand was covered with spectators, but not idle ones. The whole of the villagers hurried to give assistance. Among the crowd I discovered both

the pig driver and the pedlar, whose situation I had began to relate to my kind hearted host; but the most assiduous of the whole multitude, was a young woman ; who, while the tears ran down her cheeks, was amidst the first to leap into a small boat, which had been anchored on the beach, and in which the master of our cottage, and three others, resolved to trust themselves, to offer such assistance as was in their power.

The wind did not abate of its fury, but shifted a few points more in shore: this, perhaps, in a vessel of great burden, might have been fatal, but was, in some sort, favourable to the bark in distress. She had, by tacking, gained a situation parallel to a harbour, where she might run on shore; which she did at length without much damage; and the only thing now to be apprehended, was the loss of the boat that had gone out to her succour. The people on board the vessel were almost instantly on land, and one of them being shown the boat, and told at the same time that she went out to the relief of the crew, was among the most active to throw out a rope, and try to return the favour intended him in kind. The same circumstance however, which brought in the vessel, presently befriended the boat, who, venturing to set her sail, was, after a few desperate rolls, impelled over the billows, and driven, as it were, headlong on shore; but not before the sailor, who had been handing out a rope, perceived the female in the boat, on which he threw himself to the ground, in the eagerness of catching her in his arms. You already feel

they were lovers. They were more. The bands of matrimony had united them the week before. The very fishing boat, which was driven on shore, was the mutual property of the two fathers, who had agreed to give up each his share to their son and daughter, as their wedding portion ; two of the men in the little skiff were the fathers ; the profits of the herring season were to be the children's fortune. How thin are the bounds which separate the extremes of happiness from the excesses of misery ! The former, however, were now realized ; the vessel brought in a good freight, the fathers were saved, and the children were happy. They all resided in, and were indeed natives of the village ; but mine host, whose house was nearest to the place of landing, and who had a heart sufficiently expanded to fill a palace with people that stood in need of hospitality, insisted, that as soon as the little Sally and Jack, which it seems was the name of the fishing-boat, could be left for half an hour, they should pass it with him : this being agreed to, all hands went to work upon the little Sally and Jack ; and if I had not been apprehensive that my ignorance in what was to be done would rather have confused than assisted, my poor aid should not have been withheld.

Matters being put to rights, and less mischief done than might have been expected, the company set off for the hut of my generous host, who took a hand of each of the married lovers, walking between them, and told them, he hoped, as they had so well escaped Davy's locker this time, they would tumble in a

hammock together these fifty years. A fresh supply of fish was immediately put into the pan; my landlord swearing a terrible oath that on this occasion, for there was a strict friendship between him and the parties preserved, the old saying should be verified, as to their swimming twice; accordingly, for their second ocean, it was determined that the bowl, which some years before had commemorated an escape from a shipwreck in his own fortune, should now be filled to the brim, to celebrate the success of the little Sally and Jack. I was pressed to stay and take my share, on pain of being deemed too proud to be happy among poor people; and on observing that my steed all this time was in a state which reproached me for faring so sumptuously, he started up, declaring, that though he could not ride, he loved a horse next to a man, and that if mine would put up with a mess of bran instead of hay, of which he had none, and a draught of ale instead of water, he should be as welcome as his own soul. I took him at his word, and staid to witness and join in the festivities, till there was just enough of the evening left to reach Abderest with. I would have offered a small token of acknowledgment for what I had received, but that I saw a tremendous frown gathering on the brow of my host, and an oath quivering on his lip, which frightened me from my design, and made me only take his hand, with an assurance, that I would never pass his house without stopping to see if all was well on board, and how the herring fishery succeeded. This so pleased him, that he made the

bowl go round to my health, and wished another gale of wind would blow me into his hovel as often as I should come along side of it ; then led out my horse, held my stirrup while I mounted, and huzza'd me in three hearty cheers, till I was out of sight.

ANECDOTE.

A display of real courage, successfully exerted, in order to avoid a most excruciating and barbarous death.

General Forbes, who took possession of Fort Du Quesne, upon the French abandoning it last war, being informed that a large body of the enemy were preparing to attack him, ordered a lieutenant and forty men to reconnoitre their number and situation, they being about three days march from the fort. The officer and his detachment proceeded with great cheerfulness and alacrity, without the least appearance of an enemy, until about six o'clock in the morning of the third day's march, when they were suddenly fired upon from the woods by a body of Indians, who killed nine of them upon the spot ; upon which the officer, well knowing that he could not attack the enemy in their then situation but at the greatest disadvantage, very judiciously drew off the remains of his little detachment to a neighbouring plain, and there formed them in order of battle, for

the reception of the savages: but after remaining in that position for several hours, and finding that they did not advance, he prosecuted his march. He had, however, proceeded but a few miles, before he found himself in a narrow pass, between two high mountains, and at the same time perceived a large body of Indians (upwards of three hundred) pouring down upon him. He immediately formed his men in the most advantageous situation circumstances would admit of, determining to sell their lives at as dear a rate as possible. The conflict was now begun; the consequence of which was, that the English were all cut to pieces, except seven men, and their officer, who was wounded. The Indians had upwards of sixty of their number killed, besides many wounded. They tied the hands of the survivors of this brave little detachment behind their backs, and most unmercifully loaded them with their baggage. In this manner they were marched six days, when they arrived at the habitations of the savages, nearly famished for want of the necessaries of life. The next morning the unhappy prisoners were led forth by the wives of those Indians who fell in the action, who first proceeded, by way of prologue to the tragical scene which was to follow, by stripping them quite naked; and then tying one of them to a stake, and lighting a small and slow fire between his feet, they began to exercise the most excruciating tortures that their ingenuity could possibly invent, by tearing the miserable wretch's flesh off his bones with red hot pincers, boring his eyes out, and otherwise tor-

menting him by the most barbarous and unheard of cruelty, to the great entertainment of the more than savage brutes who were the spectators. In this horrid manner did these infernal wretches continue to exercise their most savage natures, until they had put an end to the lives of the poor unhappy soldiers. Those squaws (for such are the females called) who displayed the greatest barbarism as tormentors, received the greatest applause and approbation from all their companions during the exhibition of this tragical scene.

It now became the officer's turn to fall a sacrifice to the manes of those departed savages. He told the squaws, (having served long in America, he had acquired the Indian language,) when they came to drag him to the stake, that if they would spare his life, he would communicate a secret, the knowledge of which would enable them to render their bodies invulnerable, so that neither ball nor sword could penetrate them; that he would admit the first experiment to be made upon himself; and that he only desired to be allowed twenty-four hours for the preparation of a composition necessary for the undertaking. The savages, after having deliberated together for some time, told the officer, that they agreed to his proposition; but, at the same time, denounced, that the most unheard of vengeance should await him if he deceived them, by thus procrastinating his fate. The twenty-four hours being expired, the savage women led forth their victim, who had prepared a liquid, composed of water, red clay, and ashes. With this he anointed his

neck, until it was of a brownish colour; he then informed them, that when it was a little dry, they might make an experiment, by applying a very sharp hatchet with great force; and that, if his preparation failed of its intention, he begged they would inflict upon him the most severe death which they could possibly devise. Having thus delivered himself to his savage auditors, he laid his head upon a block, when the chief squaw took a hatchet, and applied it to his neck to so good a purpose, that she chopped off his head at one blow, to the great astonishment, as well as disappointment, of the whole tribe, who had assembled together upon this important occasion.

THE REPARATION.

Honorious one day received from his brother the following letter: I desired to have your son; you entrusted him to me from his earliest years. Before I constituted him my heir, I was anxious to make him my friend. Indeed, with the sensibility of a father, I was resolved to procure, by adoption, what nature had refused me, a son whom I could love. I wished to have him with me quite young, that I might myself have the pleasure

> ———To rear his tender thoughts,
> To teach his young ideas how to shoot;

And by early and increasing benefits, I wished him to behold in me, not a rich uncle, but a tender father.

You consented to my wishes: you tore yourself from the dearest object in the world; and banishing him, as it were, three hundred miles from yourself, you thought, at least, that you had given happiness to a brother. But ah, my brother, my friend, our hopes have been disappointed! This is a confession that I have postponed for many years, because I was sensible what grief it would occasion. But I can no longer defer it. Frederick is unworthy both of you and me; and his past conduct has rendered me quite hopeless of the future. I do not speak of the follies of infancy; the faults of that period are to be attributed less to the character, than to tender and thoughtless years. What do I say? His extreme vivacity appeared to me the pledge and first fruits of his understanding; in his indocility, I beheld nothing but a notable pride; and in adopting the title, I had contracted the weakness of a father. I must confess, moreover, that even in the very faults of Frederick, there was a kind of splendour that was calculated to deceive. I was blind. Alas! why cannot I be so now! When he leaves me, I am a prey to the most alarming apprehensions. Abandoned to all the passions of his age, they are marked in him by an effervescence that neither reason nor authority can assuage. In a word, not a day passes but his health and his fortune are endangered. Neither my grief, nor the sufferings that frequently result from his own conduct, can affect him in the least: he is every moment punished without being corrected. I know how much I wound your heart; but mine bled for

many years before I could determine to break silence. I have but one hope remaining: It is in you. Write to him: speak to him with the feelings and authority of a father. If this last effort should not succeed, I abandon all my hopes; I restore to you a present that will be fatal to us both; for the heart is not reformed by change of situation; and I shall still have the misfortune of not being able to rid myself of an ungrateful nephew, without being almost certain of loading you with an unnatural son."

This letter plunged Honorious into the most violent grief. He possessed, at Lyons, a moderate fortune, which was all embarked in commerce. Frederick was his only son, whom he tenderly loved; and to secure a rich inheritance to him, he had sent him to Paris, to be brought up by his brother. This sacrifice embittered still more the sensation of calamity. And perhaps some traces of illusion, that hardly ever quit the paternal bosom, persuaded him, if his son had remained under his own inspection, he would have been more faithful to his duty. It cost him much less to accuse his fate, than to condemn his son.

In this situation, however, he found what a blessing was the heart to which he could impart his grief. He repaired to Florio, who was not so much his partner in trade as his friend. They lived together; and were more united by their sentiments than by their commerce. After lamenting a misfortune, which friendship had rendered mutual, Honorious wrote to his son. Frederick read the letter, wept perhaps in reading it, and persisted in his conduct. The entrea-

ties and menaces of his uncle were but empty noise; and his father's letters were soon treated as ridiculous declamation. The house of every virtuous family was shut against him; and by all who would preserve a character, his acquaintance was considered as disgraceful. His profligacy, at last, was carried to such a height, that the authority of the laws was obliged to interfere. An information was lodged against him for an action, which, perhaps, was exaggerated by his enemies; and that exile, with which he had been so often threatened by his uncle, became now his only means of safety. Forced to fly, abandoned by his uncle, and not daring to appear before his father, what asylum can he seek? Whose succour can he implore? He could see nothing in the prospect but humiliation and ruin. In comparing his present situation with the past, and with what he had reason to expect in future, he remained for some time in a state of inconceivable anguish. Adversity, however, instead of driving him to desperation, became the reasonable school of wisdom; he soon recollected all his powers, and formed a plan, which, perhaps, it is not easy to parallel.

When man, by the errors of youth, has destroyed his happiness, and what is still more dreadful, lost the public esteem, the fate of his whole life depends then upon the first resolution he may form; and that first resolution is determined by his particular character. A person of weak understanding, although born with a love of virtue, finds no resource within himself. To his misfortunes he can only oppose unavailing tears;

the remorse which incessantly haunts him is attended by discouragement; he feels contrition for his faults, without having the power to repair them; when he perceives he has lost the public esteem, he is terrified by the efforts which are necessary to retrieve it; and, despairing to avoid infamy, he voluntarily devotes himself to it. He, on the contrary, who is born with an energetic soul, no sooner perceives the abyss into which his passions have plunged him, than he is impatient of every obstacle to his release. Remorse does not teach him merely to deplore his faults, it excites him to efface them: he seeks not that philosophy that enables him to endure misfortunes, but that resolution which may enable him to subdue them.

The mind of Frederick was endued with that resolution, which, when once exerted, is almost constantly crowned with success. His eyes were no longer covered by the bandage of illusion; he beheld his misconduct with the eye of reason and equity; he acknowledged his punishment to be just; he felt that he merited the desertion of his relations, and the contempt of all virtuous men; but to make no effort to regain their esteem, he thought would doubly deserve their contempt. Punished by calamity, and corrected by repentance, his first object was to recover his own esteem. The most obvious suggestion, perhaps, in his situation, was to go to his father, and throw himself at his feet. He felt a reluctance, however, to request forgiveness, for his great anxiety was first to deserve it. The accomplishments which his uncle had caused him to be taught for his amusement, he was now hap-

py to render subservient to his subsistence. He visited several towns under a fictitious name; to the sciences, which he had already acquired, he added still more by study; his principal view, however, was to qualify himself as a merchant.

Some years had now elapsed since he quitted his uncle's house, and his father had almost despaired of seeing him again. Even the healing hand of time had not yet consoled him for his loss. He had condemned his son, but he wept for him still. His chief consolation was the friendship of Florio, who had an excellent heart, and was a person of the most rigid probity. Florio had been left a widower early, with a daughter of sixteen, who, to the candour which she inherited from her father, united the modesty of her sex, and the timidity of her tender age. To her personal charms, she added that inexpressible grace in action and conversation which ever heightens the power of beauty. Marianne, which was her name, divided her filial cares between her father and Honorious, who loved her tenderly, and who endeavoured to find in her the child whom he had lost.

In the mean time, Frederick had returned to his native city, with a total alteration in his manners and principles. Steady to the vows he had formed to repair and expiate the errors of his youth, he resolved, if possible, to take shelter under his father's roof. But he was unwilling to come before his father in the character of a guilty, though a repentant son; although he might have flattered himself, perhaps, with obtaining favour in his eyes who had not himself been

a witness of his irregularities. Ludovicus, however, (for that was the name he had assumed,) was less apprehensive of being pardoned, than of meriting his pardon. He wished to prove by actions, that his heart was changed, and to have unquestionable rights to the clemency of his father.

As Frederick was removed from his father's house while an infant, he could not possibly be known by him. This circumstance was favourable to his views, and he neglected nothing to render them successful. Having made commerce, as I observed before, his particular study, he had acquired a reputation as an excellent accountant, under the name he had assumed; and being recommended from town to town, he had the good fortune to be accepted by Florio, who had occasion for a clerk. Ludovicus was delighted with this happy accident. But I have already said, that Honorious and Florio lived together, and it was not without trembling that he first set foot in their house. Such, however, was the reception he met with, that his heart was soon at ease. He was handsome and genteel, of a pleasing address, and engaging countenance. An excellent understanding was soon conspicuous, with abilities equal to the most difficult affairs. Opportunities too occurred, in which his integrity, unknown to him, was put to the proof, and remained inviolate. His sensibility was manifested on several occasions; and the delicacy of his sentiments was ever more apparent in his actions than in his conversation. These excellent qualities soon gained him the esteem of his two masters, and that esteem soon ripened into friendship.

But his conduct, while it obtained the esteem, renewed the paternal sorrow of Honorious. He compared this excellent youth with the inconsiderate son he had lost, and burst into tears. Habituated now to open his whole heart to Ludovicus, he one day mentioned to him this inexhaustible source of grief. "Alas! my dear friend, said he, my life alone can terminate my grief. I had once a son, but all fathers are not fortunate. You tell me that you lament the loss of an affectionate father. O cruel singularity of fate! That father is no more, who might have rejoiced to behold the virtues of such a son, and I—I, alas! still live." At these words he affectionately pressed his hand, and bedewed it with tears. The emotion of Ludovicus may be better conceived than described. With difficulty could he keep his secret: but he was afraid of losing all his merit by an untimely discovery; and he did not think that he had yet deserved forgiveness.

The affairs of the two friends had turned out prosperously ever since Ludovicus had entered into their service, and they were too generous to conceal from him that it was owing to his management; they even thought it their duty to reward his services, and admitted him into partnership. This favour flattered Ludovicus, not so much as a means of advancement, as a testimony and token of a friendship that was extremely dear to him.

Some days after, the ill health of Honorious alarmed all his son's tenderness, and placed his sensibility in the most endearing light. Every moment that he was

not obliged to give to the counting-house, he attended near his father's bed. Pretending he understood something of physic, he prepared, himself, all the medicines which had been ordered, and would suffer no one else to administer them. He attended his father every day; he watched him in the night; and had this indisposition lasted long, he must have been taken ill himself with fatigue and grief. This tender behaviour could not but augment the affection of Honorious, who would scarce allow him to leave him a moment. Sometimes he would affectionately regard him, and exclaim, "Alas! why did not Heaven allow me to be your father!" Then he would relate the misconduct of his son. This relation punished and afflicted Ludovicus; but the demonstrations of friendship that accompanied it soon consoled him. How often was he upon the point of discovering himself! but fear as often restrained him. No, said he, let me remain what I am, since I am thus happy, and why should I recall what I have been, when I would fain forget it myself? I have the esteem and friendship of my father, and why should I hazard both? Ludovicus is esteemed and beloved; Frederick, perhaps, would be hated.

He continued to console himself for the chagrin of not being able to call Honorious his father, by paying him all the duties of a son. Such was the life he led: a peaceful and resigned life, which his heart preferred to all the giddy and tumultuous days which had rendered him so culpable.

But his heart, although changed, was not become insensible. Ludovicus saw and conversed too often

with Marianne not to be captivated by such an assemblage of bodily and mental charms. He had endeavoured to stifle this passion in its infancy; but how vain was the attempt, when he was obliged to behold the object that could rekindle it at a single glance! Besides, not only the consciousness of what he really was contributed to embolden him, but Florio had often given him to understand that he should not be displeased to find him agreeable to his daughter. This was sufficient to encourage a heart less tender than that of Ludovicus, and he accordingly indulged the delightful idea that such a passion and such an object could inspire. But Ludovicus, that audacious conqueror, with whom a declaration of love was once a jest, could now scarce permit even his looks to speak. They were expressive enough to be interesting. On the other hand, his amiable manners and various accomplishments, not to mention his excellent character, and the high estimation in which he was held by her father, could not fail to make some impression on the tender heart of Marianne. In a word, Ludovicus soon obtained the avowal of a love, which, perhaps, he had inspired before he had ventured to declare his own.

I should here observe, that the two fathers had, many years before, formed the idea of cementing their friendship by the marriage of their children. But the misconduct of Frederick, his disgraceful flight, and supposed death, had long destroyed this once favourite idea. One day, then, Florio, after a consultation with Honorious, sent for Ludovicus, and offered him

his daughter. The happy lover accepted the offer with transports of gratitude and joy. Some days after, when the notary and witnesses were assembled to see the contract signed, Ludovicus found that he could no longer preserve his secret, and he trembled at the idea. Never had he been in such a situation of terror and apprehension. His embarrassment was too visible not to be remarked. The two fathers inquired the cause. "Can you forgive this appearance of distress in the happiest moment of my life? But a consent is still wanting to my happiness." "What consent?" exclaimed Honorious, "you have no father." "I know not, sir," answered Ludovicus, throwing himself at his feet, "whether I have yet a father; you alone can resolve it. Behold the guilty Frederick, who deserves your severest rigour; I have long remained concealed, that I might expiate my faults by unquestionable penitence. You have seen me, not what I once was, but what I hope ever to be."

Imagine the surprize, the joy, the transports of the father! Imagine the happiness of Florio and Marianne! Scenes like this must be imagined; they cannot be described. Frederick was united to the charming Marianne. The news of his restoration was communicated to the good uncle, who, in the joy of his heart, settled his whole fortune upon him; and Frederick long lived an example of all the virtues that could result from his heroic penitence, and of all the felicity that could arise from his union with such a bride.

YOUTHFUL IMPRUDENCE.

Serena Granville, with a figure lovely as if formed by the fingers of love, possessed a mind fraught with every accomplishment, and the most refined and delicate taste. To these beauties, she added the fascinating charms of a faultless temper, and a height of spirits, sometimes arising almost to an excess. Whenever she moved, she attracted and fixed the wandering eyes of the beholders; whenever she spoke, she enchanted the senses, and won the hearts of her hearers. Among the train of her numerous admirers, none shone so greatly pre-eminent, for the graces of his figure, and the beauties of his mind, as the youthful Frederick Cavendish. The soul of Serena was above affectation. She despised the cruel despotism of tyrannizing over a generous heart; and she hesitated not to confess the power which he possessed in her bosom. For family reasons, two months were to elapse before the day could be appointed for their union. During the intermediate time, a party was formed for the theatre; Cavendish held a commission in the guards; and some unexpected military business occurring, it prevented him from attending his fair *amante* to Drury Lane. But Lady Granville wished not to be disappointed; and therefore went with her daughter, and Julia Cecil, her niece. During the play, Miss Cecil observed an elegant young man, in naval uniform, enter the

next box; she pointed him out to Serena, whose eyes encountered his as she gazed on his lovely countenance. The accident embarrassed her, and she hastily looked down. At the finale of the after piece, a gentleman entered their box; who, suddenly springing from his seat, and stretching over, shook the young officer cordially by the hand, exclaiming, "Ha, Richard Wade! what brought you here? Where are you?" At St. James's Hotel, where I hope you will sup with me. His friend consented, and they both sprung out of the box. A young puppy! exclaimed Serena, not to give us one parting glance! Never mind, interrupted her cousin; they are not worth wishing for.

When the two girls arrived at home, and had entered their own chamber, from a critique on the actors, their discourse fell, insensibly, on the charms of the graceful sailor. They admired his uncommon beauty; and laughed at each other for the little notice which he appeared to have taken of either. I would venture my life, cried Serena, that he is a conceited fellow; a creature who can admire none but himself. I have a strong inclination to play him a trick. How do you mean? you do not know him. That is of no consequence. I will write to him, that I am violently in love with him, &c. &c. subscribe a false name, and desire him to direct to the Salopian Coffee-House, where my servant shall call for his reply. "Good heavens, Serena! what an instantaneous arrangement! You are surely not serious?" "Yes, serious as when I shall give my hand to Frederick,

and vow to be his forever, I will write the letter this moment." She seized a pen, and immediately began to scribble. Julia was thunderstruck. "What is your intention. The young man will certainly answer your letter." "That is what I want. I will reply again; and so on, till I have worked him up almost to madness with curiosity! and then I will throw away my quill, and leave him like an amazed knight, dropped by the fairies in a wilderness. Discovery is impossible."

When she had finished her epistle, she read it to her friend. It contained an eloquent avowal of a fervent attachment, which she could no longer conceal; that her heart, hand, and fortune, waited his acceptance; and that she should anticipate, with trembling anxiety, his reply, addressed to Miss Lucretia Manners, to be left at the Salopian Coffee-House. In vain were all the remonstrances of Miss Cecil against the imprudence and dangers of this scheme. Her cousin persisted in her design; declaring that it was only a frolic, and there could no evil consequences ensue, as he could never find them out; and they would surely not be such fools as to betray their own secret. Accordingly, the next morning, she sent off her billet-doux, directed to Richard Wade, Esq. St. James's Hotel.

The following day, at noon, she ordered her servant to call at the Salopian, and inquire for a letter, addressed as she had desired. The two girls, from different motives, were equally anxious for the return of the footman. At last he entered, and gave into the im-

patient hands of his young lady the wished for scroll. When he left the room, she tore open the seal, and perused, with a greedy eye ; then read, with a voice almost suffocated with laughter, a long string of rhapsodies. He commenced with an inundation of praises of the generosity of her disposition, that could so nobly burst through the disgraceful shackles bound round her sex, by the united efforts of all mankind, to render him happy by the confession of a passion so flattering to his warmest wishes. He concluded by saying, that if the beauty of her person but half equalled the charms of the mind which dictated her letter, he should forever esteem it the most blissful moment of his life that presented him to her view. He ended by requesting an immediate interview.

Serena was mad with joy at the success of her plot ; and instantly sat down to scribble an answer. Julia again urged her to desist, but all to no purpose ; she would plague him yet a little longer. In this imprudent conduct she continued for near a fortnight, writing and receiving letters every day ; and, in almost every one of them, inventing new excuses for denying a personal conversation. Richard Wade's impatience, in each succeeding epistle, increased so much, that she could hardly find reasons for her refusals, which could appear of any consequence, as in his replies she had arguments to combat, and must conquer them all. Miss Cecil grew more alarmed ; and begged her, for heaven's sake, to give it up ; for she dreaded the most disagreeable effects, should it be discovered. But Serena was obstinate, declared

that it was impossible, and continued the correspondence.

One morning, when Miss Granville sat alone in the drawing-room, waiting the return of her servant from the Salopian, she insensibly fell into a reverie; and, leaning her blooming cheek on her white arm, which rested on the sopha, her thoughts wandered from the anticipation of that day which was soon to give her to her dear Frederick, to the elegant sailor, and his disappointment when she should drop answering his letters. At this instant the gentle Cavendish entered; he had stolen the first moment from military duty, to spend a few blissful minutes in the society of his adored Serena. He approached her unperceived; and tenderly taking her hand, in a voice sweet as the softest sigh of love, demanded what was the subject of her reflections. She started at the sound of his loved accents, and blushed at the question. The idea that any other man than himself should, for one instant, possess her thoughts, struck a chill to her heart: the vivid glow of shame, which diffused itself over her cheek, flashed a ray of truth on her understanding; and her soul acknowledged, with gratitude and self-reproach, the rejected remonstrances of her friend.

As the heavenly orbs of Frederick were bent on her's with ineffable tenderness, he beheld, with wonder and anguish, the confusion into which his question appeared to have thrown her. "Have I given you pain, my Serena? I was impertinent; but, believe me, I did not intend it. Will you pardon me?" He pressed her hand to give force to his asseveration.

"I have nothing to pardon: you did not hurt me. I was only ashamed to speak the truth, for I was really thinking of nothing." She blushed still deeper as she uttered this falsehood, and cast her eyes down to conceal her embarrassment. The penetrating orbs of Cavendish were fixed on her face; he observed its changes with an unaccountable anguish; and, unconsciously dropping her hand, with a deep sigh, rose from his chair and advanced to the window. At this instant, the door burst open, and a young man rushing in, flung himself at the feet of Miss Granville, exclaiming, "Have I found my mysterious love! By heaven! no earthly power shall tear your lovely form from this faithful bosom." Suddenly rising, he clasped her to his breast. Cavendish, who stood petrified with astonishment and indignation, now rushed forward, and seizing Wade by the arm, rudely pulled him from his hold, and demanded who he was.

"This lady's lover and protector, sir," replied he, in a threatening tone. Serena, wild and dumb with terror, threw herself into the arms of Frederick, who, smothering his passion, cried, "you are certainly mad, sir! This is a woman of virtue, and my betrothed wife; I therefore desire you to leave this house instantly." "No, sir, I shall not, without she accompanies me. I have letters under her own hand, declaring her love for me, and her abhorrence of all other men; she will not deny it; but I suppose you are the persecuting coward she complains of." The azure eyes of Cavendish flashed all heaven's lightnings; he cast the frantic Serena from his arm, and rushing for-

ward, "intruding, insolent villain! your blood shall blot the falsehood." So saying, he drew, and made a furious pass at him with his sword. Wade expected it, and, parrying the thrust, made a lounge at him, and run him through the side. The unfortunate Frederick fell. Wade advanced to Serena, who stood rivetted like a statue of despair. "Come, my Lucretia, let us fly this place, my life is in danger." "Monster! murderer!" screamed she; and giving him a violent push from her, threw him to the ground, and flew shrieking out of the room. In his fall he stumbled over a part of Frederick's sword, as it leaned against the lifeless form of its master. Before he could recover himself, it ran him quite through the thigh, and he dropped, bleeding and faint, beside the body of him he had slain. All the horrors of his situation rushed on his mind. He knew not him he had killed; perhaps an injured man; and he had forfeited his own life for, perhaps, an abandoned woman!

In a few minutes the room was crowded with people. Julia flew into her apartment, and seeing the breathless form of Cavendish on the floor, and near him the young sailor bleeding to death, an explanation of the whole affair rushed on her memory. She flung herself between the two bodies, and tearing off her white drapery, attempted to stanch the wounds of both; while she besought, for God's sake, that some one would fly for a surgeon. Her commands were instantly obeyed. Serena was held, in a state of madness, at the door, by her mother and two servants, begging that she might be suffered to go in and die on

the bosom of her Frederick. The surgeon arriving, ordered her to her chamber, to which she was hurried, raving of her folly and misery, and immediately proceeded to the assistance of the two unfortunate officers. Mr. Wade was yet sensible; the bandages of Miss Cecil had stopped the effusion of blood; but poor Cavendish lay without motion or sensation. As the surgeon advanced to the side of the young sailor, he, by a strong exertion, repulsed him, and begged that he would first examine the wound of his antagonist, which he hoped was not mortal. Mr. A. obeyed his desires, and ordering the servants to lay Cavendish on the sofa, commanded every one but his own assistants to leave the room. When the surgeon had examined and dressed the wounds of the young men, he saw them carefully put to bed, and ordered them to be kept in profound quiet. As he was going down stairs, Lady Granville, in a state of distraction, sent for him into her boudoir, and intreated him to tell her if there were any hopes for Mr. Cavendish. Mr. A. said he would not flatter her; his wound was not mortal, but his loss of blood had been so great that the most fatal consequences might be expected. "But the other gentleman," continued he, "if he is kept free from a fever, will certainly recover." "The other gentleman," replied she, "I know nothing about. Indeed, I am ignorant of the whole affair. My daughter flew into my chamber, screaming, 'He is killed! Cavendish is killed!' and this is all I know of the terrible scene, as she has ever since been in a state of delirium." At these words,

the physician who had been sent for to Serena, while Mr. A. was with her lover, entered the room, and told Lady Granville that her daughter was in a high fever, and must be kept composed, else he could not answer for her life.

In this state of distress and anxiety things continued for three days. Miss Cecil, who knew well the thoughtless transaction of her cousin, imagined too truly the cause of this fatal catastrophe; and while all the parties yet lived, she earnestly sought an opportunity of explaining so sad a mystery. She tenderly loved her friend; she mourned the wild vivacity of disposition that had seduced her into so imprudent an action; and her heart was wrung with agony for her present, and, if she lived, future sufferings. The insinuating gentleness of Frederick Cavendish had made too deep an impression on her esteem, not to draw bitter tears from her eyes, when she contemplated his unhappy fate. But the beautiful, the deceived Wade! when his lovely form shot across her distracted fancy, her whole soul was torn with torture. The thought of his dying, of his recovering, and of that recovery's disgraceful, horrid consequences, almost bereft her of her reason; and, impelled by the anguish of the moment, she flew to the entrance of his apartment, with what design she knew not. As she gently opened the door, she found that he was in a profound slumber; and, commanding the nurse to go and lay down for a few hours, promised to watch by her charge till her return. She remained near half an hour in the room; Richard, awaking from his sleep,

and heaving a deep sigh, stretched forth his arm, and drew aside the curtain. When his dark eyes met those of Miss Cecil, he felt an unusual emotion at his breast; an emotion of gratitude, hope, and dread.

She arose, and gently advancing nearer to him, inquired, in a trembling voice, which too plainly expressed the interest which she took in his situation, how he found himself. He replied, that he was better than he wished to be; for the feelings of his mind were more than he could endure with fortitude. "If my adversary dies," continued he, "and I survive, even should I escape the punishment of the law, I shall ever be wretched at the recollection of so dreadful an effect of my credulity and rashness." He was proceeding to give Miss Cecil a narrative of the correspondence between him and Miss Granville; first, expressing his anxiety and doubts about the mystery which enveloped the whole affair; when Julia interrupted him by saying that she knew it too well, and long ago had warned her cousin of its evil effects. "But," continued she, "had I felt the distant foreboding of this its fatal conclusion, I would have used commands instead of entreaties to have stopped the deception." "Deception! how madam! was it deception? Surely I am a stranger to your friend; what could be her meaning?" "An idle frolic, without design or end, but to entertain herself. She thought to amuse her whimsical moments with an adventure, which certainly was innocent, though imprudent. She conceived that she could lay it aside

whenever she pleased; but, alas! how agonizingly otherwise has been its termination!" "Agonizing, indeed! Most probably, she has rendered both her own heart and mine miserable for life. Horrid as must be my feelings, yet how much more racking must be hers, when she recollects, that it was her conduct that put the sword in my hand, and plunged it into the bosom of her affianced husband. Could she imagine that any man would receive such letters as those which she wrote to me, and not feel his whole soul fired with curiosity? At least, the impetuosity of my nature spurned at restraint; and my impatience hurried me to the coffee-house, where I watched till her servant called for my letter; when he returned home, I followed him; and these, these are the overwhelming consequences!" His strength was exhausted, and he sunk back on his pillow. Julia, conscious that she was hurting the man for whom, the feelings of her heart too forcibly told her, she felt that in reality which her cousin so fatally feigned, hastily arose; and, entreating him to compose his mind, said she would snatch the first opportunity to impart the truth of the melancholy history to Cavendish; whose principal danger, she believed, rested on the tortured state of his spirit. He caught her hand, and fervently pressing it, she darted out of the room, the soft touch of his hand thrilling to her inmost soul. In the evening, she sent up her affectionate compliments to Mr. Cavendish, and if he would admit her, she would be happy to watch an hour by him alone. He replied, that he wished to see her. She ascended

the stairs, her heart beating with hope and fear of the effects of what she was going to reveal.

When she entered his chamber, and drew near his bed, she beheld the late blooming Frederick pale as marble: the effulgent lustre of his azure eyes was almost extinguished; the last gleams of its fading light seemed resting on the dark horizon of death, as if to take a last view of the world, and sink forever. He laid his burning hand on hers, and gazed at her with an expression that needed no explanation: it penetrated to her heart, and she burst into tears. Recovering herself, she said, Mr. Cavendish, will you—can I hope for your pardon? I have been, in a great part, the cause of the dismal scene that is now before me. You, Julia! How?—For heaven's sake, explain; and either dissipate my suspicions, or convince me they are true, and end my tortures by killing me. O! is Serena unworthy of my love? Miss Cecil, with a faultering voice, interrupted by many showers of tears, revealed the whole transaction; only a little altering the truth, by as much as possible meliorating the folly of her friend, and taking the blame on herself. When she ended, the dejected orbs of Frederick beamed with renovated radiance; he clasped his hands in an ecstacy of joy. O! my God, I thank thee! Julia, my kind friend! fly to my unhappy Serena: tell her that I forgive her; speak peace to her suffering soul; and tell her to live for me. To know that my dear girl is innocent, and yet fondly loves me, has infused new life into my dying frame. Fly, my dear Julia, and render your

sweet friend as happy as myself! She rose, her eyes overflowing with tears of rapture ; and, advancing to the door, turned back two or three steps, and faintly breathed, in a trembling voice, and may I not also tell the unfortunate Wade that you forgive the rashness which, endangering your existence, has brought himself to the verge of the grave? Yes, Julia; tell him every thing that you would wish me to say.

Julia flew to the chamber of Miss Granville ; her delirium was subsided ; but it had left on her languid frame a slow fever, and on her mind a deep and settled melancholy. Miss Cecil, with some difficulty, gained her cousin's attention. Notwithstanding her utmost precaution, the unexpected and blissful intelligence rendered her almost frantic with joy. Nothing was now wanting but the recovery of all parties to make them perfectly happy. A few weeks gave once more strength to their limbs and beauty to their features; health cast her dazzling rays around their forms; so powerful an effect had the serenity of their minds over the composure of their frames. Frederick Cavendish and Richard Wade entered the drawing-room together; Serena, overwhelmed with the consciousness of her fault, burst into tears, and flung herself on the breast of her cousin. Her lover flew forward ; and gently raising her from her bosom, encircled his graceful arms around her yielding waist; and while his tears mingled with hers, imprinted the hallowed kiss of pardon and affection on her trembling lips.

The sympathizing heart of Julia heaved almost to

bursting, and the lucid drops of extatic emotion fell on her ivory arms; when the well known touch of the soft hand of Richard Wade roused her from her blissful trance. She raised her swimming eyes, and beheld the man whom she adored kneeling at her feet. His eloquent eyes spoke a thousand tender things; his tongue could only utter "Beloved Julia!" The crimson blush of delight and confusion suffused her face and panting bosom. She felt sick; and fell almost fainting on the arm of the sopha. "Are you offended?" asked he, in a scarcely articulate voice. "O, no!" was all she could utter, as she gently returned the fervent pressure of his hand.

A week after this happy eclaircissement, the hand of Serena was given to Frederick Cavendish; and that of Julia to the enraptured Richard Wade.

I shall not attempt to point out the moral of this little tale; it is too obvious to require an explanation. I shall only add, that as imprudence is almost a constant property of youth, it is a frailty of disposition which ought to be most carefully corrected. A little reflection will convince the mind, that from the slightest failures on that side, the greatest and most dreadful consequences have frequently proceeded.

HAMET AND BERARD, OR THE THREE THIEVES.

Three rogues in the vicinity of Lan, uniting the ingenuity of their talents, had for a considerable time put both Monks and Laymen under contribution.

As they were walking together one day in the woods of Lan, and talking of their several feats of dexterity, Hamet, the eldest of the two brothers, espied a magpie's nest at the top of a lofty oak, and saw the mother fly into it. "Brother," said he to Berard, "what would you say to a person that should propose to go and take the eggs from under that bird without disturbing her?" "I should tell him," answered the younger brother, "that he was a fool, and proposed a thing entirely impossible?" "Observe me." This said, he immediately climbs the tree. Having reached the nest, he makes a hole underneath, receives softly in his hand the eggs, as they slip through the opening, and brings them down, desiring his companions to observe that not a single egg was broken. "By my soul," cries Berard, "I must allow you to be an incomparable thief; but if you could go and replace the eggs under the mother as quietly as you have taken them from her, we should acknowledge you our master."

Hamet accepted the challenge, and again mounts the tree; but his brother designed a trick upon him. The latter, as soon as he sees the other at a certain height, says to Travers, "you have just been a witness to Hamet's dexterity, you shall see what I can do in the same way." He instantly climbs the tree, and follows his brother from branch to branch, and while the latter has his eyes fixed upon the nest, entirely taken up with his design, and watching every motion of the bird, the slippery rogue loosens his trowsers, and brings them down as a signal of tri-

umph. Hamet, in the meantime, contrives to replace all the eggs, and coming down, looks for the praise due to so clever an exploit. "Oh, you only want to deceive us," said Berard, "I'll wager that you have concealed the eggs in your trowsers." The other looks, sees that his trowsers are gone, and soon finds out the trick of his brother. Excellent rogue, said he, to outwit another. As for Travers, he was lost in equal admiration of these two heroes, and could not determine which had the advantage. But he felt himself humbled at their superiority, and piqued at not being able to contend with them, cried, "I renounce thieving forever; I have good strong arms, and will return home and live with my wife; with the help of God, I shall be able to procure a subsistence." He fulfilled his declaration, and returned to his village. His wife loved him; he became an honest man, and set himself to work with so much industry, that at the close of a few months he had earned wherewithal to buy a hog. The animal was fattened at home: at Christmas he killed it, and having hung it, in the usual way, against the wall, he went into the fields.

The two brothers, who had not seen him since their separation, came at this very time to pay him a visit. The wife was alone spinning. She told them that her husband was just gone out, and that he would not return till night.

At night, when Travers returned, his wife told him of the visit she had received. "I was very much alarmed," said she, "at being alone with them; they

had so suspicious an appearance that I did not venture to ask either their names or business. But they searched every corner with their eyes; I don't think a single peg escaped their notice." "It must have been my two queer companions," cried Travers, in great trouble; "my hog is lost, and I now heartily wish I had sold it." "We still have a resource" replied the wife, "let us take down the pork, and hide it somewhere, for the night. To-morrow morning you may consider what is to be done." Travers adopted his wife's advice. He took down the pork, and laid it under the bread oven, at the opposite end of the room, after which he laid down, but not with an easy mind.

Night being come, the two brothers came to accomplish their project; and whilst the eldest kept watch, Berard began to penetrate the wall in that part where he had seen the pork hanging. But he quickly perceived that nothing remained but the string by which it was suspended. "The bird is flown" said he, "and we have come too late." Travers, whom the dread of being robbed kept awake, thinking he heard a noise, awaked his wife, and ran to the oven to feel if the pork was safe, he found it there, but as he was apprehensive also for his barn and stables, he determined to make the circuit of them, and went out armed with a hatchet. Berard, who heard him go out, took the advantage of that opportunity to force open the door, and approaching the bed, and counterfeiting the voice of the husband, "Mary," said he, "the pork is removed from the wall, what have

you done with it." "Don't you remember that we put it under the oven," answered the wife; "What, has fearturned your brain?" "No, no, I had only forgot—but stop, I will secure it." In saying which, he lifted it upon his shoulders, and made off.

After having gone his rounds, and visited carefully his doors, Travers returned to his chamber. "I have got a husband," said the woman "who, it must be confessed, has got a curious head upon his shoulders, to forget one moment what he has done with his pork another." At these words Travers set up a cry; "I told you they would steal it from me; it is gone, and I shall never see it again." Yet as the thieves could not be gone far, he had still some hopes of recovering it, and instantly ran after them.

Hamet went before to secure the way, and the brother, whose load was a considerable impediment, followed him at a small distance. Travers soon came up with the latter; he saw him plainly, and recognised him. "You must be somewhat tired, said he," assuming the voice of the elder brother, "give me the load, and let me take my turn." Berard, who thought his brother had been speaking to him, gives Travers the pork, and walks on. But he had not proceeded one hundred yards, ere, to his great astonishment, he falls in with Hamet; "Zounds, cried he, I have been ensnared; that rogue Travers has taken me in: but see if I cannot make amends for my folly."

He then strips himself, and puts his shirt over his clothes; makes himself a kind of woman's cap, and

in that trim runs as fast as he can by another path to the house of Travers, whose arrival he waits for at the door. As he sees him approaching, he comes, appearing as his wife, to meet Travers, and asks, with a feigned voice, whether he had recovered the pork. "Yes, I have it," answered the husband. "Well, give it to me, and run quickly to the stable, for I heard a noise there, and I fear they have broke in." Travers throws the carcase upon the others shoulders, and goes once more to make his round. But when he returns into the house, he is surprised to find his wife in bed crying, and half dead with fear. He then perceived that he had been cheated again. Nevertheless, he was determined not to give out, and as if his honour were concerned in this adventure, he vowed not to give up the contest, till by some means or other he came off victorious.

He suspected that the thieves this trip would not take the same road, but he knew the forest was the place they would make for, and accordingly went the nearest way for it. They had, in fact, already got there, and in their triumphal eagerness to taste the fruit of their dexterity, they had just lighted a fire at the foot of an oak, to boil a piece of the meat. The wood was green, and burned but indifferently, so that, to make it blaze, they were obliged to go and gather some dried leaves and rotten branches.

Travers, whom the light soon directed to the thieves, takes the advantage of their distance from the fire. He strips himself entirely naked, climbs the oak, and suspends himself by one arm, in the position of

one who had been hanged, and when he sees the rogues returned, and busy in blowing the fire, he roars out with a voice like thunder, "Unhappy wretches, you will come to the same end with me." The two brothers, in confusion, imagine they see and hear their father, and think of nothing but their escape. The other quickly snatches his clothes and his pork, returns in triumph to his wife, and gives her an account of his recent victory. She congratulates him with a kiss, on so bold and well executed a manœuvre. "Let us not flatter ourselves with too much security," said he, "these queer fellows are not far off, and so long as the pork exists, I shall not think it out of danger. But boil some water, we will dress it, and if they return, we shall see what method they will divine this time to get hold of it again." The one then made a fire, while the other divided the carcase; they then put it, piece by piece, into the kettle. They both then seated themselves to watch it, one on each side of the fire-place.

But Travers, who was almost exhausted for want of rest, and fatigued by the operations of the night, soon began to show a propensity to sleep. "Go and lay yourself down," said the wife, "I will take care of the pot; all is fastened, there is nothing to fear; and at all events, if I should hear a noise, I will give you notice."

On this assurance, he threw himself upon the bed in his clothes, and immediately fell fast asleep. The wife continued for some time to watch the caldron, but at last fell asleep also.

In the mean time, our thieves, after recovering from their alarm, had returned to the oak, but finding there neither pork or man in chains, they easily unravelled the plot.

Before they undertook any thing, Berard looked through the hole he had made in the wall, to see if the enemy were upon the guard. He saw upon the one hand, Travers stretched upon the bed, and on the other, his wife, whose head nodded from side to side, with a ladle in one hand, while the pork was boiling in the caldron. "They had a mind to save us the trouble of dressing it," said Berard to his brother, "and indeed it is the least they could do, considering what trouble they have given us already. Be steady, and rest assured I will help you to some of it." He then goes and cuts down a long pole, which he sharpens at one end; with this pole he climbs up the roof, and letting it down through the chimney, he sticks it into a piece of pork, and raises it up.

Travers at that instant happened to awake; he saw the manœuvre, and judged, that with such expert enemies, peace was preferable to war. "Friend," cried he, "you have not done right in breaking through the roof of my house, and I have also been to blame in not inviting you to partake of the pork. Let us contend no longer for the superiority in artifice, for it is a contest that would never end; but come down and let us feast together."

He went and opened the door for them; they sat down at table together, and were heartily reconciled to each other.

EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

" Three thousand a year—a box at the opera, and a new vis-a-vis—trifles, trifles," exclaimed Saville ; (a young gentleman of twenty-two who had just taken possession of an estate of twenty thousand pounds per annum, which an old penurious uncle of his, lately departed, for sixty years had been scraping together with the most unremitting avarice) " the eclat of keeping so beautiful a creature is worth double that expense. She shall have it, I will sign the articles of agreement instantly"—" More fool you," replied Sir Henry Dormer, a friend and constant companion of his ; " take my advice, Jack, avoid these Circe's as you would a pestilence, they are the destroyers of a man's health, the ruiners of his estate, the murderers of his repose ; seek some amiable and accomplished woman, marry and domesticate, for depend upon it, there is more real felicity in the family circle, than in the whole routine of fashionable pleasures, vices I ought to say, and dissipations."—" What, Satan turned preacher," replied Saville; " why thou most abominable hypocrite, art thou not ashamed to hold forth this sanctimonious doctrine to one so perfectly acquainted with thy debaucheries as I am ? Dost thou not at this very moment keep a mistress, to satisfy whose extravagance, and adorn whose person, the four quarters of the globe are ransacked ? thou too, who art a married man !"

"Your accusations are but too just," returned Sir Henry," and the consciousness of my folly renders me more fit to warn you of the rocks on which my own happiness has nearly foundered. It was my misfortune, early in life, to become acquainted with Harriet Meadows; unhappily we had both passions, and in the gratification of them, virtue and prudence were forgot. This intrigue, which had been carried on three years with the greatest privacy, was, just before I left college, I know not how, discovered. She lost her friends and reputation; humanity obliged me to support and protect her; youth is seldom the season of consideration—we lived in the first style—plunged into every extravagance; and though I daily discovered some bad propensity in Harriet, yet I had not resolution to break with her; twice I have been arrested for debts which she contracted entirely without my knowledge; at length the immense sums I procured before I came of age reduced me to the necessity of mortgaging a large portion of my estate; to disencumber which, with shame I confess it, I complied with the solicitations of my friends, and married the rich heiress of the house of Milford. You have seen Matilda, therefore an eulogium on her person will be unnecessary; yet beautiful as she is, I led her to the altar without a spark of affection, so fast was I bound in the fascinating chains of Harriet, who consented to my marriage from the idea that the fortune of Matilda would enable me to support her in still greater extravagance: But the graces and elegance of Lady Dormer's mind, her fine and exquisite ac-

complishments, the softness of her manners, her tenderness for me, unworthy as I am, which appears in all her blushing and delicate attentions, have gained my heart; I am her lover and her husband, and am at this moment studying the means of getting rid quietly of Harriet, whose bad disposition and ill qualities appear every hour more obvious and intolerable." "Well, thou wouldst make an excellent Methodist parson," said Saville, with a loud laugh; "what a sermon hast thou given me; I am much obliged to you for your advice respecting matrimony, though I am not at all inclined to follow it; it will be time enough for me to put on hymeneal fetters when I reach thy age; I have six years to frolic in; I must possess the divine signora; my Lord Sparkle has offered her two thousand a year, and she condescends to sink the splendour of the title in favour of my youth for another thousand; so come along Benedict, I am impatient to seal the agreement upon her coral lips." "Will you," said Sir Henry, "promise me one thing, Saville;" "If it lies in my power, certainly; but prithee, why that serious countenance, Henry?" "Because," replied he, "I would, if possible, render you serious; assure me by your honour and friendship you will not sign any articles with Rozella to day." "A day is an age to a man in love; but friendship is a more exalted sentiment than love; well, I promise, you shall this day dispose of me as you please, but to-morrow is devoted to love, rapture, and Rozella." "Now then," said Sir Henry, "strange as it may appear, after the advice I have just given you, you must go with me to

Harriet;" "*Alons donc*," replied Saville, "I am at your service." It was early when they reached Portland Square, and Harriet was sitting at her toilet, when the friends were introduced into her dressing room, repairing the fading roses on her cheeks with French rouge; in her hurry to conceal which, the box dropped from her hand, and the crimson contents fell upon the flowing train of her muslin chemise: this accident and discovery discomposed the temper of Miss Meadows so much, that with a loud and authoritative voice, and a look indicative of the most violent displeasure, she asked how he durst presume to break in upon her privacy, without first giving her notice, by sending up his name. Sir Henry had stooped to take up the box as it fell, and was presenting it to her as she finished this sentence; but instead of receiving it, she gave him a slap on the face. He bowed, and politely told her, that a lady's favours were always welcome, and confessed he had done wrong in breaking in upon the mysteries of her toilet; but she ought to forgive him, as it had pointed out to him an art that she excelled in, which but for this discovery he should have remained in absolute ignorance of, namely, the art of painting, which she appeared to be a perfect adept in. This little sarcasm was adding fuel to fire, and Harriet, swelling with passion, and foaming at the mouth with rage, told him he was an impudent fellow, and desired him to leave the house immediately, as she never wished to see his detested face again; "I obey you with pleasure," replied Sir Henry; "you may depend, Madam,

on this being my last intrusion; I have the honour, Madam, to wish you a good morning;" he then took Saville by the arm, and was quitting the room. Still more and more enraged at his unshaken composure, Harriet flew like a tygress to the door, and catching hold of the skirts of his coat, declared she would tear them off unless he returned; threw the blame of her petulance upon him; declared that her not seeing him for the three last days had deranged her intellects; that she had never worn paint in her life till that morning, when being frightened at the ghastly paleness of her face, she had been induced to put on a little rouge, in order to look a little more like her former self; that he had murdered her peace by his neglect; vowed she would not survive the loss of his love; and then falling on her knees, poured out the most horrible execrations on herself, him, and Lady Dormer, whom she loaded with every opprobrious epithet.

Sir Henry, who had listened to her ravings with the most perfect coolness till she mentioned his wife with disrespect, now interrupted her by clapping his hand before her mouth; "do not," said he, "profane the name of that angel; with anguish, and the deepest sense of my own misconduct, I confess she has been too much wronged by my ill placed affection to you already; but here my folly ceases; rise and listen to me now; your reign, Harriet, is at an end; the badness of your disposition, the violence of your temper, united with your ingratitude, have effected my release; I no longer love you, nor will be a

patient slave to your ridiculous caprices; yet still," continued he, "I am inclined to be your friend, if you are disposed to act in such a manner as to deserve my friendship; here our connexion ends; but two hundred pounds a year for your life shall be your's, if you choose to accept of it; I will no longer support your extravagances; call in your debts, and such as I consider reasonable, I will discharge; the furniture and plate in this house is your's, but the rent I will no longer be answerable for; the carriage you had better dispose of, as you will find your finances not equal to the support of it. I will now," added he, "put you in possession of two hundred pounds, as I should be sorry that you should suffer any inconvenience for want of money." Sir Henry then drew from his pocket a folded paper, which he told her contained a draft for the sum he had mentioned, and her picture; she took it, and tearing it open with fury, said, "I will stamp it to pieces;" but it was not her likeness, it was a large elegant locket, richly ornamented, and the initials H. D. in brilliants upon the hair work.

Her eyes flashed fire. "Whose hair is this?" said Harriet. "Mine," replied Sir Henry. "But it was not designed for me?" "No, indeed it was not; I have made a mistake, here is your picture, that locket is for Lady Dormer." "They shall both have one fate," said the enraged Harriet, snatching the picture from the hand of Sir Henry, and dashing that and the locket on the floor, attempted to stamp on them. Sir Henry fortunately rescued the locket, but the picture she broke to pieces. Saville and Sir Henry laughed

immoderately at her absurd conduct. Doubly provoked at their mirth, she flew at Saville, who very narrowly escaped having the marks of her nails imprinted on his face; but perceiving Sir Henry obliged to sit down from excessive laughter at the ridiculous situation of Saville, who scarce knew how to extricate himself from the clutches of the furious Harriet; she quitted him, and seizing hold of Sir Henry's fine light hair, tore off a handful. "I will have hair for a locket too," said she, breathless with rage; "it will become my bosom as well as it will that dowdy your wife's." Fits now succeeded, and throwing herself on the floor, she performed all the contortions of a violent hysteric. Utterly regardless of her frantic manœuvres, Sir Henry stepped coolly to the glass, arranged his hair, and then, accompanied by Saville, quitted the house.

"I now," said Saville, as they walked along, "perceive the drift of the promise you obtained from me this morning; you wished me to see the behaviour of Harriet before I attached myself to Rozella; 'tis a bad specimen, I confess, and I am not half so eager on the business as I was; but Rozella is all softness and delicacy. Besides, it is the fashion to keep a woman, and they are not all alike in disposition." "Nearly," replied Sir Henry; "there is but too much resemblance in their hearts, however they may differ in outward expressions; to throw away your money as they please; to make you the everlasting dupe of their whims and follies; to vent their ill tempers upon you, is the constant aim of women of this descrip-

tion; and the greater their beauty, the more they consider themselves at liberty to display their ill humour, and indulge themselves in extravagances; they are composed of duplicity, and there is as much art in their persons as their minds. Witness the paint that Harriet took so much pains to conceal from us; I declare I had not an idea of her artificial complexion; thus you see we are their dupes every way; after exhausting your whole fortune, after building them a triumphal car, you get treated with insolence and contempt, and dragged like a slave at the wheels; but, thank my stars, I have procured a release from this degrading captivity."

They had now reached Berkely Square; in the drawing-room they found Laurina Darnley, a cousin of Lady Dormer's, for whom Sir Henry was guardian; she had lately returned from France, where she had received, in the convent of St. Austerberge, her education, and had that morning arrived from Hertfordshire, where she had been for a month on a visit to a maiden aunt, from whom she expected a considerable addition to her own large fortune. Miss Darnley was in her eighteenth year; she had a melting languor in her fine blue eyes, that told her soul was the seat of sensibility; her form was airy and elegant as a wood nymph's; her hair was a light glossy brown, unsullied with powder, and hanging in long luxuriant ringlets down her back; her complexion was dazzling fair, the rose bloomed upon her cheek, a thousand beautiful dimples played about her mouth, and the glowing ruby of her lips was finely contrasted by the

pearly whiteness of her teeth. Saville was struck with her beauty; but when Sir Henry tenderly embraced her, and presented her, blushing, to him, he thought he had never seen a woman so perfectly angelic. The grace and propriety with which she replied to his compliments, and the music of her voice, absolutely fascinated him, and Rozella shrunk, as it were, from his remembrance, destitute of elegance and beauty. Sir Henry inquired for Lady Dormer, and was told that she had retired to her dressing-room, rather indisposed, and had desired to be denied to all company that day. Sir Henry apologized for leaving them, and after having desired Saville to entertain Miss Darnley, proceeded towards the dressing room of Matilda; he had determined to declare to her his connexion with Harriet, and his fixed determination to break off with her entirely; to tell her how absolutely she reigned mistress of his heart; to intreat her forgiveness for his past errors and inattentions, and to vow at her feet everlasting affection and fidelity in future. With these resolutions, and a throbbing heart, he reached the antechamber; the door of the dressing-room, which opened into it, stood half open, and he had an opportunity of observing Lady Dormer, unperceived by her. She was singing a little plaintive air, as she sat at her frame embroidering; at length, making a pause and sighing deeply, "Friday next, my faithless, dear Henry, is your birthday; and I," continued Matilda, "must get this waistcoat finished, that I may present it to him. O, my aching heart! were it possible, you flowers, that you could speak,

you would tell him that the willow, which droops its languid leaves, is emblematic of Matilda, who droops in his absence; the cypress would tell him how she mourns; and the roses, here and there scattered among the foliage, express the hope of his return. But let me contemplate my too happy rival: you are beautiful," said she, addressing a miniature picture which she drew from her bosom, "but you are unjust; the heart of Henry ought to be mine, but you usurp it. Dear, cruel Henry, why did you marry me; I would to heaven I could look like this picture, I should then be the object of his tenderness; but 'tis impossible. What a charming countenance. What an enchanting smile plays about the mouth; yet the original, on whom he lavishes the caresses which ought to be mine; her to whom his whole soul, his days and nights are devoted, perhaps feels not half the tenderness for him which possesses this agonized bosom; I know he loves you, happy, happy woman! Wretched, miserable Matilda!" Here a flood of tears took from Lady Dormer the power of further utterance, and throwing down the picture on the frame, she rose up, flung herself on the sofa, and covering her face with her handkerchief, gave vent to her swelling feelings in loud sobs. Sir Henry was much affected at the discovery he had made, for he had never imagined that Matilda had the most distant idea of his having a mistress, as she had never, in the remotest terms, hinted her suspicion of such a matter, and he had hoped that she was in absolute ignorance of the affair; his heart was wrung with the idea of her sufferings, at the same

time that it gave him, if possible, a more exalted opinion of her disposition, as she had never, in the gentlest manner, upbraided him for his neglect, or seemed dissatisfied at his passing night after night from home, but had always met him with smiles; he advanced to the door, in order to throw himself at her feet, when seeing the picture upon the frame, the idea of placing the locket there instead of it, presented itself to his imagination; it was done instantly, and he had scarce time to slip back, before Matilda, starting up, said, "these agonies are unavailing, I must endeavour to appear cheerful; I will dry my tears and pursue my work; heaven will perhaps take compassion on me, and give me the invaluable heart of Henry in recompense for my patience under these dreadful sufferings."

She now advanced towards the frame, and snatched up the locket, exclaiming, "is this enchantment? May I believe my eyes? What power has effected this metamorphose?" "Love," answered Sir Henry, who was now kneeling before her, "ardent love, who wishes to remove from the eyes and remembrance of Matilda all disagreeable objects." "O heavens, Sir Henry," said the astonished Matilda, "have you discovered my weakness; forgive me, I beseech you." "It is I, my angelic Matilda," said he, "who ought to blush and be ashamed; and believe me, my love, I am truly penitent for the hours of anguish I have made you suffer: but in one thing you are mistaken, my heart is indeed all yours, it has no other possessor, your virtues have subdued it. Speak to me, my angel," cried he

to the fainting Matilda, "say that you forgive your repenting Henry." "O, Sir Henry!" said Matilda, bursting into tears, "am I so happy—may I believe you?" "You may, by heaven," replied he; "come to my heart, and live and reign there forever." He now caught her in his arms, and mingled his tears with hers, passionately entreating her to pardon him. "And do you indeed love me," said Matilda, "let me look in your eyes, for they have never yet deceived me; yes," cried she, "there now appears in them a tenderness that I have never before observed; O! I am too happy." He stopped her mouth with kisses; "can you forgive me, my Matilda?" "Talk not of forgiveness, the exquisite delight of this moment destroys every trace of former uneasiness; but will you never wander again, my Henry?" "Never," said he, gazing on her fondly, "I only wonder that I could, after having been the happy possessor of so much loveliness and goodness, ever stray; but my follies are past; henceforth, Matilda, your inconstant husband will become your adoring lover." "Delightful promise," said Matilda, sinking into his arms, "what a prospect of happiness have I before me; but was this really and originally intended for me," said Matilda, pressing the locket to her lips, which she had found on the frame. "On my honour," replied Sir Henry, "it was made on purpose for you." He now made a full confession to Lady Dormer of all that concerned Harriet, and entreated her to tell him how she became acquainted with the affair, and by what means she had procured the picture.

"You may remember," answered Matilda, "that two

years ago you went down to Belford, on the death of the steward; you forgot your pocket book, and sent back James to me with the key of your scrutoir to fetch it; I had occasion to open several drawers before I found it; in the course of my search I met with the picture of a beautiful female. Morton, my maid, was present, and seeing me admiring it, soon undeceived me with respect to its being any relation of yours, which I then imagined it might be, by saying, 'I wonder, my lady, you can dirt your fingers with touching that nasty, filthy picture.' Filthy, Morton, replied I, why I think it is the most beautiful face I ever saw. 'Handsome is, my lady, as handsome does;' says she, 'why la! my lady, that's Harriet Meadows,' said she with a sneer; and who Morton, replied I, is this Harriet Meadows against whom you appear to be so inveterate? 'Why, my lady, she is the impudent harlot that Sir Henry has kept ever since he first went to college at Cambridge, and whom he now supports in the highest style in Portland Square; I am sure it is a burning shame, and a crying sin, when he has such a beautiful sweet lady as you, and he is a vile ———'

Hold! hold! Morton, said I, the conduct of Sir Henry must not be censured in my presence; he is perfectly master of his own time, person, and fortune, he is therefore to dispose of them as he pleases, without being subject to my controul, or accountable to any one. 'You are too good, my lady, and if I was your ladyship———' As I did not choose to take advice from my servant, I was obliged to

stop her mouth, by saying, I did not believe a syllable of the story, and desiring her to quit the room, added, that if ever I heard her drop a hint of the ridiculous stuff she had mentioned, I would dismiss her from my service immediately; which, in a very short time, I was under the necessity of doing, as I found it impossible to prevent her talking; I did not wish your follies, my dear Sir Henry, exposed, and my pride was too great to wish to be pitied.

"I took the picture, copied this from it, and then replaced the original. Your coldness, which before had given me much uneasiness, was now plainly accounted for; I felt that I had not been the choice of your love; I determined never to complain, and to bury the discovery forever in my own bosom. What nights of anguish have I passed; how have I envied my happy rival, whom I supposed sleeping in your arms, while I was traversing the floor of my bedroom, weeping, and invoking death to remove me from you, as I considered myself a bar to your happiness; then I would talk to the picture, and call it cruel; I have had a melancholy delight in endeavouring to dress my hair like it, in order to appear agreeable to you. But it is past," said Matilda, wiping her lovely eyes, "and I will remember my griefs only as a frightful dream." "Angelic goodness," said Sir Henry, kissing the tears from her eyes, "you shall never again experience a pang on my account. Lovely as you are, Matilda, I am the conquest of your virtues; a reign much more lasting than that of beauty. This is my wedding day; come, my love, my friend Saville is

below, let him and Laurina partake our joy." He then led her to the drawing room, where Saville sat enchanted by the charms of Miss Darnley, who began to feel not altogether indifferent to his fine person and highly polished conversation. They dined together, four as happy people as ever met together at one table. When the dessert was removed, Saville apologized to the ladies for being under the mortifying necessity of leaving them, but promised to return in the evening. He then entreated Sir Henry to accompany him to the Portland-street coffee-house, where he was obliged that evening to meet his attorney relative to the selling of an estate, which he wanted to dispose of in order to purchase another. Sir Henry consented to accompany him. They were obliged to pass the house of Harriet, and as Sir Henry wished to bring matters to a conclusion with her, on their return from the coffee-house they agreed to call. They found the street door open, therefore went directly up stairs without the ceremony of knocking: on entering the drawing-room they found every thing in confusion, a table upside down, and the carpet covered with fruit, broken bottles, and glasses; "heyday, bedlam in state," said Sir Henry, "I fear Harriet is not yet come to her senses; but let us proceed:" they now reached the dressing-room, and found Harriet's maid very lovingly asleep in the arms of the footman: they roused them, and soon discovered that they were both in liquor; after repeated inquiries, they at last made out that Harriet was in bed. Sir Henry opened the door of the ad-

joining bed chamber, and beheld the fond, affectionate, constant Harriet, in bed with his own valet; his calling to Saville awoke them. "See there, Saville," said he, "the confirmation of what I have long suspected; the despairing, faithful Harriet, who could not outlive my neglect and desertion of her, consoling herself in the arms of Norton; nay, look up man," continued he, (for Norton had hid his head beneath the cloaths) "it is I who should take shame to myself, for having been so long the dupe of an infamous woman." Harriet, who was so much intoxicated that she could not speak plain, furiously answered, "there is no in-fam-mam-y in be-be-ing seen in-in bed with one's own hus-hus-band; I am mar-mar-ried to-to Nor-nor-ton." "Indeed," said Sir Henry, "I rejoice to hear it, and wish you both joy with all my soul, joy as perfect as what I myself feel." "Do you mean to-to in-in-in-sult me," said Harriet, seizing a decanter which stood by the bed side, and throwing it at the head of Sir Henry, who narrowly escaped it; "I ne-ne-ver loved you. I was in-ti-ti-mate with Norton, long be-fore-fore I knew you; he ad-vis-ed me to throw myself in-in your way, as he knew you had plenty of mon-ey. You fan-fan-cy you was my se-se-du-cer, but that's all a farce. You know that, don't you Nor-nor-ton. I only pre-ten-ded that, as I soon found you was an easy gen-gen-e-rous fool, and I found from your having that no-no-ti-on, I could fleece you the better." "Bravo!" said Sir Henry, "an excellent speech, and well delivered, and I wish most sincerely that all gentle-

men who keep mistresses had an opportunity of hearing it ; for though it is particularly addressed to me, it may be generally applied. Come, Saville, we have seen and heard enough, and as matters are, Mr. Norton must certainly provide in future for his wife's support. Adieu, *ma belle* Harriet ; this visit saves my family at least two hundred pounds a year."

They hurried out of the house ; " example is infinitely better than precept," said Saville, as they reached the street, " I am now perfectly cured of my foolish desire of keeping a mistress ; and I wish that every young man of fortune had a sincere friend like you, my dear Sir Henry, to point out to them the absurdity of fashionable vices. However, though cured of one passion, I am possessed with another, which I am persuaded I shall not so easily get rid of. I am seriously in love, so much so, that I would become a husband this night, if I could persuade the charming angel who has stolen my heart to accept my vows, and plight me reciprocal ones."

" And who," said Sir Henry, " is this charmer, who has made you a convert to matrimony." " Laurina Darnly," replied Saville ; " promise me your good offices with that charming girl, Sir Henry." " With all my soul," returned Sir Henry ; " nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to see you united to that dear girl, for whose welfare and happiness I am deeply interested : and to confess the truth, Saville, introducing you to her was a part of my scheme, as I wished you to see the difference between native, modest beauty, and artificial loveliness."

They returned to Berkely square, where the evening passed in the utmost harmony, and Laurina felt the graces of Saville so forcibly, that, after an investigation of her heart, she found that it was no longer in her possession, but had flown to the bosom of Saville. The next morning brought melancholy news; early, Harriet's maid, with a terrified countenance, requested to speak to Sir Henry Dormer; being introduced to the breakfast parlour, in the presence of Lady Dormer, she told Sir Henry, "that after he left the house the preceding evening, Miss Meadows and Norton had a violent quarrel; that Norton had blamed her very much for speaking her sentiments so freely, as they had lost two hundred a year by it; that Miss Meadows had called Norton a mean, pitiful scoundrel, and told him that she had supplied him with money long enough, and that he must now think of providing for her; that from words they got to fighting, when Norton struck Harriet so violent a blow on the temple, that she fell down dead instantly; that he and the footman agreed to strip the house of every thing valuable, and set off for France; and on her shrieking out, had gagged her, and tied her to the bed post; that they put their scheme in execution; and that she was just released by the neighbours, who seeing the windows shut, and the street door open, had suspected all was not right within."

The death of a woman he had once loved, and with whom he had lived for several years, could not fail of giving Sir Henry a great shock. Lady Dormer shed tears, and lamented sincerely the untimely end

of Harriet; whose fate is a striking lesson to the dissolute of either sex; she was buried decently. Lady Dormer soon after presented Sir Henry with a son. A fond father and an affectionate husband is now the deserved character of Sir Henry, and the happiness that reigns in his family, is rarely to be met in any situation of life.

Saville, on whom this affair of his friend's made a lasting impression, in a short time made an avowal of his love to Miss Darnley. Laurina was neither prude nor coquette, and, therefore, countenanced by her guardian and Lady Dormer, acknowledged a mutual regard; they were united, and live patterns of conjugal felicity; Saville always confessing that he owes his happiness to the errors of his friend, and constantly declaring, that Example is far better than Precept.

ABOSABER THE PATIENT.

Abosaber, surnamed the Patient, was a rich and generous man, whose liberal character diffused happiness through the village in which he dwelt. He was kind to the poor, and hospitable to strangers. His barns were full, his ploughs were constantly at work, his flocks were spread through the fields, and plenty was maintained in the country by his wealth and beneficence. He had a wife and two children; his domestic felicity was undisturbed; his peasants enjoyed an easy competence for themselves and fa-

milies; not a wild beast ravaged his folds or stalls, till at length a monstrous lion came to disturb this scene of secure and happy industry.

Abosaber's wife proposed that her husband and his servants should march out to hunt this rapacious animal, whose ravages effected them more than any in the neighbourhood, on account of their more extensive possessions. "Wife," said Abosaber, "let us have patience; patience sees an end of every thing; we suffer not alone; his ferocity invades our neighbours as well as us; he must fall sooner or later, whether we intermeddle or not; let us leave it to heaven to vindicate our cause; guilt never escapes unpunished."

The king of the country at length heard of the ravages of this lion, and gave orders for a general chace. A body of his subjects soon took arms, sought out the lion, and encompassed him on all sides. A volley of arrows were showered upon the ferocious animal; he became desperate, his hair stood on end, his eyes glared, he lashed his sides with his enormous tail, and roaring with a voice of thunder, rushed furiously upon one of the hunters who advanced before the rest. This was a young man of the age of nineteen years, mounted upon a vigorous and high mettled horse.

At the cry of the lion, however, the generous animal was seized with great terror, his strength failed, and he fell down dead. The intrepid rider was instantly upon his feet, invoked the name of the prophet, and plunged his scimitar into the monstrous

throat of the lion, whose jaws were open to devour him. Such an instance of bold and steady courage gained the gallant youth not only the applause of his sovereign, but even the high office of commander in chief of all the forces in the kingdom.

Abosaber, when he heard of the victory over the lion, said to his wife, "see now whether punishment does not always await the mischievous! Is it not much better that we have been patient? Had I followed your advice, and ventured to attack an animal which has required so considerable a force to overcome, I might have lost my own life, as well as my servants."

The lion was not the only invader that infested the peaceable retirement of Abosaber; all the inhabitants of the village had not the reputation of unsuspected honesty. One of them committed a robbery upon a house in the capital, and made his escape, after murdering its master. The king, upon receiving information of this robbery and murder, sent for the relations and friends of the deceased. Their knowledge respecting the murderer went no farther than suspicions, and these fell upon the inhabitants of the village in which Abosaber had his residence, who were reckoned among the worst members of the community, and who had been known to frequent the house in which the robbery had been committed. Upon these suggestions, and without seeking farther proof, the angry monarch sent an officer with a party to lay waste the village, and bring away the inhabitants in fetters.

The persons entrusted with the execution of these orders not only fulfilled, but even exceeded their commission. Those undisciplined soldiery spread their ravages through all the adjoining country, sparing only the dwelling of Abosaber, and six persons of his family; but destroying his vineyards and cornfields, as well as those of his fellow townsmen. The wife of Abosaber lamented this disaster with much noisy sorrow. "We are ruined," said she to her husband, "our flocks and herds, you see, are carried off with those of our guilty neighbours, notwithstanding the orders given to spare us. See how unjustly we are treated; speak to the king's officers." "I have spoken to them," answered Abosaber, "but they have not time to hear me. Let us have patience; the evil will recoil upon those who commit it. A mischief on him who gives orders that are both rigorous and unjust! A mischief on him who acts without reflection! The evils which the king heaps upon us will soon, I fear, fall back upon his own head."

An enemy of Abosaber's heard these words, and reported them to the king. "Such," said the informer, "is the language held by him whom your majesty's mercy spared." In consequence of this, the monarch ordered Abosaber, his wife, and two children, to be expelled from the village, and banished out of his dominions.

The wife of this wise and resigned mussulman renewed her murmurs, and expressed her resentment in the bitterest language of complaint. "Have patience, wife," said he, "patience is the sovereign

balm for adversity; it gives wholesome advice, and opens the springs of joy and consolation. Let us go to the desert, since we are driven hence." Good Abosaber looked up, and blessed Almighty God, as he went on his way with his family. However, they were hardly within the desert, when they were attacked by a band of robbers, who spoiled and stripped them, and left them without resource, hopeless of human aid, and with nothing but the gracious care of Providence to trust to. At this new stroke of the malignity of fortune, the woman having lost all that she held dearest, gave free vent to her sorrows, and with plaintive eyes exclaimed to her husband: "Unfeeling man! lay aside thy indifference; let us run after the robbers; if they have any sense of humanity remaining, they will restore our children."

"Have patience," replied Abosaber, "patience is the only remedy for evils that seem to admit of none. The robbers are well mounted; naked and fatigued as we are, it is not probable, that we should overtake them; even if we could, perhaps those barbarous men might be so enraged at our importunate lamentations as to put us to death." The good woman became calm when her strength was so exhausted that she could not continue her complaints; and they both arrived shortly after on the bank of a river, within sight of a village. "Rest here," said Abosaber to his wife, "while I go to find lodging for us, and obtain, if possible, some garments to cover us." He proceeded towards the village, which stood at no great distance. Hardly was Abosaber out of sight of

his wife, when a person happened to come up on horseback, who stopped at the sight of so beautiful a woman, naked, and alone, in a by-path. The object of his curiosity soon awakened other desires; he put various questions to her, such as were naturally suggested by the strangeness of the adventure; to which she replied with modest simplicity. Her answers seemed to offer some shadow of hope to the young man. "Madam," said he, "you are formed for a happier destiny; deign to follow me, and to accept, with my heart and hand, a situation of enviable happiness." "I have a husband," said the lady, "to whom, however unfortunate he may have been, I am attached for life." "I have not time," returned the cavalier, "to convince you of the folly of this refusal in your present condition. I love you; mount my horse without reply, otherwise, with a stroke of my scimitar, I will here end your life and your misfortunes together."

Abosaber's wife was thus forced to comply with the ravisher's demand; yet, before her departure, wrote these words upon the sand: "*Abosaber, by your patience you have lost your fortune, your children, and your wife, who is now ravished from you. Heaven grant that fortune has not still heavier evils in store for you.*" While she wrote these words, the cavalier again bridled his horse, and, when all was ready, seized his prey, and was soon out of sight.

Abosaber, at his return, looked about for his wife, and called on her in vain; all was silent. He chanced, however, to look upon the sand, and thus learned the

extent of his misfortune. He could not withstand the first emotions of grief; he tore his hair, beat his breast, and dashed himself upon the ground. But the swell of passion was succeeded by a calm.

"Have patience, Abosaber," said he to himself, "thou lovest thy wife, and art beloved by her: God has most probably permitted her to fall into her present situation, in order to relieve her from severer distresses. Does it become thee to pry into the secrets of Providence? thy duty is to submit, and no longer to weary and offend heaven with thy murmurs and complaints." With these reflections he became fully resigned, and giving up the idea of returning to the village, took the road to a great city, the minarets of which had caught his eye at a distance.

As he approached, he saw a number of workmen employed in building a palace for the king. The conductor of the work took him by the arm, and obliged him to join the other labourers, under pain of being sent to prison. Abosaber was forced to have patience and do his best, while a little bread and water was all that he had for his labour.

He had been about a month in this laborious and unprofitable employment, when one of his fellow-workmen happened to fall from a scaffold and break his leg. The poor wretch uttered screams of anguish, which were interrupted only by imprecations and complaints. Abosaber went up to him; "Comrade," said he, "instead of soothing, you rather increase your pain by these complaints; have patience! the effects of patience are always beneficial: it enables

us to bear misfortune; and is of such a sovereign efficacy as often to raise a man from the bottom of a well to a throne." The monarch of the country was at one of the windows of his palace, to which he had been attracted by the cries of the unfortunate workman; he heard the words of Abosaber with indignation.

"Arrest that man," said he to one of his officers, "and bring him before me." Abosaber was instantly hurried into the presence of the tyrant, whose pride he had unknowingly offended.

"Audacious wretch," said the barbarous king, "sayest thou that patience can raise a man from the bottom of a well to a throne? Thou shalt make experience of the truth of thine impertinent maxim." He at the same time ordered him to be put down into a deep and dry well, which happened to be in the court of the palace. He then visited him regularly every day himself, bringing him two small pieces of bread. "Abosaber," said he, "methinks thou art still at the bottom of the well; when will thy patience raise thee to a throne?"

The more the brutal monarch insulted his prisoner, so much the more did Abosaber arm his spirit with resignation. "Let me have patience," said he, "and not attempt to return insult with reproach; it is not for men to revenge themselves. The measure of his crimes will at length be filled up. The eye of heaven beholds my condition. God is the judge of all; let me have patience."

The king had a brother whom he had always con-

cealed from every eye, in a secret corner of his palace; but anxious distrust led him to fear that he might one day or other make his escape, and be raised to the throne; he had therefore lately cast him secretly into the same well in which Abosaber was now confined. The wretched victim of policy soon sunk under the misery of his fate. He died; but his death came not to be publicly known, whereas the rest of the secret had already transpired.

The grandees of the kingdom, and the nation in general, shocked at his capricious cruelty, of which they were all liable to become the victims, arose unanimously against the tyrant, and assassinated him. Abosaber's adventure had long been forgotten. An officer of the palace related that the king went daily with bread to a man in the well, and conversed with him. This suggested that he might be the tyrant's brother, who had been so cruelly treated. Abosaber was eagerly raised from his place of confinement, and being taken for the presumptive heir of the crown, before he could speak and discover who he was, they hurried him to the bath, arrayed him in the royal purple, and placed him on the throne.

The new king, still steady to his principles, resigned himself to this favourable dispensation of heaven. His aspect and reserved manners disposed every one to hope well of his reign; and the wisdom of his conduct soon justified their hopes. Not only did he weigh with unwearied patience every affair submitted to his decision, but he entered himself as much as possible into all the details of public business. "Viziers, ca-

dis, and officers of justice," said he, "have patience, and examine whatever is brought before you, and be not precipitate in your judgment." His prudence was universally admired, and all submitted to his guidance. Such was the general disposition of his subjects towards him, when a train of events occasioned an alteration in his fortune.

A neighbouring monarch, who had been conquered and expelled from his dominions by a powerful enemy, came with a few attendants to take refuge in his court, and to implore, on his knees, the hospitality, the kindness, and the aid of Abosaber, who was celebrated for his virtues, and above all, for his patience.

Abosaber dismissed his divan, that he might converse in private with the fugitive prince. No sooner were they alone than he thus addressed him. "Know me for Abosaber, once your subject, by you unjustly deprived of his property, and banished from your dominions. Behold, how wonderfully heaven has changed our conditions. I left my village in extreme misery and want: but I patiently resigned myself to my fate, and Providence has raised me to a throne; while your conduct, marked by caprice, cruelty, and rashness, has humbled you from your exaltation. I cannot help thinking, when I see you thus left at my discretion, that heaven charges me with the accomplishment of its decrees upon you, for an example to the wicked."

After this reprimand, and without waiting for a reply, Abosaber ordered his officers to strip the fugitive

king, with all his train, and to drive them, in that condition, out of the city. His orders were instantly obeyed, but not without occasioning some murmurs. Ought an unfortunate prince, who is reduced to supplicate protection, to be so harshly treated? This was contrary to the laws of equity, humanity, and sound policy.

Some time after this, Abosaber learning that a band of robbers infested a particular part of his dominions, sent a party of his troops against them, who surprised, seized, and brought them before him. The king knew them to be the same who had deprived him of his children. He examined their chief in private. "In such a situation," said he, "and in such a desert, you found a man, a woman, and two children. You stripped the father and the mother, and carried off the children; what have you done with them?" "Sire," replied the chief of the robbers, "those young men are at present among us, and at your majesty's disposal. We are ready also to surrender up into your hands all that we have amassed by rapine; only pardon our crimes, grant us life, receive us into the number of your subjects, and your majesty shall have no soldiers more faithful to their duty, or more attached to your service." The king received the young men, took possession of the robbers property, and caused them all to be forthwith beheaded, without regard to their supplications and complaints.

Abosaber's subjects, when they beheld this speedy and severe infliction of punishment, and recollected

his conduct to the fugitive prince, were astonished at this change in their monarch's temper. "What precipitation is this?" said they, "can this be the compassionate prince who used to check the cadi's haste to punish, and was continually repeating, "Stay, examine, do nothing rashly; have patience!" Their surprise was already great, but was soon raised to a higher pitch by a new incident.

A gentleman came to complain of his wife: Abosaber, before hearing him, said, "Bring your wife hither; if I must hear your complaints, it is but just, that at the same time I hear what she has to say for herself." The gentleman went out, and soon after returned with his wife. Scarcely had the king seen her, when he ordered her to be conducted into the interior apartments of the palace, and the gentleman who complained of her to be beheaded. His orders were executed. His vizier, officers, and all his divan, now murmured so loudly, that Abosaber could not avoid hearing. Such an act of violence had never been seen; it was unexampled barbarity. The king, whom they had dethroned and slain, had never done any thing so shockingly tyrannical; and this brother of his from the well, whose first acts bespoke so much sagacity and prudence, could with great coolness perform deeds of cruelty, which only madness could excuse. Abosaber patiently heard these complaints, and then beckoning with his hand, to command silence, spoke thus;

"Viziers, cadis, and officers of justice, and all you vassals of the throne, who hear me! I have uni-

formly advised you never to judge rashly. You owe me the same regard which I have requested of you for others. I entreat you, therefore, to hear me. I have at last reached a pitch of happiness which I durst not even aspire to; so many seemingly irreconcilable circumstances were necessary to its accomplishment. I am indifferent to the crown which I wear; I wish, however, to acquire your esteem, by explaining to you the motives which have directed my conduct. I am not the brother of your late king, whom you judged unworthy to reign. I am a man of humble birth: being persecuted, ruined, and driven out of my own country, I took refuge here, after seeing my wife and two children ravished from me by the way. I resigned myself piously to the stroke of fate. As I entered this city I was seized and compelled to join the workmen who were building the palace. In full conviction that patience is the most essential of all virtues to the present state of man, I exhorted one of my fellow labourers to bear with resignation the dreadful misfortune of breaking his leg, which befell him. So great a virtue is patience, said I, that it will sometimes raise a man, who may have been thrown into the depth of a well, to the elevation of a throne. The king my predecessor heard me. He was enraged at the maxim, and instantly cast me into a well, from the bottom of which you raised me to a throne. When a neighbouring king, who had been expelled from his dominions by an usurper, came to implore my assistance, I discovered him to be the sovereign of my

native country, who had banished me from his dominions, and confiscated all my effects. I had not been the only object of his capricious cruelty; I had seen his whole subjects groan under his oppression. The robbers, whom I punished with seeming severity, had torn my children from me, had reduced me to the lowest extremity of misery. The cavalier whom I caused to be beheaded had violently ravished from me my wife.

"My view in inflicting these punishments was not merely to avenge myself for the offences which I had suffered. Considering myself as the sovereign of these dominions, by your voluntary choice, and as an instrument in the hand of God, I could not think myself at liberty to indulge a weak clemency, unfavourable alike to your security and your power; it was my duty to fulfil the decrees of Providence upon persons who were undeniably guilty, and to cut off from society members so inimical to peace. A tyrannical king, regardless of the laws, and guided only by caprice and passion, is a scourge to his people. If it be criminal to attempt his life, it is still more so, however, to lend him assistance, which might enable him to renew his cruelty, and to gratify all the ferocity and malignity of his heart. It is even prudent to divest him of the means of being hurtful to mankind. Robbers, whose trade it is to attack caravans and pillage travellers, who have formed none but licentious habits, can never become useful and respectable citizens. Still less do they deserve to be admitted to the honour of defending their country.

Banishment only restores them to their original condition, augments their numbers, and renews their crimes. He who has ravished a woman is a monster in society. It is an act of beneficence to free the earth of him. He who can be guilty of this crime will hardly hesitate at the commission of any other.

"These are the motives of my conduct. Rigour is more painful to me than any person else. But I should be unworthy of my people's confidence, and should be wanting in the duties of a sovereign if I suffered such instances of undoubted guilt to escape unpunished. If I have exceeded the bounds of authority intrusted to me, I am ready to resign it back into your hands. Now, that my wife and children are restored to me by the favour of the Almighty, all that I have further to wish for you is, that you may enjoy peace and happiness under a wiser government than mine." Abosaber thus finished his defence. Admiration and respect held the whole assembly for some time silent. But they soon exclaimed, with one voice, "Long live Abosaber! Long live our prince! Long live the patient monarch! May he live forever! And may his reign be everlasting!"

The king, returning into his apartment, called his wife and children; and after indulging the mild impulse of natural affection, "See," said he to his wife, "the fruits of patience, and the consequences of precipitation; lay aside your prejudices; impress these great truths upon the minds of our children: the eye of Providence is upon the righteous and the wicked; and the divine justice and wisdom dispen-

ses rewards and punishments with an infallible and impartial hand. The patient man, who resigns himself to the will of Providence, is sooner or later crowned with glory."

THE ROBBERS.

Charles, a young man of high birth and expectations, eldest son of the Compte de Moor, endowed by nature with a soul of fire and a heart full of sensibility, was led away, in the prime of youth, by the love of pleasure and dissipation, too common at that age. After running a course of thoughtless and criminal extravagance, he listened to the voice of virtue, which had been stifled, not lost, in his heart; and wrote to his father, (whom, amidst all his vice and folly, he had never ceased to love,) a letter full of penitence and contrition, desiring to return to his duty, and to be received to pardon and to favour. This was intercepted by the villany of a younger brother, who managed so as to persuade his father that his son Charles (who appears to have been his great favourite,) is totally abandoned to villany and vice; in consequence of which, the old man withdrew his regard, and sent him a letter renouncing him forever, and containing that paternal malediction, so dreadful to the sensibility of a son who loved his parent. On receipt of this, Charles became desperate; and, amidst the storm of his feelings, outraged by what he thought the inhumanity of his father, readily accepted of a proposal,

made by some of his dissipated companions, to leave a world in which they had nothing but contempt and poverty to expect; to fly to the forests of Bohemia, and there to establish themselves into a society of robbers and banditti, of which he was to be the chief. In the horrid duties of this new employment, he showed that wonderful magnanimity, that persuasive eloquence, that undaunted valour, which would have graced a better station; yet amidst the elevation and activity of mind with which the exercise and success of these qualities were accompanied, his heart was pressed down by remorse, and melted by a tender recollection of that virtuous happiness, which, in the days of youth and innocence, he had once enjoyed. The curse of a father, whom he had revered and loved, the desertion of a mistress, a cousin of his own, of whom he was desperately enamoured, the sense of his outcast and abandoned situation, and of those violations of virtue and morality to which it necessarily leads; those rending feelings, those melting remembrances, joined to that high sense of perverted honour which linked him to his band, and that ardent valour which made their enterprises of glory, formed a character of the most energetic and interesting kind: captain of a band of inexorable banditti, whose furious valour he wields to the most desperate purposes, living with those associates, amidst woods and deserts, terrible and savage as the beasts they have displaced; presents to the fancy a kind of preternatural personage, wrapped in all the gloomy grandeur of visionary beings.

His younger brother, Francis, having succeeded in removing this favourite of his father, now looked for the death of the old man as the complete accomplishment of his wishes to attain the fortune and honours of his family. To effect this hellish purpose, he made use of his father's still remaining tenderness for that very son whom the traitor's arts had driven from his love. He employed one Herman, a tool of his villany, to personate a soldier, who had been the companion of Charles, and to relate a fabricated story of the sufferings and death of that unfortunate young man, who according to him, had been reduced, by the severity of his father, to the most extreme and pitiable indigence, from which he had at last been relieved by death, having fallen fighting gallantly in an action with the infidels, and in his last words had breathed out the name of his father and of his Amelia. The old count felt this relation as the inhuman son expected; he fainted at its close, and was carried off lifeless. The traitor Francis reaped the fruit of his villany; he reaped, but his conscience did not permit him to enjoy it; and he was ever after a martyr of remorse, haunted by the terrors of inward guilt. His associate, Herman, yields to contrition; he braves the anger of his lord, and resolves to embrace the first opportunity of counteracting his villany.

The band were encamped on a height on the banks of the Danube, after a hard fought battle with a party of Bohemian horse, which had been sent to take them; but which, by the unparalleled valour and exertion of Moor and his friends, they had defeated. Moor is here overcome with fatigue and thirst.

Moor. I must rest here—my limbs are broken with fatigue, and my parched tongue cleaves to my mouth. I would have asked some of you to fetch me a little water from that river, but you too are weary almost to death.

Grim. (one of the band.) 'Tis a long time since our flasks were empty of wine.—How majestically the sun sits there below.

Moor. 'Tis thus that a hero dies, and the nations admire his fall.

Grim. It seems to move you.

Moor. In my youth it was my favourite idea to live like the sun, to die like him! 'Twas the fancy of a young man.

Grim. 'Twas even so.

Moor. There was a time——leave me alone, my friends.

Grim. Moor, Moor! do you ail aught? Your colour changes.

Moor. There was a time when I could not sleep if I had forgot my prayers before I laid me down.

Grim. 'Tis folly all. Would you, like a boy, be schooled by the remembrance of your infant days?

Moor. My infant days! Oh!

Grim. Think of these no more. Be not a child again, I pray you.

Moor. A child again! Would that I were!

Grim. Rouse yourself! For shame! See how the landscape smiles—how beautiful the evening looks.

Moor. Ay, my friends, this earth is so beautiful—

Grim. Why, that is well.

Moor. This scene so grand—

Grim. You speak it truly, I love to hear you talk thus.

Moor. And what am I, in this world that is so beautiful? A thing so vile on this magnificent work of heaven! The prodigal son!

Grim. Moor! Moor!

Moor. My innocence, give me back my innocence! Look how every thing in nature is cheered by the smile of spring. Why in this air, so pure to them, should I breathe the blasting smoke of hell? When all around us are happy, when gentle peace has united them, the world one blessed family, and its Father there above, who is not my father! I alone shut out; the prodigal son, excluded from the portion of his children, surrounded with crimes, with murder, bound to them with chains of iron—

Grim. I never saw him thus before.

Moor. Ah! if it were possible for me to be born again; to be born a beggar, the meanest thing that were not a guilty one! With the labour of these hands I would purchase the weariness of peace. O! that with the sweat of my brow, though that sweat were blood, I could buy one guiltless hour, the luxury of one tear!

Grim. Patience, friends, his fit is almost over.

Moor. There was a time when my tears flowed freely. O peaceful days! that saw me in my father's house, in my native fields! Ye smiling fields! Ye valleys made for enthusiasm to wander in! Scene of my happy infancy, will ye never return? Will ye never

breathe on this burning bosom your gales of peace and joy? Nature, why art thou dark around me? They will never, never return; never breathe; they are gone, gone forever.

Subdued by the tenderness of the recollection which this scene expresses, Charles visits his native castle in disguise; he finds his father dead, his brother Francis in possession of his inheritance, and his mistress ready to take the veil. After yielding for a while to those softer feelings which the scenes of his infancy recall, he recollects the outcast abandonment of his own situation, makes himself known, at the instant of parting, to his Amelia, and flies to rejoin his desperate associates.

It was night; and the band were assembled on a desert heath, near the ruins of an ancient tower, round which the winds whistled, and the owl shrieked. They had watched three days and nights of danger and alarm, and all except their unhappy chief, whom remorse and anguish kept awake, yielded to their fatigue, and laid themselves on the ground to sleep. Moor walked to and fro, like the sovereign spirit of the night, revolving in his troubled, but daring soul, this world and the next. In this world, he has now nothing left to hope, and he looked with desperate calmness on the dark and unknown gulph of that to come. His soliloquy was of that sublime and broken sort which expresses the agitation of a great but erring mind, yielding to remorse for crimes which have stained his life, but not corrupted his soul, and left him, amidst the outrages of violence and vice,

the sentiments and the sufferings of virtue and of feeling.

After a pause of gloomy meditation, he broke out in the following words; "A long, long night! on which no morning will ever dawn! Think ye that Moor will tremble? Shades of the victims of this assassinating sword! I see your bleeding wounds—I look on your livid lips, and hear the last agonizing groans they breathe, but I tremble not. These are but links of that eternal chain which he who sits in yonder heaven holds in his hand. He stamped these horrors on my destiny, even amidst the innocent, the happy days of my unsullied infancy; (he draws a pistol.) The barrier betwixt eternity and time this little instrument can burst, and then—Thou dread unknown, whither wilt thou lead? Where wilt thou place me? If thou leavest me this conscious self, 'tis that must create my heaven or my hell. Amidst the waste of a world which thine anger hath destroyed, I can people the silent void with thought. Or wilt thou, in new and untried states, lead me through various misery to nothing? Thou mayest annihilate my being; but whilst this soul is left, will not its freedom and its force remain? 'Tis equal where—I will not shrink from the sufferings of the present; the destiny of Moor shall be fulfilled."

He was silent, he heard the tread of approaching feet, and presently a figure glided before him and knocked at the grated wicket of the tower. The figure said, "Rise, man of sorrow, inhabitant of this tower, thy repast is here." A feeble voice answered

from the dungeon within, "Herman, is it you? Bringest thou, like the prophet's raven, his food to a lingering wretch, that lives by the crumbs which thy pity affords him?" Moor, who had shrunk back in amazement, advanced, and desired the man to stop. It was Herman—who draws his sword, but is instantly disarmed. "What art thou," said the astonished Herman, "whose touch withers like that of death? Art thou the demon of this horrid place; the spirit of this murderous tower?" "I am," said Moor; "the exterminating angel is my name; and yet I have flesh and bones like thee. But what wretch is it in that tower? I will burst his chains." He drew from his pocket the pass keys which his profession employed; he opened the tower; the skeleton figure of a famished wretch crept from the dungeon—"Horrible phantom!" cried the astonished Moor, in a low and terrified voice, "my father?"

It was his father, whom the inhuman Francis (taking advantage of the long fit into which the account of his son's death had thrown him) had buried alive in the dungeon of this tower. When Charles was informed of this, and his other treacheries, by Herman, the penitent associate of his villany, he waked the band, and in the rage of filial revenge, despatched some of the boldest of his troop to force the castle of his brother, and bring him alive before him. The old man was still ignorant of his deliverer's being his son, and waited, terrified and weak, the disclosing of this mystery of justice and of vengeance.

Francis, in the mean time, was tormented with all

the dismay and distraction of awakened remorse. He had started from his bed, and gone into the saloon of the castle, followed by a servant who watched his sleep. Here they were told by a frightened domestic, that a troop of horsemen were approaching at a gallop with terrifying shouts. The count was petrified by his guilty fears, and could not give orders for defence. His followers, however, for a while disputed the passage of the band, and the castle was set on fire. Its master was still more lost in the horrors of his situation; and, after an unavailing request to his servants, to save him from the vengeance of his enemies, by putting him to death, was left alone amidst the approaching flames, wishing to die, yet dreading death, till he hears the thunder of the band at the gate, which shakes, bursts, and the entering foes seize him alive, and carry him off, according to the command of their master.

All the while that Moor and his father were alone upon the heath, Moor was agitated with contending feelings. He often resolved to disclose himself to his father; but the consciousness of his fallen and abandoned state withheld him. When the old man complained that he had now no son to close his eyes, Moor threw himself on the neck of his father, yet was unable to discover that this wretch, this robber, this assassin, was his Charles. At that moment a distant noise is heard, and presently the dim gleam of torches begins to illumine the scene around them; the glare of the light increases; the voices are heard more near; the accustomed music of their triumph is sound-

ed, and the faithful band of Moor, true to their commission, bring the criminal Francis, chained, before his father and his brother.

Moor presented the wretched Francis to his father. The old man was willing to forgive him, but his brother had devoted him to vengeance. He desired the band to lead his father to a remote part of the wood; and then, settling the fury of his revenge into the terrible solemnity of dispassionate justice, he placed his brother in the midst of his fierce associates, and desired them to pronounce sentence on his crime. They consulted some time on an adequate punishment; and then, felicitating themselves on the thought, they threw him into the dungeon in which this barbarous parricide had buried his father. The old man was then brought in. He felt the yearnings of parental affection for his guilty son, and exclaimed against the cruelty of his avengers. Moor threw himself into his arms, and discovered to him his favourite, his Charles. Just then, Amelia, who had escaped from the castle of his brother, entered, and ran to embrace her lover and his father. The father felt all the pleasure of his son and his niece restored, and fondly anticipated the felicity they were to enjoy. But Moor bade them check the expectation of happiness, and look only for desperation and horror. "Your paternal curse," said he, "consigned me to perdition. These men you see are robbers; your son is their chief." The exhausted strength of the old man could not stand the shock; he expired in the arms of his son. His mistress still survived; and though dumb with terror and grief, she

folded him in her arms, and showed the most ardent affection for her Charles. Warm in his love, as in every other feeling, Moor had doated on her to distraction; he forgot himself in her embraces, and for a moment thought he would live and be happy with his Amelia. "Come from her arms," cried one of the boldest of his troop, "or I will speak what shall freeze your blood."

"Think," exclaimed another, while they levelled their pieces at his head, "of your vow to be ours for ever. Ours you are, and neither heaven nor hell shall win you from us." Their voices roused the remembrance of his situation; but his soul was too proud to yield to threats. "You are murderers," said he, "and I am your chief. Down with these arms, and know your master." Awed by the sounds they were accustomed to obey, the banditti lowered their arms. "To be great, Moor must be free. I would not give this triumph for all the elysium of love. (He draws his sword.) Call not that madness, of which your souls want strength to see the grandeur. The greatness of despair is above the ken of wisdom. On actions such as this, reflection must follow, not wisdom pause."

He then plunged his sword into the bosom of Amelia. Struck with the barbarous heroism of the deed, his associates fell at his feet, acknowledged his unparalleled fidelity, and vowed to be his slaves for ever. "No," said he, with a determined and petrifying calmness; "the destiny of Moor is accomplished. Thus far it was in human power to go,

and thus far has he gone; but here his course is closed, and his genius cries out, 'all is consummated'."

He then dismissed his band, except two favourite officers, with an exhortation to use their invincible courage in the service of their country. To these two favourites, whose souls were not so deeply tinctured in blood, he bequeathed his paternal domain, and desired them to leave him, and to devote their future lives to virtue and obedience to the laws. "And I too," said he, "will obey the laws; I will bear the sternest punishment of their decree." And he went and delivered himself up to justice.

BHAZAD THE IMPATIENT.

Bhazad was a prince adorned with every personal accomplishment. His beauty was celebrated by the poets, and became proverbial among the nations of the empire. He was the delight of every circle, and his society was eagerly courted by all. His beauty was, one day, the subject of a conversation which he overheard, unobserved. After it had been highly praised, a person who had been hitherto silent, remarked: "Prince Bhazad is, no doubt, one of the handsomest men in the world. But I know a woman who excels all her own sex in beauty much more than he does ours."

At hearing this remark, prince Bhazad's curiosity

was much more piqued than his pride. He addressed himself secretly to the person who uttered this. "Might one know," said he, "the name of the beauty whom you praise so highly?" "Prince," replied the man, "she is daughter to one of the principal vassals of the Syrian throne; and if every eye is enchanted with the charms of her person, she possesses still superior accomplishments in the qualities of her heart and understanding." These few words made a powerful impression on Bhazad's heart. He could think of nothing but the beauty he had heard so highly extolled, and all his desire was to conquer her heart. The flame by which he was consumed soon impaired his health; he became melancholy, and avoided company. The king, his father, was surprised at the change; he inquired, and learned the cause.

Bhazad, after avowing his passion, was gently reproached by his father, Cyrus, for the reserve he had maintained. "Why," said he, "did you conceal the state of your heart from me? Know you not that I have full authority over the prince whose daughter you desire to espouse? Is it at all doubtful whether he will do himself the honour of accepting our alliance?" Cyrus sent immediately to the father of the young beauty, to ask her for his son. The dowry was soon agreed upon, and was stated at three hundred thousand pieces of gold; but the father of the lady required the celebration of the marriage to be delayed for nine months.

"Nine months without seeing the object of my

wishes!" said the impatient Bhazad to himself; "nine months without possessing her! I can never endure it." He instantly formed a project for obtaining immediate access to the lady of his heart. He mounted the best horse in his stables, furnished himself with some necessary provisions, as well as with a bow, lance, and a scimitar, and set out without further delay. He had not proceeded far from the capital of Syria, when he saw himself attacked by a band of robbers. Awed, however, by the firmness of his countenance, and his martial air, they, instead of attempting to murder after robbing him, as was their usual practice, made him a proposal of a very different sort, and offered him his life, on the condition of his associating himself with them. By the loss of life, Bhazad would lose the enjoyments of love; and yet the profession of a robber was extremely repugnant to his character. He concluded himself, therefore, that it would be most proper to make the robbers acquainted with his condition, his views, and the fatal delay of nine months, which he had not patience to endure. Upon his making this avowal, the captain of the robbers replied, "We will abridge this tedious interval; we know the castle in which the object of your passion lives, and the force which defends it. March you at our head; we will attack it, and you shall find no obstacle to resist our assault. All that we ask of you for this important service is, to enjoy your protection in future, and to be allowed an interval of a few days to prepare for the enterprise."

Bhazad, in his impatience, imagined himself al-

ready in possession of his happiness. All means seemed just that could serve the interests of his passion, and he saw no occasion for delicacy in his choice. Wherefore, without farther deliberation, he continued his journey at the head of the robbers.

They soon met a numerous caravan. The robbers, prompted by their natural propensity to plunder, made a disorderly attack upon it, but were repulsed with the loss of several men killed, and a great number taken prisoners. Among the latter was Bhazad. He was conducted to the capital of the country to which the caravan was journeying. The commander of the caravan, after relating the adventure, presented Bhazad to the king: "This, sir, is a young man who seems to be distinguished from the rest; we beg your majesty to dispose of him at your royal pleasure." The mien of the captive attracted the particular attention of the monarch. "Who are you, young man?" asked the prince. "You have not the appearance of having been born for the abandoned mode of life in which you have been engaged. How did you fall into the hands of the caravan?" Bhazad would not discover himself, least he should disgrace his real name; "Sir," replied he, "do not let my exterior appearance impose upon your majesty; I am not, nor ever was, any other than a robber by profession."

"Your reply," said the king, "is your death warrant. However," said he to himself, "let me not act precipitately; it is just to have some respect to his youth, and to the exterior qualities which distin-

guish him from the rest of his profession. If this young man be only a robber, he deserves punishment; but if he be some child of misfortune who seeks death to escape from the troubles of life, I should become an accomplice in his crime, if I did not stretch out my hand to save him from ruin." Thus spoke the prudent monarch to himself, and ordered Bhazad into close confinement, till he should receive better information concerning his real character and condition.

In the mean time, Cyrus, after a fruitless search for his son through all his own dominions, sent circular letters for the same purpose to all the monarchs of Asia. One came to the sovereign into whose hands Bhazad had fallen. From the description given of him, he was instantly satisfied that the young adventurer, whom he detained in confinement, was no other than the well beloved son of the potent monarch of Syria. What reason had he now to be pleased with himself for the prudence with which he had delayed judging of him from appearances! He sent immediately to the prisoner, to ask his name. "My name is Bhazad," answered the young man. "You are son to king Cyrus; but upon what motives have you been induced to conceal your birth? Had I not been slow to inflict punishment upon you, your silence must have cost you your life; and I should not have been distressed with remorse for treating you as a vile assassin." "Sir," answered Bhazad, after explaining the secret of his elopement from his father's court, "finding myself thus taken among robbers, in whose crimes I

had involuntarily shared, I preferred death to ignominy, that I might not dishonour the illustrious name I bear."

"Son," answered the sage monarch, "you have acted very imprudently. You were in love, and sure of enjoying the object of your desires within a few months. See to what an extremity you have been hurried by rash impatience! Instead of waiting calmly till you could become son-in-law to one of your father's noble vassals, you first abandoned the court of Syria without permission, then exposed yourself rashly to be murdered by the robbers, for the purpose of carrying off your betrothed wife by force of arms. Behold in what a series of crimes you have involved yourself! Repress this impetuosity of passion, and calm your impatience. I shall take measures to hasten your union with the princess whose hand you are so eager to obtain. But as every thing must be conducted in a way which may be suitable to your rank and condition, let us beware of acting with imprudent haste."

After this the prince caused Bhazad to be magnificently arrayed, lodged him in his palace, and admitted him to his table. He wrote to Cyrus that he might make himself easy as to the fate of his son; for that equipages were making ready in order that he might appear with becoming splendour at the court of the prince whose daughter he was to espouse. The impatient Bhazad saw those preparations with pain. They seemed to retard the completion of his happiness. At last the order was given for his depar-

ture. A small army was sent to escort him. The least halt they made by the way seemed an age to the enamoured prince.

Couriers had been despatched to the princess's father to give him notice of his son-in-law's approach. He and his daughter, she having her face covered with a veil, came to the entrance of the castle to receive him. A magnificent apartment was appropriated to his use, adjoining to that of his bride. Every thing had been previously settled between the two fathers. Three days of the nine months were to expire; and the preparations for the marriage were already made. There was nothing but a thin wall, and the space of three days, between Bhazad and his bride; but the wall was a mount Arrarat to him—the three days seemed an eternity. As he took care to have constant information of what was going on, he learned that she was at her toilette, and waited upon by female slaves; her face was unveiled; it would be charming to surprise and contemplate her in this situation. He examined every corner of his apartment, in hopes of finding some means to satisfy his impatience and curiosity; to his misfortune, he discovered a small grated window, and looked through it. An eunuch, who stood centinel at the post, soon observed his prying curiosity, and not knowing who he was, pushed the point of his scimitar against him. It pierced both his eyes at once; he shrieked with the pain, and all his servants hurried round him.

The wounded prince informed them of the cause of his misfortune, and of the motives which had

prompted him to expose himself in such a situation. The unlucky consequence with which it had been attended, now rendered him sensible of his fault. "It was my impatience," replied he sorrowfully. "I slighted the good advice of the king, my benefactor. Within three days I should have seen and possessed the dear object of my wishes. I could not have patience for so short an interval. My eyes, that sought to anticipate the pleasure of seeing her, have been punished by the deprivation of sight."

THE HUMANE HIGHLAND ROBBER.

Not many years after the last rebellion in Scotland, an officer of some distinction was travelling through the Highlands. Barbarous as that part of Scotland still is, it was much more so then. The public roads were scarcely any where perceivable. The people, though originally good natured, were peculiarly inimical to soldiers while the massacre that followed the battle of Culloden was yet recent in their memories.

Thus situated, the officer could not possibly know his way, and it was almost in vain to ask, where he could neither understand nor be understood. To complete his misfortune, there happened to be that day a great fall of snow. He was attended only by a single servant. In such circumstances, they continued their

journey, not doubting but they should perish at last. After wandering in this painful suspense the whole day, they discovered in the dusk of the evening something like a light at a distance. Thither they repaired without hesitation; but when they reached the spot where they expected to find a house, they found themselves at the foot of a tremendous precipice, and the light that had decoyed them still glimmering at an inaccessible height above their heads. In this state of desperation they hallooed with all their might, and were immediately asked by a human voice, what they wanted. They then declared their situation, and only begged to know whether they could hope for any relief. In an instant a man came and desired them to follow him. They did so, but were obliged, though reluctantly, to leave their horses fastened below. They soon arrived, by a zigzag way, at a large cavity in the middle of the rock, and the first sight they saw was a vast pile of faggots lighted up in the centre of a prodigious vacuity. There their guide left them, and returned in a moment from some concealed part in this subterraneous habitation, with above fifty armed men.

At such a formidable and unexpected object, in circumstances otherwise sufficiently perilous, our travellers were greatly and unavoidably startled, when one, who seemed to have the command of the rest, addressed them to this purpose:

"You can be at no loss to guess what we are, from our appearance; but you have nothing to fear. For though we live by what is called violence, we are not

insensible to humanity. Our depredations are never stained with cruelty, and seldom with blood; and those whom necessity has thrown on our care, have never either been treated with barbarity, or suffered to want. We extort a little from those only who can spare it; but rather augment than diminish the property of the poor. We know what we have to expect when we fall into the hands of the rich and powerful, and are resigned to our fate; but we never take advantage of the miserable. Nor is it to distress others, but solely to support ourselves, that we live in this manner. You see our quarters, and shall have all the accommodation they can afford you; and if you can trust us, who have no reason to deceive you, we welcome you to a temporary residence in these adamantine abodes, with the most perfect sincerity. Our fare is homely, but wholesome, and our beds, though coarse, are not infested with vermin. Nor need you be under any concern for your horses; they too shall share our protection and hospitality. We have no hay, but they shall not want for corn and water. Stables we have none, but can shelter them for one night, at least, from the inclemencies of the weather."

This harangue revived the courage of the guests, and they were seasonably presented with a cup of whiskey each, to recover them from the cold and fatigue they had suffered. Their stomachs by this time must have been abundantly keen, and by their own account, they never supped more deliciously in their lives than they did that night, on poultry and fine Highland mutton hastily broiled on the live ashes.

Rest was the next thing of which they stood most in need; and their generous host led them to an inner apartment in the cave, which seemed to be at once their treasury and their magazine. Their two sacks of heath were by his orders brought in, and put on end, with its crop uppermost. Then a rope was fastened about the whole to keep it together. On this simple contrivance, which formed a most delicious sofa, they laid themselves down.

The officer had some notes of value about him, and above twenty guineas in gold, besides a very handsome gold watch, and other costly trinkets; but as he expected they would search him for his money, he did not attempt to conceal any thing. Their host either discovered or suspected their timidity, and offered himself to be their guard. They dissuaded him as much as possible; but he told them plainly, that unless he kept himself constantly by them, he could not be answerable for the conduct of his companions.

He therefore slept by them on the bare rock the whole night. In the morning they found themselves thus alone with him, and every thing as they left it in the evening, save that of the whole fifty men they saw, not one was now visible but the head of the gang. Another fire of wood was instantly lighted up, and, as he told them they had near twenty miles to ride before they could find any provisions for themselves or horses, they were prevailed on to partake very heartily of cheese and whiskey ere they set out.

He then produced their horses, who had been well fed, and were in charming spirits. He likewise in-

sisted on putting them on a road where they might be in no farther danger of losing their way. On this the servant was ordered to dismount and give him his horse; but he chose rather to walk, and told them, he could easily keep up with them. At their parting—"Sir," said the officer, "we are struck at the whole of your conduct, from first to last, with equal admiration and gratitude. We have been treated like princes, where we expected our throats were to be cut. It is not in my power sufficiently to reward your generosity; but here is a small purse of guineas, which is all the ready cash I have about me. I can very well spare it, and shall think myself honoured by your acceptance of it. I am only sorry it is not more for your sake."

"Look'e sir," said the highwayman, "you now see our way of life. The fellows you saw are all trusty and tried. We go to a free market for whatever we want. In such a situation, money can be no object to us: though if it were, know that sergeant Moore is above being hired to do what his heart tells him is right." "Are you sergeant Moore?" exclaimed the officer. "I am." "Why, your name is a terror to the whole country round." "It is." "Do you know that a reward is offered for you, dead or alive?" "I do." "Why then do you trust yourself alone with two armed men?" "To show that my heart is a stranger to fear." He then drew his sword, and leaning on it gently, "Sir," said he, "I was born a gentleman, and have lived a clown. Early misfortunes obliged me to conceal my name and family, and en-

list in the army. My conduct there attracted the attention of my superiors, but I had not interest to rise higher than a halbert, and was discharged with the regiment in which I served. This way of life was then imposed on me by necessity. It is likely I shall be made an example to deter others from the same clandestine practices: all I ask, when you hear of my death, whether public or private, is, that you remember you once owed your life to him who never took one but in the cause of his country, when he fought for his king, and exposed his own. Farewell."

THE PROGRESS OF VICE.

Young Davis was the son of a reputable tradesman in the city of London. He received an education calculated to accomplish him both for commercial and polite life: his genius was brilliant, and his disposition tender. With these advantages, he became the indulged favourite of his parents. His vices were liberal and splendid: they wore a pleasing form, and therefore escaped censure. In the morning of life, it was not considered how much they would cloud the evening: happily for his parents, they died, not thinking of the dangers which awaited their darling child. They left him in the possession of a genteel fortune, which they hoped he would improve by business; but his genius and education, while they made him acquainted with the useful arts,

had given him a superior relish for those which are pleasing and elegant. He had never yet wanted money, and was insensible of its value: his fortune dazzled his eyes, and bewildered his judgment; he thought it sufficient to purchase for him a continuance of enjoyments. Trade was beneath his talents; and pleasure, in every alluring form, invited him to her courts; the syren song prevailed, and ruin pressed on with hasty steps. His father's stock was sold, and young Davis commenced gentleman; he was suited to the character in every respect but the possession of wealth. Thus qualified, he procured admission to the best of company. As he kept pace with these in manners, he was necessarily obliged to keep pace with them in expense. Like them, he gamed; and like them, he became the prey of sharpers: his ignorance was their gain; his honesty their security; and his generosity their abuse. A disposition, tender and gentle as his was, naturally was susceptible of the charms of beauty. The harlot, whom man had betrayed from happiness and peace, sought an object of revenge, and found a fit one in young Davis.

Thus attacked by imposition on one side, and deceit on the other, his fortune declined apace. He saw impending danger, and endeavoured to avoid it, but in vain. Prudence had quitted the helm; the bark was left to the guidance of pleasure; and though a wreck was not immediate, it was inevitable. To avoid further injury by play, Davis deserted the gaming table: to protect him from the snares of

prostituted beauty, he married; the measure was wise, but ill timed. The fatal die was already cast. He chose a partner to please his fancy. Generosity forbade every idea of interest; a sentiment so noble, at an earlier period, would have ensured his happiness; but he had roved at large too long; variety had been courted, and soon regained the heart of her old admirer. Davis strayed from the path of connubial duty; he was convinced of the injustice of his conduct; and he could not bear to receive the caresses of a woman he was daily loading with injuries. Though no upbraidings fell from her tongue, millions were suggested by his own conscience. To avoid a lesser, he rushed into a greater evil; he abandoned his wife, and sought a wretched asylum in the arms of those who hardly could receive an additional wrong. The small remains of his fortune they quickly dissipated. What was now to be done? That, at which his gentle heart revolted: he was now to turn villain. He had been half ruined by the foul play of others; and now he must resort to foul play himself, in order to procure a miserable subsistence. Being possessed of a genteel figure and address, he was readily admitted into the fraternity of professional gamesters. He had fatally learnt the principles of play, and was only to be instructed in its vile arts; of these he soon became an approved master. His own losses gave a specious air of justice to the recovery of them by the same means that had occasioned their privation. For some time success attended this dishonest plan; but pigeons at length did not fly every

day, and appearances must be maintained. A gamester is a gentleman, and the vices of a gentleman must be dignified with the appellation of honourable; what means then that are honourable can a distressed gamester resort to? The road points out itself directly: a highwayman is an honourable character. This character poor Davis with horror assumed; his whole frame trembled when preparing the dreadful instruments of terror and of death; but he flattered himself that they need only to be prepared. Alas! once plunged in guilt, we know not whither it will lead: corruption of morals induces us to commit inferior crimes, and self preservation prompts us to perpetrate greater for their concealment. Thus it was with young Davis; when he went out, he shuddered at the very thoughts of murder—before he returned, he was involved in the guilt of it. A disregard to the property of his neighbour was quickly followed by the sacrifice of his life. The gentleman he robbed resisted his attack; to effectuate his purpose, and obtain a temporary safety, he therefore shot him, rifled his pockets, and escaped; he fled for secrecy and security to the apartment of his Dalilah; here, while property remained, he was concealed; when it was expended, his faithless harlot gave information of him for the sake of a share in the reward given as the price of his blood. He was apprehended, tried, convicted, and as a murderer, ordered for speedy execution. Sensible of the magnitude of his guilt, he murmured not at the dreadful sentence. Death came as a kind relief, though in a

disgraceful form. The blessing of life appeared to him as a curse, inasmuch as he had basely torn it from a fellow creature. With these awful reflections he entered his dreary cell; he had not been there long, when the massy door opened, and presented to his affrighted view his injured and deserted wife—not come to censure and condemn, but to pity and to soothe his sorrows; for a while her tender purpose was resisted—her presence planted new thorns in the bosom of her guilty and afflicted husband, but her forgiveness plucked them out again, and healed his wounds. The dreadful moment of their earthly separation arrived—the last mutual embrace was given—the big tear burst down his manly cheek, while female fortitude struggled to conceal the sympathetic pearl that would have rent the soul of him for whom it rose. The jailor, whose rude feelings were softened by the scene, led the beauteous mourner from the prison, and warned the captive of the approaching hour of death: he ascended the cart with resolution tempered by decency. In his way to the fatal tree, his crimes were forgotten, his penitence admired, and his sufferings pitied.

The cart drew away, and poor Davis fled to the mercy of his Father. May his misfortunes preserve the virtuous in the wisdom of their ways, and draw the vicious from the paths of destruction.

BOUNTY REWARDED, OR THE WORTHY SOLDIER.

A French soldier had obtained a furlough to see his friends. One evening he was trudging along with his knapsack on his back, rich in honour and courage, but with a pocket of the lightest; yet, notwithstanding, singing one of his old songs with that air of gayety and ease, which, under the most penurious circumstances, is peculiar to his thoughtless profession.

In this merry mood he met a clergyman, whom he soon conjectured to be the vicar of some village, and whom he instantly conceived, moreover, to be a good man. Nor was he mistaken: there was an air of benignity in this clergyman that bespoke an excellent heart; and a careless frankness in our honest soldier, that prepossessed one in favour of his. The conversation (for two Frenchmen are never at a loss for conversation) turned at first on the military profession; and the good vicar was delighted to see the animation and loyalty which appeared in every gesture and every speech of the gallant veteran. At length, on the point of parting, the soldier said, "How happy is your reverence! You do not seem to be thirsty, while I am absolutely choked; I have travelled so many miles to day." "If your way lies through my village, I will give you some refreshment. I have some tolerable good wine; and there, to the left beyond those trees, is my snug little parsonage." "Thank you, sir,

for all your civilities; but I am obliged to take the direct contrary way; I must be at my journey's end as soon as possible. However, I will not conceal it, some good wine would rejoice my eyes exceedingly. And why should I be ashamed to confess it? You seem to be so worthy a clergyman; our pay is so very poor! Ah, please your reverence, a livre would make me as rich as Crœsus."

The vicar put the livre into his hands. "There, my honest friend, I give it with pleasure; drink my health with it." "Heaven bless your reverence! On the faith of a grenadier, you are more generous than a king. Adieu, sir, good night, and a thousand thanks." They then parted, the grateful soldier continually repeating, "O, what a good clergyman! What a good clergyman is that."

The vicar, on his part, felt the most sensible pleasure in this adventure. He admired the blunt frankness and apparent sensibility of the soldier, and, on a sudden, he took a notion to rejoin him. "Comrade," said he, as he came near him, "return me that livre!" "What! your reverence, do you repent of making a poor devil happy? But here it is—I did not extort it." The vicar received it, and giving him a crown piece in its stead, "This trifle was not worth having; I have thought better of it." "A crown, your reverence! a crown! Do you mean to tempt me? I assure you that livre was sufficient." "But it was not sufficient for me," replied the good natured vicar; "pray accept this trifle, and you will greatly oblige me."

It is impossible to express the variety of sensations by which our pedestrian hero was overpowered. Nor could his worthy benefactor forbear from expressing how much he was affected with the exquisite sensibility which this humble and uncultivated mind displayed. In every gesture, in every word, there was that conciseness, yet pathetic eloquence of expression, which nature teaches, and which no refinement can surpass. Their mutual satisfaction, it may be imagined, could scarce admit of being heightened. The poor veteran, who now thought himself as rich as Crœsus, was the happiest of men; and the generous ecclesiastic, whose income was far from affluent, yet who felt himself not the poorer from this bounty, enjoyed a felicity which none but the virtuous and the good can feel. They parted once more. "O, the excellent man!" said the soldier, when he found himself alone: "after having obliged me my own way, to come after me again and oblige me still more! The good vicar! May he live a hundred years."

The soldier had made some progress in his journey, when he found that the village where he had proposed to lodge that night was still so very distant, that after all, it would be much better to turn toward that which the vicar had pointed out, and take up his quarters there.

One would be tempted here to imagine that vigilant and invisible Providence, which the ancients call destiny, had determined the soldier to change his purpose, and to repair to the village in which this

benevolent vicar lived. If we explore the pages of history, we shall find numberless examples of that protecting power, which seems, as it were, to create miracles for our preservation; and what is more astonishing, the ingratitude of man is such, that he is either insensible to this heavenly interposition, or regards it with an indifference equally unwise and culpable.

Conducted then by the kind hand of guardian genius, the soldier directs his steps toward his benefactor's village. Attentive at this moment to economy, he enters a wretched ale-house. "Comrade," said he, "bring me a pint of wine; and hark ye, let it be the best. I am intolerable thirsty." The landlord placed him at the same table with three honest peasants, who were conversing with great volubility. "Sit down here," said one of the peasants; "you will not be too much; we love gentlemen of your cloth: they serve the king, and fight for us." Then turning to his companions, "I tell thee, Claude, he is the jewel of men! Did you observe with what good judgment he judged in that there affair of Gaffer Matthew? And you, Nicholas, do you remember what care he took of the poor family of Robert that's dead and gone, and how he cried over them?" "Ah," said Christopher, "he is one that does as he says, and so I gets his sermons almost by heart." "My good friends," interrupted the soldier, tossing off a large bumper of wine, "you are praising some honest fellow; may I know who he is?" "Mr. officer, it is our vicar." "Your vicar, and all that you

say is true?" "True what! we han't yet said half enough. There isn't his fellow upon earth. Hark ye, would you believe it, we han't had a single law-suit since he has been in the parish. He is the best creature in the world!" "My good friend," again interrupted the soldier, "give me your hand. Do you know what pleasure you have just given me? You praise a man who has obliged me like a prince. And I could put to death that man that could only think of hurting him." He then related, and he could scarce refrain from tears, how good the vicar had been to him. "Had you seen him," said he, "turn back to give me a crown. Here it is—I wont carry it away. Comrades, we will sup together, on condition that we all drink his health."

He instantly orders the landlord to spread a supper on the table; and the conversation continues: "Hark ye my friends, I have just thought of it; I cannot leave this place without having visited the good vicar; I am not satisfied with myself; I have not thanked him enough. But it is now late; I shall sleep here to-night, and to-morrow morning early I will go and see him." "And why not this evening, Mr. Soldier? The visits of such brave fellows as you are always acceptable. I'll answer for it, he will give you both supper and lodging with all his soul. Poor man! he has some rascals of nephews that torment him, and are for getting whatever they can from him." "They torment him; let him turn them over to me: I'd manage them. I'll go then this instant to the good vicar; but I scarce know my way." The three

peasants, with one voice, offered to be his guides; the reckoning is discharged, and they all set out; the conversation on the way turning continually upon the excellent character and actions of their common benefactor.

They arrive at the door of the parsonage house; they knock, and they knock again. No answer is returned: not the slightest noise is heard. "What," said one of the peasants, "can be the meaning of this? I don't half like it." They now knock with great violence; but all is silent still; and even the great dog is not heard to bark. Their fears increase; "This is very singular; he is always at home at this hour; we must absolutely make somebody hear." "They won't open it, my friends, I know an excellent way to enter: we must burst open the door." The soldier instantly applied to this work; the door soon yielded to his efforts; he enters the first; with what an object is he struck! A man hanging upon a beam; he runs to him; he recollects the good vicar; it is impossible to express his agitation: he perceives some signs of life: he quickly cuts the rope: he takes him in his arms; he revives him. "I hear a noise," said he, "shut the door; take care of this good man, and I'll do justice to the wretches that have treated him thus."

He perceives the dog killed; he goes up stairs into the vicar's apartment, and he there finds three wretches endeavouring to conceal themselves. Finding themselves discovered, they took the resolution to fall upon the soldier with daggers in their hands.

"Wretches!" said he, undaunted by numbers, "and is it thus you have treated the good vicar?" With these words, he lost no time; he killed one of the assassins, he seized the two others, and after severely wounding one of them, brought them below. The poor vicar was by this time recovered; "My nephews!" he exclaimed, "and oh, my good deliverer!" "Your nephews! the monsters! I will instantly deliver them over to the *marchause*." In vain the forgiving uncle implored compassion for his guilty nephews. The whole village had now gathered to the spot; the assassins were delivered over to the hands of justice, and suffered the punishment due to their atrocious crime.

The vicar would not permit his deliverer to leave him. "My gratitude," says he, "is inexpressible: you are my friend, my relation, my all. My whole life is yours; you have rescued me from death, and we will never part."

The good man hastened to purchase the discharge of the worthy soldier, and they ever after lived together. The vicar never recollected this happy meeting with him, without adoring the superintending providence of God; and the soldier, released from the hard fare of a military life, had the satisfaction of seeing a thousand good actions, that endeared to him still more and more the best of men, the virtuous vicar of ———.

EUGENIO;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A SOLDIER.

I NEED not tell you, that the campaign of 1757 was not very glorious to the British arms. The first considerable action in which I partook was very inauspicious. I carried a pair of colours under the Duke of Cumberland, when he lost the battle of Hastenback, against the Marshal d'Etrees. Little anxious about my life, and disdaining to fly, I kept my ground in the midst of a close body of Hanoverians, who made a desperate stand in defence of my colours. The blood I lost from a wound I received in my thigh, made me tumble upon the bodies of those brave men who had fallen by my side; and, even in this condition, when death seemed inevitable, my mind ran back to that ominous incident of my playful years, when, holding fast my mock banner to my little bosom, I fell breathless at the back of my father's garden. A wound which I now received on the back of my head with the stroke of a sabre, rendered me perfectly insensible to all the horrors which passed around me; and, when I recovered my faculties, I perceived that night was fast coming on; that the engagement was over; and that I had been left for dead on the field, amidst a heap of bodies, which formed a kind of rampart around me. My hat had so far defended me, that the blow on my head had

only occasioned a large contusion, which, added to the loss of blood from my other wound, made it difficult for me to raise myself.

By exerting the very utmost of my little strength, I crept along to the distance of about a mile from the place where I had lain, when I heard, amidst the gloomy silence of the night, the sound of a horse's hoofs behind me. I had forgotten the plume in my hat, which was conspicuous enough to discover me at a considerable distance; and the horseman, directed, I suppose, by this mark, came up with me in a few seconds, on the gallop. He had a drawn sabre in his hand, from which I patiently expected my death, as I leaned against the trunk of a miserable pollard, in the midst of the heath. He accosted me in the German; but, upon my answering in English, he told me, in my own language, that he was a Hanoverian captain, who had been compelled to fly with his troop, after receiving a wound from a musket shot in the shoulder. He invited me to accompany him to a light, which he distinguished at about a mile's distance. I assured him, however, that I was unable to proceed any further; and, wishing he might repose that night in a safe asylum, desired to be left where I was, to finish my existence. This humane person, however, persuaded me, after many entreaties, to suffer myself to be raised on his horse, which carried us to the house where the light had been perceived.

As soon as I was taken off the horse, I became insensible through weakness, and was carried fainting

to bed. It was morning before I came to the possession of my faculties, when I saw my companion and preserver sitting by my bed side, and expressing in his looks the tenderest concern for my situation. My wounds had been dressed, and I was every way so recovered, as to be able to converse with him, which, as soon as he perceived, he took me by the hand, and addressed me thus: "Let it support you, my dear sir, to be assured that you are here under the kindest and most hospitable roof that the sun shines upon; and the people to whom we are indebted for such a seasonable relief, are some of the best, if not the wealthiest, on earth. But if you, sir, have reason to rejoice, how supremely happy ought I to consider myself, not because my life has been preserved, for that is no high price, but because, in this place I have recovered that for which I most should wish to live—the best and most affectionate of wives. My poor Matilda would follow me yesterday to the camp in spite of my persuasions: I would fain have lodged her in the garrison at Hamelen; but a something which she had dreamed a week before, had made such a gloomy impression on her spirits, that she would not part from me till we took the field against the enemy. Having heard that I was among the slain, she betook herself last night to this little cottage, which is always open to misfortune, determined to search the field over as soon as it was light, for the body of her husband, to wash its wounds with her tears, and, perhaps, to lay down her life by its side. You may imagine, sir, what a delicious interview we have had, and how we have wept for joy in each other's arms."

As he spoke thus the door opened, and the lady in question entered the apartment with something which she said was for my breakfast. What blood was in my body at this moment rushed into my cheeks. "Alas! sir," said she, perceiving my embarrassment, "be not confused at seeing me thus employed; I am never happier than when I am administering to a sick soldier; it has been my occupation for years. I have been my poor husband's surgeon and nurse through seven campaigns, and God knows with what heart-felt joy I have many times torn my clothes to bind up the wounds of brave gentlemen in the field of battle."

As she spoke thus, I raised my head to contemplate this uncommon person. Her form I could not judge of, for she had on a kind of military coat, buckled round her waist with a soldier's belt, but her face wore every mark of an extraordinary character: alas! it still lives, and breathes, and speaks in my imagination.

Every feature in the face I was now contemplating was bold, and would have been masculine, were it not for a certain dimpled expression about the mouth, which sent forth innumerable graces over the whole countenance. She was a native of a Danish island in the West-Indies; indeed, nothing could be less German than the cast of her features; her hair was nearly black. Her husband was a young man, every way worthy of her, and the truest soldier I ever beheld. His looks were full of spirit, tempered with an extraordinary gravity; his deportment solemn and

taciturn; his make uncommonly robust; his face not handsome, but dignified and benevolent; he had little hair on his head, but profusion of it in his whiskers, under which, however, his mouth was well shaped and expressive, and his teeth delicately white. When on horseback and equipped for the field, he was the most martial figure in the whole army. His element was the camp, and he always seemed most possessed and collected in the moment of greatest peril. A thousand times have I seen him weep at the commonest tales of distress, and at such as the chances of battle were continually presenting before his eyes; and then, in a minute after, rush like a lion into the thickest of the fight, whence he would often return with the enemy's colours in his hands.

We remained about a month under this kind roof; in the mean time I was perfectly cured of my wound. One day, as we walked round the territory of our poor host, my companion and preserver thus addressed me: "I am happy beyond measure, Eugenio, that our care has been so completely rewarded by the restoration of your health. You have doubtless seen enough of military life to be heartily weary of such a course of danger and hardship. You have too, most certainly, dear friends, who wish for your return; and you have abilities to shine in a more peaceful profession. I am a soldier, and nothing else: my home is the camp, and my wife, who is my only friend, attends me wherever I go. It is my determination to follow the army of the magnanimous king of Prussia, whose virtue I venerate, and who will reward my exertions in

his service. My wife and myself always carry our fortune about with us. We have enough to enable you to travel homewards with comfort, and to reward this poor cottager for his kind reception of us besides." This was the first sensation, resembling joy, which I felt for a length of time. My colour, however, rose in my face, to think that so noble a friend should imagine me capable of deserting him. I strained him to my bosom with sincere delight, and assured him that nothing should induce me to leave him, while I thought my company would give him pleasure, or render him service. It was determined, then, between us, to set out in a fortnight for the Prussian army. In the mean time, Matilda's health declined, and a cold which she had caught in the offices of humanity had fixed upon her lungs. It was with the greatest difficulty we persuaded her to remain where she was, till the conclusion of the next campaign. My friend left the greatest part of the little money he possessed, between Matilda and the poor cottager and his wife, and, on the 15th of October, disguised as peasants, we bent our course towards the place where the Prussian troops, under the command of their illustrious monarch, lay encamped.

The valour of my friend was sufficiently known to procure him a welcome reception; and we were both in time to participate in the victory of Rosbach, which happened on the 5th of November following. It is unnecessary to relate the particulars of this battle; it is enough to say, that my companion and myself, the one pushed on by his mettle and courage, the other

urged by desperation, drew the attention of the sovereign and his whole army upon us, in the conduct of that memorable day. We followed the fortunes of this gallant prince through a course of splendid victories, till, at the siege of Olmutz, a fatal stop was put to our career.

We were taking too close a view of the enemy's works, when my friend received a mortal wound, and fell by my side. What my feelings were at such a crisis I leave you to imagine. He had applied his handkerchief to the wound; and as I knelt down to receive his last breath, he laid upon me, with a voice scarcely audible, this melancholy command:—"Take from my bosom my handkerchief steeped in my blood; carry it to my wife—it is the token agreed upon between us; and when she sees that, she will know I am dead, and what is more, that I died an honourable death. It will, moreover, save you, my dear friend, a painful recital. You will find my pocket book about me; carry it likewise to her, and take care of that excellent woman." With that he clasped my hand, and died without agony or distortion.

I will hurry over the succeeding events as briefly as possible; it will be to spare both you and myself. The body of my friend was bathed with unsuborned tears. Not a brother officer approached it, who did not bestow upon it this testimony of sorrow; and the monarch himself was melted at the fatal intelligence. I stayed only to see him put into his grave, with such military pomp as became a brave soldier, and such honourable grief as belongs to a virtuous

man; and having obtained permission of my general, set out on my melancholy errand with the fatal gift in my bosom. It may be as well to mention, that before I quitted the army of his Prussian majesty, I was complimented with the order of merit, and a present of three hundred ducats. No event that is worthy a relation happened to me during my journey.

I passed over the scene of my first campaign, near Hestenbeck, till I came to the miserable pollard on the heath, where I first met my poor companion and preserver. Here a crowd of wretched ideas rushed into my mind. The wind seemed to sigh as it passed me, the night was dreary and starless, and every thing was just in the same order as when I leaned against the self same tree, fainting with my wounds, and disposing myself for death. Again I seemed to hear the sound of horses hoofs; again to see the lifted sabre; again I thought I heard, in the hollow breezes as they passed me, the comforting voice of my departed friend; till at length my fancy was so worked upon by my feelings, that I thought several times I saw his spirit move before me. I raised my eyes and beheld the same light gleaming from the cottage where the poor Matilda was left. My legs scarce supported me till I reached the door.

How shall I describe the scene which succeeded! The fewest words will do it best. Matilda lay on her poor mattress, the prey of that disorder which had seized her the week before our departure. She could hardly raise her languid head; but when she did, it was to recognise me, with a look so piercing

tender, that I thought I must have died ere I could expose the fatal token. As I fell on my knees, to bathe her hand with my tears, the bloody handkerchief dropped out of my bosom upon the bed. When I saw what was done, my eyes fastened trembling upon hers, where, however, I could perceive but little emotion. It was too late—her pulse was fluttering—her hand was convulsed—surely death never was so kind as now. She drew, however, the handkerchief to her, and could just articulate—"Bury it with me!" Poor Matilda! It was indeed buried with thee, but not till it was as wet with my tears as it had been with thy husband's blood. Alas! how often has it been my fate to follow the virtuous to the grave! but heaven's will be done! it will be reward enough, if one virtuous man shall weep over Eugenio's tomb.

DESCRIPTION OF A DINNER,

Given to Mr. Umphraville, (a humourist,) by his cousin Mr. Bearskin.

When we entered Mr. Bearskin's drawing-room, we found his wife sitting with her three daughters ready to receive us. It was easy to see by the air of the lady, that she was perfectly mistress of the house, and that her husband was only a secondary person there. He seemed, however, contented with his situation, and an admirer of his wife; a sort of lap

dog husband, (of whom I have seen many,) who looks sleek, runs about briskly, and though he now and then gets a kick from his mistress, is as ready to play over his tricks again as ever.

Mr. Bearskin, after many expressions of his happiness in seeing his cousin in his new house, proposed walking us down stairs again, to begin showing it from the ground story upwards. Umphraville, though I saw him sweating at the idea, was ready to follow his conductor, when we were saved by the interposition of the lady, who uttered a "Pshaw! Mr. Bearskin," with so significant a look that her husband instantly dropped his design, saying, to be sure there was not much worth seeing, though he could have wished to have shown his cousin his study, which he thought was tolerably clever. "I thought, papa," said the eldest of the misses, "it was not quite in order yet." "Why, not altogether," replied the father; "I have not been able to get up my heads, as Pope has lost an ear, and Homer the left side of his beard, by the carelessness of a packer: and I want about three feet and a half of folios for my lowest shelf." "I don't care if there was not a folio in the world," rejoined miss. "Child!" said her mother, in a tone of rebuke. Miss bridled up, and was silent; I smiled; Umphraville walked to the window, and wiped his forehead.

Bearskin now pulled out his watch, and telling the hour, said, "He wondered his friend Mr. Blubber was not come, as he was generally punctual to a minute." While he spoke, a loud rap at the door

announced the expected company; and presently Mr. Blubber, his wife, a son, and two daughters, entered the room. The first had on an old fashioned pompadour coat, with gold buttons, and very voluminous sleeves, his head adorned by a large major wig, with curls as white and as stiff as if they had been cast in plaister of paris; but the females, and the heir of the family, were dressed in the very height of the mode. Bearskin introduced the old gentleman to his cousin, Mr. Umphraville: "Mr. Blubber, sir, a very particular friend of mine, (and turning to me with a whisper,) worth four score thousand pounds, if he's worth a farthing." Blubber said he feared he had kept us waiting; but that his wife and daughters had got under the hands of the hair dresser, and he verily thought he would never have done with them. The ladies were too busy to reply to this accusation; they had got into a committee of inquiry on Mr. Edward Blubber's waistcoat, which had been tamboured, it seems, by his sisters, and was universally declared to be *monstrous handsome.* The young man himself seemed to be highly delighted with the reflection of it in the mirror that stood opposite to him. "Isn't it vastly pretty, sir," said one of the young ladies to Umphraville? "Ma'am!" said he, starting from a reverie, in which I saw, by his countenance, he was meditating on the young gentleman and his waistcoat in no very favourable manner. I read her countenance, too; she thought Umphraville just the fool he did her brother.

Dinner was now announced, and the company, af-

ter some ceremony, got into their places at the table, in the centre of which, stood a sumptuous epargne, filled, as Bearskin informed us, with the produce of his farm. This joke, which, I suppose, was as regular as the grace before dinner, was explained to the ignorant to mean, that the sweetmeats came from a plantation in one of the West India islands, in which he had a concern. The epargue itself now produced another dissertation from the ladies, and, like the waistcoat, was also pronounced monstrous handsome. Blubber, taking his eye half off a plate of salmon, to which he had just been helped, observed, "That it would come to a handsome price too; sixty ounces, I'll warrant it," said he; "but as the plate tax is now repealed, it will cost but the interest in keeping." "La! papa," said Miss Blubber, "you are always thinking of the money, things cost." "Yes," added her brother, "tables of interest are an excellent accompaniment for a dessert." At this speech all the ladies laughed very loud. Blubber said he was an impudent dog, but seemed to relish his son's wit, notwithstanding. Umphraville looked sternly at him; and, had not a glance of his waistcoat set him down as something beneath a man's anger, I don't know what consequences might have followed. During the rest of the entertainment, I could see the fumes of fool and coxcomb on every morsel that Umphraville swallowed, though Mrs. Bearskin, next to whom he sat, was at great pains to help him to the nice bits of every thing within her reach.

When dinner was over, Mr. Blubber mentioned his

design of making a tour through the Highlands, to visit Stirling, Taymouth, and Dunkeld; and, applying to our landlord for some description of these places, was by him referred to Mr. Umphraville and me. Mr. Umphraville was not in a communicative mood; so I was obliged to assure Mr. Blubber, who talked with much uncertainty and apprehension of these matters, that he would find beds and bed-clothes, meat for himself, and corn for his horses, at the several places above-mentioned; that he had no dangerous seas to cross in getting at them, and that there were no highwaymen upon the road.

After this there was a considerable interval of silence, and we were in danger of getting once more upon Mr. Edward's fine waistcoat, when Mr. Bearskin, informing the company that his cousin was a great lover of music, called on his daughter, Miss Polly, for a song; with which, after some of the usual apologies, she complied; and, in compliment to Mr. Umphraville's taste, who she was sure must like Italian music, she sung, or rather squalled, a song of Sacchini's, in which there was scarcely one bar in tune from the beginning to the end. Miss Blubber said, in her usual phraseology, that it was a *monstrous* sweet air—Her brother swore it was divinely sung—Umphraville gulped down a falsehood with a very bad grace, and said, Miss would be a good singer with a little more practice; a compliment which was not more distant from truth on one side, than from Miss's expectations on the other, and I could plainly perceive, did not set him forward in the favour of the family.

"My father is a judge of singing too," said Mr. Edward Blubber; "what is your opinion of the song, sir?" "My opinion is," said he, "that your Italianas always set me asleep; English ears should have English songs, I think." "Then, suppose one of the ladies should give us an English song," said I. "'Tis a good motion," said Mr. Bearskin, "I second it; Miss Betsy Blubber sings an excellent English song." Miss Betsy denied stoutly that she ever sung at all; but evidence being produced against her, she, at last, said she would try if she could make out *The Maid's Choice.* "Ay, ay, Betsy," said her father, "a very good song, I have heard it before:

"————————if I could but find,
I care not for fortune, [umph!] a man to my mind."

Miss Betsy began the song accordingly, and to make up for her want of voice, accompanied it with a great deal of action. Either from the accident of his being placed opposite to her, or from a sly application to his state as an old bachelor, she chose to personify the maid's choice in the figure of Umphraville, and pointed the description of the song particularly at him. Umphraville, with all his dignity, his abilities, and his knowledge, felt himself uneasy and ridiculous under this silly allusion of a ballad; he blushed, attempted to laugh, blushed again, and still looked with that awkward importance which only the more attracted the ridicule of the fools around him. Not long after, the ladies retired; and no persuasion of his cousin could induce him to stay the evening,

or even to enter the drawing-room where they were assembled at tea.

"Thank heaven!" said Umphraville, when the door was shut, and we had got fairly into the street. "Amen!" I replied, smiling, "for our good dinner and excellent wine." "How the devil, Charles," said he, "do you contrive to bear all this nonsense with the composure you do?" "Why, I have often told you, my friend, that our earth is not a planet fitted up only for the reception of wise men. Your Blubbers and Bearskins are necessary parts of the system; they deserve the enjoyments they are capable of feeling; and I am not sure if he who suffers from his own superiority, does not deserve his sufferings."

SLAVERY.

"DISGUISE thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery, still thou art a bitter draught: and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. There are no slaves in heaven!" said my uncle, shutting up the book, after he had fetched a deep sigh. The thought seemed to ease the good man's mind.—He took out his tobacco box and began to fill his pipe.—His countenance wore a brighter aspect, and he seemed willing to change the subject of conversation to some topic less painful. But his antagonist could not let him rest in peace. "There are no slaves in heaven!" echoed he,

"what then will become of the negroes?" "They will be our equals, I should suppose, or our superiors," said my uncle. "They will!" exclaimed his antagonist; "a fine place heaven will be indeed! What, the negroes be our equals! I should rather choose to go to hell than to heaven, if that is likely to be the case." "You may, perhaps, have your choice," said my uncle. "A negro, if he acts his part faithfully on the stage of life, has as good a right to Heaven as his master, even if his master should act his part well; and if his master behaves cruel, haughty, and morose to his servants, I think a faithful slave has the fairest title; and shall, if the scriptures are true, be exalted, while his master shall be debased. I should never be content to be a slave myself," continued my uncle—"Until I can reconcile myself to a state of slavery, I cannot think it justifiable for me to make a slave of a fellow creature, endowed with faculties and feelings similar to my own." "But," said his antagonist, "must we keep no slaves? Surely we may be allowed to keep them if we use them well. Slavery has been allowed and permitted in all ages of the world. The Israelites were allowed to keep slaves; the Romans kept slaves; and I see no reason why we should not keep them; it is better for the negroes to be slaves than to be free; they are not capable of taking care of themselves."

My uncle lit his pipe. "The children of Israel," said he, "were a stiff-necked and a hard-hearted people. Moses, because of the hardness of their hearts, suffered them to put away their wives; and it may be

on that account that he suffered them to keep slaves. Other nations, it is true, have kept slaves; they have likewise practised many other vices and cruelties, but they have not altered the nature of them—Murder and adultery are still heinous crimes, although practised more or less by every nation since the world began. To keep a person in slavery is, in my opinion, a crime; and the repetition of the crime can never lessen the guilt; nor will the punishment be mitigated on account of the guilty. As to your doctrine, that the negroes are incapable of taking care of themselves, I cannot believe it to be true; I believe we had better let them try to take care of themselves before we undertake to take care of them." My uncle ended his harangue—his antagonist made no reply—I took my hat and bid them a good night. "There are no slaves in heaven," said I, as I walked homeward. Do the slave-holders ever think of heaven? Or if they think of heaven, do they consider who is like to inhabit there? Or if they think of these things, do they wish or expect to inhabit there themselves? If they do, I am sure they must lead miserable lives, even in this world: what will be their situation in the next, is not my business to guess.

FILIAL PIETY.

We set out from Glasgow by the way of Lanerk, the county town of Clydesdale, in the neighbour-

hood of which, the whole river Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and stupendous cascade. Next day we were obliged to halt in a small borough, until the carriage, which had received some damage, should be repaired; and here we met with an incident which warmly interested the benevolent spirit of Mr. Bramble. As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, genteely, though plainly dressed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold laced hat upon his head. Alighting and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the streets, and accosted him in these words: "This is hard work for such an old man as you;" so saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement. After a few strokes, "Have you ever a son," said he, "to ease you of this labour?" "Yes, and please you," replied the senior, "I have three hopeful lads, but at present they are out of the way." "Honour not me," cried the stranger, "it more becomes me to honour your gray hairs. Where are those sons you talk of." The ancient paver said "his eldest son was a captain in the East Indies; and the youngest had lately enlisted as a soldier, in hopes of prospering like his brother." The gentleman desired to know what was become of the second; he wiped his eyes, and owned he had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in prison hard by.

The traveller made three quick steps toward the

jail, then turning, "Tell me," said he, "has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distresses?" "Call him not unnatural," replied the other, "God's blessing be upon him! he sent me a great deal of money, but I made bad use of it; I lost it in being security for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was stript of all that I had in the world besides." At that instant a young man thrust out his head and neck between two iron bars in the prison window, exclaiming, "Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that's he!" "I am! I am!" cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears, "I am your son Willy, sure enough!" Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to such tenderness, a decent old woman, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, "Where is my bairn, where is my Willy?" The captain no sooner beheld her, than he quitted his father, and ran into her embrace.

I can assure you my uncle, who saw and heard every thing that passed, was as much moved as any of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition. He sobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and hallooed, and finally ran down into the street. By this time the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were assembled at the door. Mr. Bramble, nevertheless, pressed through the crowd, and entering the house, "Captain," said he, "I beg the favour of your acquaintance; I would have travelled a hundred miles to see this affecting scene: and I shall think myself happy, if you and

your parents will dine with me at the public house." The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which he said he would accept with pleasure; but, in the mean time, he could not think of eating or drinking, while his poor brother was in trouble. He forthwith deposited a sum equal to the debt in the hands of the magistrate, who ventured to set his brother at liberty without further process; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their caresses without the least sign of pride or affectation.

This honest favourite of fortune, whose name was Brown, told my uncle that he had been bred a weaver, and, about eighteen years ago, had, from a spirit of idleness and dissipation, enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East India company; that in the course of duty, he had the good fortune to attract the notice and approbation of Lord Clive, who promoted him from one step to another, till he attained the rank of captain and paymaster to the regiment, in which capacity he had honestly amassed above twelve thousand pounds, and at the peace, resigned his commission. He had sent several remittances to his father, who received the first only, consisting of one hundred pounds; the second had fallen into the hands of a bankrupt; the third had been consigned to a gentleman of Scotland, who died before it arrived, so that it still remained to be accounted for by his executors. He now presented the old man with fifty pounds for

his present occasions, over and above bank notes for one hundred, which he had deposited for his brother's release. He brought along with him a deed ready executed, by which he settled a perpetuity of four score pounds upon his parents, to be inherited by their other two sons after their decease. He promised to purchase a commission for his younger brother; to take the other as his own partner in a manufactory which he intended to set up; to give employment and bread to the industrious; and to give five hundred pounds, by way of dower, to his sister, who had married a farmer in low circumstances. Finally, he gave fifty pounds to the poor of the town where he was born, and feasted all the inhabitants without exception.

My uncle was so charmed with the character of Captain Brown, that he drank his health three times successively at dinner. He said he was proud of his acquaintance; as he had in some measure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, selfishness, and ingratitude. For my part, I was as much pleased with the modesty as with the filial virtue of this honest soldier, who assumed no merit from his success, and said very little of his own transactions, though the answers he made to our inquiries were equally sensible and laconic. Mrs. Tabitha behaved very graciously to him, until she understood that he was going to make a tender of his hand to a person of low estate, who had been his sweetheart while he worked as a journeyman weaver. Our aunt was no sooner made acquainted with this design, than she

starched up her behaviour with a double proportion of reserve; and when the company broke up, she observed with a toss of her nose, that Brown was a civil fellow enough, considering the lowness of his origin; but that fortune, though she had mended his circumstances, was incapable of raising his ideas, which were still humble and plebeian.

PARTICULARS OF THE LIFE OF MARY BROWN,

A young woman distinguished for personal beauty and early depravity; and who was executed in Wales for being concerned with several others in a burglary. The account appears to be written by herself, and is in substance as follows:

She was the only daughter of a reputable shopkeeper in Staffordshire, whose affection for her induced him to spare no expense in giving her an accomplished education. From her earliest youth she was strongly addicted to pleasure, and her beauty exposing her to the grossest flattery, her pride increased with her years, and she soon formed the most ambitious views. At sixteen years of age, she left her father's house at night, and came upon the outside of a stage to London, where she determined to embrace the first offer of any man of opulence who should solicit her to live with him as a mistress. In a short time she attracted the notice of a baronet, with whom she

readily consented to live; for some months she liked him very well, but by degrees, began to hate him. Having had a few words together, she was determined to be revenged; and accordingly one night she placed three fellows in one of the apartments, who stripped the house of all its valuables, and the next day she enjoyed the sorrow of a man she hated and despised. After leaving this gentleman, she took a large house at the west end of the town, and commenced a fashionable courtezan; but having contracted several large debts with different tradesmen, she married a common soldier, who was going abroad, and who, on being paid two guineas, was contented never to see her any more. This gave her an opportunity to laugh at her creditors when they threatened to sue her for payment. She was once addressed by a foreigner in the street, who followed her home, conceiving her to be a needy creature of the town; but upon entering her house, and viewing the elegance of her furniture, his sentiments were changed into admiration. Although he affected to be a man of property, she had penetration enough to discover that he was not accustomed to opulence; all his actions betrayed the meanness of his education. She soon began to perceive that interest operated with him more powerfully than love, which was soon made manifest by her receiving intelligence that he was preparing to rob her house, and fly off with the booty to his native country. She was, however, quicker in her revenge than he was in his injury. The day before his intended flight, she invited him to her bed, and the next morn-

ing he was found dead upon the stairs, and no suspicion entertained of her having strangled him. Some months after this she was dazzled with the apparent opulence of a man who offered her his protection, and she became his mistress, but he turned out to be a professed gamester. With him she lived for some time in splendour, but a sudden change of fortune plunging them into distress, she advised him to invite one of his acquaintances to supper, to intoxicate and then rob him; this was agreed upon, and the person came agreeable to invitation, but they could not prevail upon him to drink much. Finding, however, he had got a considerable sum about him, they were resolved not to lose so great a prize; she went behind him with a silk sash, and throwing it round his neck, soon dispatched him; they then seized upon his money, leaving him a few guineas and his watch, and then calling upon the servant in an affected fright, ascribed his death to a fit of the apoplexy. Besides these attrocious acts, she confessed her having murdered her keeper a short time afterwards, and swore the fact to his own son, in revenge for his having refused to meet her advances; and he was tried upon her evidence for the murder, and acquitted. Being compelled by the commission of numberless crimes to leave England, she went into Wales, where she was concerned in several robberies, and suffered an ignominious death in the 21st year of her age.

THE INFLUENCE OF RICHES.

By Peter Pennyless.

"If I had just this," said I, as I was reading an account in the news-paper, of a gentleman who had married an agreeable young lady with a fortune of ten thousand pounds;—"If I had just this, I would journey cheerfully through life: a complaint should not be uttered from my mouth, and I would endeavour to prevent those of other people. The hungry should not go away unsatisfied from my door; nor should the naked curse me while he sat shivering over a few dying embers, and the rude storm rattled on his ragged roof. I would," said I, "be a father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow: and I would—" but here a symphathetic tear stopped further utterance; it had no power over the flowings of my heart—I thought I would make all around me happy. The wish was a kind of prophetic one; Providence intended to put my virtue to the trial. I had just finished the paragraph, and thrice wiped my eyes with a white cambric handkerchief; it was from thee, Almira, I received it wet with the chrystal drops which had fallen for the death of an indulgent father—they have never yet been washed from it, nor shall they ever mix with the stream while I possess it, but I will add a few more to them, as often as all powerful nature shall call them from my eyes. I had just finished the paragraph, when the postman brought me a let-

ter, informing me that my brother Jacob, who had emigrated to the East Indies in order to get into some other family, had died, and left me ten thousand pounds. When I had finished the letter, I lifted up my white cambric handkerchief, which I had laid on the table—I lifted it—and put it into my pocket. When I read an account of the death of a brother, when I had taken up my white cambric handkerchief, had I not informed the reader what I did with it, he would naturally have concluded, that I used it either to wipe a tributary, or at least a fashionable tear from my cheek. I did neither. There is nothing more difficult than to give a reason for every thing that happens. I think, however, that I can give two for this, for there are two circumstances which render the mind less susceptible of the natural feelings upon the death of any relation. The first is, when we hardly know, or never were intimate with the deceased: and the second is, when he leaves any thing behind him valuable enough to occupy the mind so much as to divert the melancholy feelings which would otherwise arise on the occasion. Now, both these circumstances concurred in the present case: Jacob had begun his peregrination in the seventeeth year of his age, while I was yet a child; our acquaintance had hardly begun, nor was it carried on by partaking of mutual diversions, or sharing in mutual hopes and fears. Thus he was unto me as an alien, and not as a brother; and, moreover, he had left me as much as would have made many a one rejoice at the death of a brother who had been brought up with him as such. I

had asked two or three of my neighbours to sup with me; but I now wished I had not done it on account of the expense—tell me, nature, what is it, for I could never yet discover—tell me, what is it that contracts the heart on the acquisition of wealth! "I am now no more of the family of Pennyless," said I, "I am a gentleman, and I will live as a gentleman." So I leaned my head backwards on the chair, and began to plan out a scheme for my future conduct in life. After I had turned it this way and that way, and, in short, every way that I could think of, it would not do. "I will go to bed," said I; "a comfortable nap will refresh my mind, and this will make it do in the morning." So I laid me down, and turned me to this side, and to that side, and put myself into this and that posture, but I could not get the nap I wanted; nor would the scheme go out of my head. It was a maxim among the stoic philosophers, and adopted by many people as a dernier resource, to bear courageously up against the tide of misfortunes; while my blood and spirits rushed warmer into my veins than at this present moment, when they can hardly crawl along, I was fond of this method; but I generally found it was spending my strength in vain. I have, therefore, long since adopted a quite different one, which is, to lay myself supinely on the surface of the stream, and glide with the current: when a rock or precipice seems to fall in my way, I paddle myself to one side of it with a leg or an arm, and always give myself as little trouble on the occasion as possible. I took this method in the present case, and since

the scheme would not go out of my head, resolved to let it continue there as long as it pleased. So I prosecuted it all night, and, about nine o'clock in the morning, had fixed on a plan. I had no sooner fixed upon it, than I got out of bed, wrote it down upon a piece of paper, with my annual income upon one column, and my expenses upon the other; when, to my great mortification, I found that the expense, as I had planned it, would be exactly seven pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence halfpenny above my income. I then ran over all the other plans which I had thought of during the night: there were none of them that would answer, and this could not be executed upon one single farthing less than I had estimated it at. Had I just this seven pounds thirteen shillings and six pence half penny, said I, it would make me completely happy. So I began to revolve in my mind, with the utmost earnestness, how I should obtain it. "I will conceal," said I, "my having gotten the money for a year; it will then amount to ten thousand five hundred pounds, which will easily bring matters to bear." On further reflection, this would not do; I had told the story the night before, and it was flying among all the neighbours.

While I was in this dilemma, the maid came to tell me that old Peter was at the door. Now Peter, on account of his name, was a weekly pensioner, on whom I had long been accustomed to bestow a penny every Saturday morning: the girl had told him of my good fortune, and he, no doubt, had reckoned something upon it; "bid him go about his business," said I,

in an angry tone: but my heart smote me as I said it; and I remembered the promises I had made when I received the letter. "Just Heaven! is it thus," said I, "that we sport with our vows! I will go this moment and give him sixpence at least." So I put my hand into my pocket and walked hastily to the door—"Peter!" said avarice, while I was going out at it, and had gotten the sixpence ready, "you are at this moment short of your reckoning seven pounds thirteen shillings and six pence half penny, and yet you are going, like a fool, to give away your money." At this very instant, old Peter bowed to me with a most piteous countenance; the look, methought, seemed to cry aloud—this is what I did not expect! I stood at the door, agitated between two violent passions—charity bade me reach out my hand, give it—avarice contradicted it; so I would give it, and I would not give it: Peter saw my distress, and modestly walked out, and shut the street door behind him. He was no sooner gone, than I cursed him for departing: I was convinced that I should have given it to him if he had staid; and laid all the blame upon his precipitate retreat—which ought naturally to have fallen on the badness of my heart. I put up the sixpence, walked into the room again, and sat down to breakfast. There were two things that embarrassed me so much that I could not eat; the first was, the want of the seven pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence half penny; the second was the figure of old Peter, which presented itself to my imagination, sitting shivering in his hovel, through every cranny of

which the bleak wind was whistling, and disturbing his hoary locks, while he was every now and then casting a melancholy look around him, in quest of something to re-kindle the poor remains of a fire just expiring—and, with a despairing eye, exploring every corner for a scanty crust, or any thing to allay his craving appetite. Methought, when he had in this manner rummaged the whole hovel, and could find nothing either to mitigate his cold or hunger, that he sat down upon his chair, leaned his head upon his hand, turned up his eyes to heaven, and gave a sigh, the sigh, I thought was accompanied with a curse upon me, for having denied his usual boon: "what will become of him," said I; "he must expire before Monday"—so I took out the sixpence, and looking at it, "may no person ever suffer so much for the want of you as he just now does: nor ever feel so sharp a pang for possessing you as I do," said I. "Perhaps all that has now passed before me may be an illusion," said I, "and he may, at this instant, be begging at the corner of a street, from somebody as hard-hearted as myself; I will go immediately and find him out; and if I do not find him, I will find plenty of others to bestow something upon who may be in as much want." So I put eleven shillings and nine pence in my pocket, and went out, resolved to bestow every farthing of it in charity before I should return. I had gotten but a little way from my own door, when I saw a poor man at a distance, standing in a suppliant posture: my niggard heart revolted against all the resolutions I had made: "it is he," said I, "and I

must give away my money, although I have already seven pounds thirteen shillings and six pence half penny per annum too little."

When I approached the man, and found it was not him, my heart rejoiced within me as I passed by. In going through several parts of the town, I met a variety of objects of charity; but I industriously kept from looking at any of them, lest pity should overcome avarice, and force a passage into my heart. While I shunned every other beggar, I would have persuaded myself that I wanted to meet Peter; but it was only a pretence—for I got home with every farthing of the money in my pocket which I had carried out. A semblance of virtue will often stifle the monitor within us. I had done my duty, I thought, with respect to Peter; and if I had not given him the money at first, nor found him out now, it was not my fault; so I sat down to dinner, and began to consider how I could get the seven pounds, thirteen shillings and six pence half penny per annum that I wanted. On Sunday, at church, my head was full of it—it was full of it all the week, till Friday evening, when I came home and found another letter upon my table, informing me, that my brother's effects had turned to much better account than was expected; and that instead of ten, I should get at least twenty thousand pounds—"I will double the plan I had formed before," said I—"and then I shall appear somebody—but in order to do this, I want fifteen pounds seven shillings and a penny: if I had just this, I should undoubtedly be happy." There are

no limits to avarice—I now spent as uneasy a night, contriving how to acquire this fifteen pounds odd, as I had done before on account of the half of it. I rose about eight o'clock in the morning, and taking hold of the right knee of my breeches in order to put them on, all the money in the pocket of them fell on the floor ; on gathering it up, and counting it, I found exactly the eleven shillings and nine pence—" I never carried money so long before," said I, " without parting with some of it. O conscience! conscience! however we may attempt to stifle thee, thou art a faithful monitor, and will be perpetually endeavouring to rouse us from the indulgence of our crimes. When I saw the money untouched thou toldest me I had done amiss—and I listened to what thou toldest me. When I had but little to spare, I always gave a part of that little ; and never, till I became possessed of much, did I carry a sum so long undiminished in my pocket ; but I will now atone for my fault." While I said this, I felt benevolence rushing warm into my heart. There is nothing better than to seize a lucky moment : now Peter at this very moment hit the door with the knocker ; and as it was about the usual time of his coming, the sound of the knocker hit my heart—" You" said I, looking at the eleven and nine pence in my hand ; " you shall pay the forfeit of my crimes—long have you shut out every social feeling from my heart ; but you shall never have it in your power to do so again." So I sent the old man away rejoicing.

ON SOCIETY.

Man has been defined by some a risible, by others a reasonable creature; but the epithet of sociable belongs to him as properly as any other. As soon as men begun to unite more closely, and dwell together in societies, reason, or a kind of instinct, taught them that there was regard due from one to the other; which regard was diversified by each society, according to its particular genius. The Asiatics, who shared in a lively imagination, a tender heart, and a supple mind, were almost guilty of excess in the expressions of their civilities. The humble manner in which Abraham and Lot received the Angels, whom they took for men; the submission with which Abigail addressed herself to David, to appease his wrath, and many other instances, are strong examples of this eastern complaisance, which was carried to the greatest height by the Assyrians, Medes, and Persians, who were bred up in the strictest principles of passive obedience, and were wont to worship absolute power in its worst of shapes. The Europeans, of a graver and more phlegmatic disposition, a greater soul, and a temper not easily to be subdued or controlled, expressed their friendship, esteem, or respect, in a plainer or less servile manner. Accordingly, we find that the Greeks, accustomed to that equality whereby free and popular states are distinguished, despised, and contemned, as the meanest prostitu-

tion, that supine grovelling homage exacted from those kings of Persia in whose service they had courageously exposed their lives: though, at the same time, they were the politest people of the then known world, and as remarkable for their courteousness and good breeding, as for their skill in all the arts, both at war and peace. Notwithstanding the manners of the inhabitants of Italy had been very much softened by the mixture of several Greek colonies; yet, they appear to have been downright honest people, rather than fine gentlemen. Rome, at first, was only a confused heap of uncivilized nations. Addicted to rural concerns, and engaged in perpetual wars, they long retained their genuine rusticity: the constitution of their government first polished them; the common people became submissive and respectful, while ambition taught those in higher stations affability. At length, towards the end of their commonwealth, and under their first emperors, plenty, luxury, letters, but especially their intercourse with the Greeks, who, after the loss of liberty, had improved their manners, made the Romans excel all other nations in politeness, as well as power; so that they were proud of nothing, so much as what they called Roman urbanity. This, in time, altered insensibly for the worse, and, at the dismembering of the empire, degenerated into fulsome compliments, and nauseous adulation. Hence we may conclude, that it has fared with politeness, as with most other things: they rise from small beginnings, and by slow degrees; are next carried as far as they can go: but, having attained the summit

of their maturity, suddenly experience a rapid decay. They must be compared to the stone of Sysiphus, which being rolled up hill with uncommon pains, no sooner reaches the top, than back it tumbles with irresistable force. Riches and power, virtue and learning, honour and morality; nay, religion itself had the same fate among all nations, and in all ages: Rome, Carthage, Athens, and Sparta; the two former competitors for the empire of the world, the latter for that of Greece, are striking proofs of what is here asserted. Rome, till the end of the second Punic war, struggled hard with her neighbours for a smaller territory than what is at present possessed by the Pope. Then she was valiant, honest, and laborious. She afterwards waged war with mighty kingdoms, and became formidable to the greatest princes: then she grew learned, knowing, polite, and magnificent. She at last arrived at such a height of wealth and power as to overcome all that withstood her, establish her dominion without controul, and reign mistress of the world: Then she became covetous and dishonest, luxurious and effeminate, and fell in her corruption, a victim to the talents, the enterprise and the ambition of one of her own citizens. Similar has been the fate of even the best governments: but though all things are prone to change and decay, it is a duty we owe to God, and our country demands it—to ward off, as long as may be, that depravity of mind, and that corruption of manners which the experience of all ages assures us will sooner or later overtake nations, and plunge them from power and enjoyment,

into misery and contempt—from the polish of civilization to the barbarism of the savage state. It is enough to submit to the abject change when it becomes enevitable: it is inexcusable to invite it sooner. Let Americans remember this. But lest the picture I have drawn may seem too serious to some, I shall conclude with a story which may serve to enliven a little what otherwise might appear to be gloomy.

About a century ago, a venerable old man, who had passed all the offices in one of the chief towns in Holland, with honour and applause, and had gained great riches without reproach, had some thoughts of returning to his country seat. In order to take leave of his friends and acquaintance in a handsome manner, he invited them, young and old, of both sexes, (and they were people of the best fashion in the place,) to an entertainment at his own house. They met together with great expectations; but, to their no small surprise, saw a long table, hardly covered with a scanty blue cloth, on which were alternately placed platters full of buttermilk, and sour crout, heaps of pickled herrings, and huge cheeses; the rest of the cheer was made up with butter and roggen brodt or rye bread, and cans of small beer were at hand for those that had a mind to drink; trenchers served instead of plates, and not a servant attended. The company secretly cursed the old man's humour, but out of respect to his great age, and still greater merit, bridled their resentment, and affected to be content with their homely fare. The old gentleman

seeing the joke take, was unwilling to carry it too far, and soon shifted the scene. Two boorin maids, in cleanly country garbs, appeared at their master's call, with a second course; the blue cloth was exchanged for white linen, the platters and trenchers were transformed into pewter, the mean food into good salt beef and boiled fish, the brown into household bread, and the small beer into wine. The guests grew better pleased, and the master of the feast became more earnest in his invitations. After he had given them time to eat of his second course, at a signal he made, the third was served up by a maitre de hotel, in form, followed by half a dozen powdered lackies in gaudy liveries. The most beautiful flowered damask was spread over the table, the richest plate and most curious china adorned the sideboard, whilst a profusion of soups, olios, tame and wild fowl, ragouts, blanc mangers—in a word, all that the art of a modern French cook could produce, ranged in a well disposed judicious order, seemed to court the taste and renew the appetite of the whole company. Add to this—strong bodied chateau margou, generous Burgundy, sparkling champaign—in short, a choice of the best wines that commerce could procure: and that nothing might be wanting that might delight the senses, by the time a sumptuous desert was brought in, a melodious concert, made up of an agreeable variety of instruments, was heard in the next room. Healths went round, mirth increased, and the old man seeing that nothing but his departure, and that of the gravest of the company, was waited for to give a loose

to joy and pleasure, arose and made the following discourse :—"Ladies and gentlemen, I heartily thank you for this favour: it is time for one of my age to withdraw: but I hope those that are disposed for dancing will accept of a ball, which I have ordered to be prepared for you. Before the fiddles strike up, give me leave to make a short reflection upon this entertainment, which otherwise would appear whimsical, or the effects of humour only: it may serve to give you an idea of our commonwealth. By living after that penurious manner exhibited in the first course, our ancestors raised their infant state, and acquired liberty, wealth, and power. These were preserved by our fathers, who lived in that handsome but plain way you have seen in the second course. But, if an old man may be permitted, before he leaves you whom he dearly loves, to speak his thoughts freely, I am indeed afraid that that extravagant plenty you have observed in the last course, will, if persisted in, deprive us of those advantages which our ancestors earned by the sweat of their brows, and which our fathers, by their industry and good management, have transmitted to us. Young people! I advise you to be merry this evening; but think seriously to-morrow upon what I have been telling you to-day. Good night."

A SOLDIER having returned from foreign services with some honourary distinctions for his gallant behaviour, married a village beauty, for whom he left

his country, but in less than a week the soldier was called to the field. His bride, notwithstanding his tender persuasions to the contrary, determined to follow him and share his fortune, and succour him in distress. Her zeal, however, was more than her strength; she fell sick with fatigue, and was left about the distance of a league from the hill where the troops encamped. The commander, to prevent his men from injuring the neighbouring peasants, by robbing their vineyards, drew a line round the camp, and proclaimed, that whoever passed it, should suffer as a deserter. Three days had now passed since the husband had heard from his wife.

HE.

For me, her native home, he said,
For me, each weeping friend!
For me, a father's arms she fled:
And shall not love attend?

Now, now she weeps at my delay:
And shall neglect be mine?
Submit ye fears to pity's sway
He said, and crost the line.

SHE.

Is this, oh! blasting view, she cry'd,
The youth who lov'd so well?
His love for me, the law defy'd,
And for that love he fell.

When will the grave this form receive,
The grave to which he's fled?
Here, only here, I'll cease to grieve:
She spoke, and join'd the dead.

As he returned at midnight, he was seized, condemned, and executed the next day; just as he fell, the wife, breathless and pale, rushed through the crowd, and lifting up the cloth that had been thrown over him, found his body so disfigured by the shot that it could scarce be known.

A TRUE AND VERY REMARKABLE STORY.

A MAN of fashion, in one of the French provinces, paid his addresses to a young lady of beauty, rank, and distinguished merit. As there was a parity in years and in situation, the lady received her gallant with the accustomary condescension females seldom withhold from those whom they are taught to pronounce upon an equality with themselves. The parents of the young lady, however, from whatever motive, disapproved of the match. The gentleman pleaded—but in vain; and, finding it impossible to overcome the aged obstinacy of the parents, he resolved to solicit his charmer's consent to enter into the holy bands of matrimony, without any farther consultation with the parents, who seemed so resolutely to persist in a denial. Having fully explained himself on this head, the young lady, after recovering from a confusion, which ever on these occasions is visible among the virgin fair, consented to become his wife: they were wedded, and the marriage kept a profound secret. It happened that, after a few years had elapsed, the

husband was obliged to leave his lovely bride, being called into a foreign country, in order to adjust some family affairs, which required his immediate presence. The necessity was no less urgent than disagreeable to both parties; however, they permitted good sense to operate, and after vowing mutual affection and fidelity, they parted in certain expectation of seeing each other, at a time when such an alteration should take place as might afford them an opportunity of living in a manner every way becoming a happy and virtuous wedded pair. For some time they corresponded, but the husband, being obliged to cross several tempestuous seas, did not receive such frequent answers to his epistles as he had reason to expect. This he attributed to the difficulty of conveyance, rendering a regular correspondence impracticable; and as he imagined his letters had miscarried, he resolved for the present to desist from writing, not relishing the idea of having his sentiments canvassed over by indifferent strangers, or perhaps captious enemies. Another reason, which induced him to lay aside all thoughts of continuing an epistolary correspondence, was the prospect he had of shortly returning to France, where the presence of his amiable consort would infinitely exceed all ideal interviews, and make ample amends for every pang his heart had undergone.

It is now time we should return to the lady. As she possessed a considerable share of youth and beauty, it was not to be supposed she could long remain without a train of admirers. Her parents, who never

dreamt about their daughter's previous marriage, became each day more anxious to select a person whose mental and corporeal endowments might, in their estimation, render him worthy their daughter's hand and heart. Several years had now rolled on, without the lady's hearing a syllable of her real husband.—At last, the fatal news arrived that he was now no more. The lady was inconsolable, but she found it prudent to stifle her griefs, that she might obliterate the smallest degree of suspicion. When she had paid every tribute consistent with reflection to the memory of her departed lord, a gentleman was proposed by her parents for her approbation, and the good old people were so prejudiced in favour of the person they had introduced, that they gave their daughter to understand their happiness depended on her compliance. The young lady, who thought herself entirely at liberty to commit a second trespass upon hymen, after some little hesitation, consented ; the nuptials were celebrated ; the lady, if not happy, was placid and serenely content ; the parents were delighted, the bridegroom was enraptured, and all were jocund, all were sprightly.

For four years this newly married couple lived in perfect harmony ; but at length, an intermitting fever seized upon the lady; the physicians were baffled, and she, to all appearance, paid the debt due to nature. She was buried with pomp, and every reverence shown to her memory the custom of the country would admit of. During her last illness, her former husband, whom we left abroad, returned, and,

after making the necessary inquiries, was informed of every circumstance we have related above. As he was unwilling to surprise her whilst she combated with sickness, he had employed a trusty person to make him acquainted with each particular of her case; and, the instant the news of her death reached his ears, a frantic wildness seized his soul, and he resolved to receive no manner of sustenance, but to bury himself amongst the mould which laid lightly on her breast, and thus pine out the short remaining period of his existence. Full of this resolution, he repaired, the night she was buried, to her tomb; and, after digging up the earth, he discovered her coffin, fetched a deep sigh, and was about to stretch his wearied limbs, when, to his consternation, astonishment, and affright, he perceived signs of life—he tore open the coffin, and found it even as he suspected—his wife was almost suffocated; he snatched her up in his arms, conveyed her to the house of a neighbouring friend, had her instantly put into a warm bed, and in a few weeks she was perfectly restored to life and to health. As she had a real affection for her first husband, she made no scruple of choosing him for her companion; but, as the affair soon made a prodigious noise throughout the country, the second husband, who also doated on her to distraction, no sooner was informed of the particulars, than he attempted to force her to live with him; the prior claimant as resolutely persisted in keeping her to himself. In short, a law-suit was commenced; the most learned advocates in France were employed; a redundancy of erudition

was displayed; and, after being litigated for a considerable length of time, a solemn decision was given in favour of the gentleman who had first married her. This story has so much the air of fable and romance, that, to leave an impression of its truth on the mind of the reader, it may be proper to inform him that the French lawyers have selected all the famous trials, with the decisions which have been given in their courts for a series of years, among which this is to be found.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FILIAL PIETY.

About ten or twelve years ago an officer of the guards, being in Essex on a recruiting party, made a short stay at Chelmsford, where he picked up several recruits. The evening preceding the day appointed for his departure from that town, a very tall youth, of a most engaging figure, whose open, honest countenance was sufficient to prejudice any one in his favour, offered himself. Captain ——, at the very first sight, wished to have this young fellow in his company: he observed him tremble when he made the offer to enlist. Attributing this emotion to timidity, or perhaps the uneasiness a young man might feel at selling himself, who is sensible of the value of liberty. He betrayed his suspicions on this head, and endeavoured to encourage him. "Ah! sir," replies the youth, "do not attribute my confusion to such base motives; it arises only from the dread of being refused: you, perhaps,

will not accept of me, and should this be the case, how dreadful is my misfortune!" Some tears escaped him, as he finished this speech. The captain assured him he was ready to enlist him, and demanded his terms. "I cannot propose them without trembling," answered the youth; "perhaps they will disgust you. I am young—you see my size—I am able in every respect, and willing to serve his majesty; but an unfortunate circumstance obliges me to stand upon terms that doubtless you will think exorbitant; I cannot make the least abatement: be assured, without the most pressing reasons, I should not sell my service; but necessity has no law; I cannot enlist under ten guineas, and you will break my heart if you refuse to take me upon these terms." "Ten guineas!" replied the officer, "the sum is considerable I acknowledge, but I like you, and you seem willing, so I shall not stand haggling with you—there is the money; the sergeant will see you properly attested, and keep yourself in readiness to march at an hour's notice." The youth readily signed the certificate, and received the ten guineas with as much thankfulness as if they had been given him as a present. He then requested his captain to permit him to go and fulfil a sacred obligation, promising to return to his quarters instantly. The captain remarking something extraordinary in the behaviour of the youth, curious to discover the motives of his conduct, he watched him slily, and observed him run to the county jail, (his hurry prevented him from taking notice of the captain,) knock briskly at the door, and the moment it

was opened, called out to the jailer, "here is the debt and costs in the action on which my father has been arrested; I deposit it in your hands; conduct me to him, that I may have the pleasure of setting him at liberty." The officer stops a minute to give him time to reach his father alone, and then enters into the prison. He sees the youth clasped in the arms of an old man, whom he is ready to smother with his caresses and tears, and informs him that he has purchased his liberty at the price of his own: the person embraces him again. The officer, moved to compassion at this affecting sight, advances, and says to the old man, "comfort yourself I will not take your son from you; I will share the merit of his worthy deed: he is free as well as you, and I regret not, in the least, a sum of which he has made so noble a use: there is his discharge." The father and son threw themselves at his feet: the last declined accepting his proffered liberty, and conjures the captain to permit him to join the regiment, saying he should only be burthensome to his father, who had no further need of him; the officer cannot refuse his request. The youth served the usual time, always saved something from his pay, which he constantly remitted to his father, and when he got his discharge, returned home, and has ever since maintained the old man by his industry.

THE GENEROUS PEDLAR.

A True Story.

An inhabitant of a village in the circle of Suabia was reduced to the most extreme poverty. For some days his family had subsisted only on a little oatmeal; and this being exhausted, their misery was extreme. A baker, to whom the father owed nine crowns, refused, with unrelenting cruelty, to supply them with any more bread till this sum was paid. The cries of his wretched babes, almost expiring for want, and the tears of an affectionate wife, pierced him with unutterable anguish. "Dearest husband," said the distracted mother, "shall we suffer these miserable infants to perish! have we given them birth only to behold them die of hunger! see these poor victims, the fruits of our love, their cheeks already covered with the paleness of death! for me—I expire with grief and misery. Alas! could I but yet preserve their lives at the expense of my own—Run, fly to the next town—speak our distresses—let not a false shame conceal them! every moment you lose is a dagger to your dying family. Perhaps Heaven may yet be touched by our miseries—you may find some good heart who may yet relieve us." The unhappy father, covered with rags, and more resembling a spectre than a man, hastened to the town. He intreated, he solicited, he described his wretched situation with that affecting eloquence which the bitterness of anguish must inspire. In vain he implored compassion. Not one would hear him—not one

would assist him. Rendered desperate by such unexpected cruelty, he entered into a wood, determined to attack the first passenger. Dire necessity now appeared a law, and an opportunity soon occured. A pedlar was passing by; he stopped him. The pedlar made not the least resistance, but gave up his purse, containing twenty crowns. No sooner had the unfortunate man committed this robbery, than he felt the horrors of remorse, and returning to the pedlar, he threw himself, all in tears, at his feet. "Take back your money," said he, "believe how much it has cost me before I could be resolved to commit this crime. My heart has been unused to guilt. Come, I beseech you, to my cottage. You will there see the only motives that could lead me to this action, and when you view the deplorable condition of my family you will forgive—you will pity me—you will be my benefactor, my preserver." The poor honest pedlar raised the unfortunate man, and comforted him. Unable to withstand his solicitations, or rather yielding to the feelings of his own compassionate heart, he hesitated not to follow the peasant. But with what emotions did he enter his ruinous habitation! How moving every object! the children almost naked, lying on straw, dying with hunger, and the mother—what an object was the wretched mother! The peasant relates the adventure to his wife. "You know," said he, "with what eagerness I went to town, in the hope of finding some relief. But, ah! I met only hard hearts, people busied in amassing riches, or in dissipating what they already have in luxury and idle

expenses. Refused by all—desperate—furious—I went into a neighbouring wood—can you believe it! I have dared to lay violent hands on this good man—I have dared—Oh! I cannot tell you." "Pity my poor babes," exclaimed the distracted mother, looking with moving earnestness at the pedlar; "consider our miserable situation. Alas! poverty hath not altered our sentiments. In all our misery we have yet preserved our honesty. I beseech your mercy for my husband—I implore your compassion for these wretched infants. The good pedlar, melted by this melancholy scene, mingled his tears with those of the poor people. "I am your friend," said he. "Take these twenty crowns—I insist upon it. Why is not my ability equal to my good wishes for you! I grieve that I cannot secure you a happier lot for the future." "What!" answered the peasant, "instead of treating me as your enemy, are you so good as to be my protector! would you be my preserver! Alas! my crime renders me unworthy of this goodness. No! if I die with hunger, I will not take the money." The pedlar still insisted and compelled him to take it. The whole family kissed the benevolent hand which had thus preserved them from death. Tears only, on every face, could speak their grateful hearts, and the pedlar retired with that sweet delight which benevolent minds alone can taste. Oh ye! on whom fortune smiles, the gay, the proud, the affluent, the avaricious! after this example of benevolence in a poor pedlar, can your hearts be ever inaccessible to pity! can you henceforth behold unmoved the sufferings of your fellow creatures!

will you never feel the delight of doing good ? Oh! sleep not in the bosom of affluence. Fortune is inconstant. Enjoy her present favours ; but forget not this important truth, that your superfluities, at least, are the patrimony of the poor.

AFFECTING ANECDOTE OF THE LATE CHARLES CHURCHILL.

As he was staggering home late one night from a party, with some of his libertine companions, he was accosted by a female, who had something in her air and manner, so different from those outcasts of humanity who offer themselves to casual prostitution in the streets, that his curiosity was struck, and he stopped to take more particular notice of her. She appeared to be about fifteen ; her figure was elegant, and her features regular ; but want had sicklied over their beauty, and all the horrors of despair gloomed through the languid smile she forced when she addressed him. The sigh of distress, which never struck his ear without affecting his heart, came with double force from such an object. He viewed her with silent compassion for some moments, and reaching her a piece of gold, bade her go home and shelter herself from the inclemency of the weather at so late an hour. Her surprise and joy at such unexpected charity overpowered her ; she dropped upon her knees in the wet and dirt of the street, and raising her hands and eyes towards heaven, remained in that posture for some minutes, una-

ble to give utterance to the gratitude that filled her heart. Such a sight was more expressive than all the powers of eloquence; he raised her tenderly from the ground, and soothing her with words of comfort, offered to conduct her to some place where she might get that refreshment of which she appeared to be in too great want. "Oh! sir," said she, pressing the hand that had raised her, with cold trembling lips, "my deliverer, sent from heaven to save me from despair; let me not think of taking refreshment myself, till I have procured it for those whose greater wants I feel ten thousand times more severely than my own." "Who can they be," interrupted he with anxious impatience, "can humanity feel greater wants than those under which you are sinking?" "My father," exclaimed she, bursting into tears, "languishing under infirmities acquired in the service of his country; my mother, worn out with attending on him, and both perishing for want; (heaven grant they are not already dead!) together with two infant brothers, insensible of the cause of their distress, and crying to them for a morsel of bread, which is not in their power to give." "Where can such a scene of wretchedness be hid from relief? I will go with you myself directly. But stop! let us first procure some comfortable nourishment from some of those houses which are kept open at this late hour, for a very different purpose; come with me, we have no time to lose." With these words he went directly to a tavern, and inquiring what victuals were dressed in the house, loaded her with as much as she could carry of

the best, and putting a couple of bottles of wine in his own pockets, walked with her to her habitation, which was situated in a blind alley, happily for her, not very far distant; as weakness, together with the conflict of passions struggling in her heart, made her scarce able to stir. When they came to the door, she would have gone up first for a light, but he was resolved to accompany her, that he might see the whole scene in its genuine colours; he therefore followed her up to the top of the house, where, opening the door of a garret, she discovered to him such a sight of misery as struck him with astonishment. By the light of a lamp that glimmered in the fireless chimney, he saw, lying on a bare bedstead, without any other covering than the relics of their own rags, a man, a woman, and two children, shuddering with cold, huddled together to share the little warmth which exhausted nature still supplied them with. While he stood gazing with horror at such complicated wretchedness, his conductress ran to the bed side, and falling on her knees, "Oh! sir, madam," exclaimed she, in rapture, "arise, I have got relief from an angel of heaven!" "Take care," answered a voice, the hollow trembling of which was sharpened with indignation, "take care it is not a fiend from hell, who has taken advantage of your distress to tempt you to ruin; for with whom else could you have been at this time of night? but know, wretched girl! that I will never eat the earnings of vice and infamy; a few hours will put an end to my miseries, which have received the only possible addition by this your folly!"

"He must be such indeed," interrupted the humane Churchill, still more struck with sentiments so uncommon in such a situation, "who could think of tempting her, in such circumstances, to any folly. I will withdraw while you arise, and then we will consult what can be soonest done to alleviate a distress of which you appear so undeserving." While he said this, he took the wine out of his pockets, and giving it to the daughter, went directly down stairs, without waiting for a reply, and walking backwards and forwards in the street for some time, enjoyed the sublimest pleasure the human heart is capable of, in considering how he had relieved, and should further relieve, the sufferings of objects so worthy of relief.

By the time he thought they might have heard the circumstances from their daughter, of her meeting with him, and had taken some nourishment, he returned to them; when, the moment he entered the room, the whole family fell upon their knees to thank him. Such humiliation was more than he could bear; he raised them one by one, as fast as he could, and taking the father's hand, "Gracious God!" said he, "can a sense of humanity be such an uncommon thing among creatures who call themselves human, that so poor an exertion of it should be thought deserving of a return proper to be made only to heaven! Oppress me not, sir, I conjure you, with the mention of what it would have been a crime, I could never have forgiven myself, to have known I had not done. It is too late to think of leaving this place before to-morrow, when I will provide a better, if there is not any

to which you choose particularly to go. I am not rich, but thank heaven that it has blessed me with ability and inclination to afford such assistance as may be immediately necessary to you, till means may be thought of for doing more." "Oh! sir," exclaimed the mother, "well might my daughter call you an angel of heaven; you know not from what misery you have already relieved us." "Nor will I know more of it at this time;" interrupted he, "than that which I too plainly see. I will leave you now to your rest, and return as soon as it is day." "Speak not of leaving us," answered the daughter, who was afraid that if he should go away he might not return; "what rest can we take in so short a time? leave us not, I beseech you; leave us not in this place."

"Cease, my child," interrupted the father, "nor press your benefactor to continue in a scene of misery that must give pain to the humane heart." "If my staying will not give you pain," answered Churchill, "I will most willingly stay; but it must be on condition that our conversation points entirely forward to happier days; there will be time enough to look back hereafter." Saying this, he sat down by the bed side, (for other seat the apartment afforded none,) between the husband and wife, with whom he spent the little remainder of the night in such discourse as he thought most likely to divert their attention from their present misery, and inspire their minds with better hopes; while the children, all but the daughter, who hung upon his words, comforted at heart with a better meal than they had long tasted, fell fast asleep as they

leaned their heads upon their mother's lap. As soon as it was day, "now madam," said the benevolent Churchill, "I will go and provide a better place for your reception, as you say all places are alike to you; in the mean time, accept this trifle, (giving her ten guineas,) to provide such necessaries as you may indispensably want before you remove; when you are settled, we will see what farther can be done. I shall be back with you within these three hours at most." For such beneficence, there was no possibility of returning thanks; but their hearts spoke through their eyes in a language sufficiently intelligible to him. Departing directly, to save both himself and them the pain of pursuing a conversation that grew so distressful, he went, without regard to change of dress or appearance, to look for a proper lodging for them, where he laid in such provisions of every kind as he knew they must immediately want. This care employed him till the time he had promised to return; when he found such an alteration in the looks and appearance of them all, as gave his heart delight. "You see, sir," said the mother, as soon as he entered, "the effects of your bounty, but do not think that vanity has made us abuse it: what we could raise on these clothes, has for some time been our sole support; they were the purchase of happier times, and were now redeemed for much less than we must have given for the worst we could buy." "Dear madam," interrupted our poet, taking her hand respectfully, "mention not any thing of the kind to me, I beseech you; you will soon see such times again;" then turning to the husband,

"I have taken a lodging, sir," continued he, "it is convenient, but not large, as I imagined would be your choice. I will call a coach to take us to it directly. If there are any demands here, let the people of the house be called up, and they shall be paid: I will be your purse bearer for the present." "No, sir," replied the husband, "there are not any; you have enabled us to discharge all demands upon us: people in our circumstances cannot find credit, because they want it." Their benefactor would then have gone for a coach, but the daughter insisted on saving him that trouble, and went for one herself; upon which he put the whole family into it, and walked away before them to their new lodging. It is impossible to describe what these poor people felt, when they saw the provision he had made for their reception; the father, in particular, could not bear it, but sinking into a chair, "this is too much!" said he, as soon as a flood of tears had given vent to the fulness of his heart—"this is too much!—support me gracious heaven!—who has sent this best of men to my relief; support me under the weight of obligations, which the preservation of these alone (looking round upon his wife and children) could induce me to accept." Then addressing himself to his preserver, "my heart is not unthankful," continued he, "but gratitude in such excess as mine, where there is no prospect of ever making a return, is the severest pain." Churchill, who sought none, attempted often to give the conversation another turn; but finding they could speak or think of nothing else as yet, he took his leave, promising to

come the next day, when their minds should be better settled, to consult what was more in his power to serve them ; having first privately taken an opportunity to slip a couple of guineas into the daughter's hand, to avoid putting the delicacy of her father and mother to farther pain.

THE GAMESTER.

" And what brought thee hither?" said the dissipated Henry, to the pensive Maria, as he approached the door of her cell : " unveil thy face ; if it be as lovely as thy form is elegant, hard must be the heart that wounded thine." Approaching to unveil her, a respectable matron interfered, saying, " this, sir, must not be ; I am well rewarded for my care of this young lady—brought here by a gentleman, who calling himself her father, warned me to be tender to his child. I present her to you," she continued, " veiled ; it is her desire and mine that her face should never more be seen ; her real name must not be known—call her, therefore, Maria. Many fine ladies and gentlemen, sir, visit these mournful confines ; and it is not by her permission only, but request, that the door of her cell is sometimes left open, that she may hold melancholy converse with those on whom she pleases to bestow her attention. You, sir, seem to attract her regard—speak to her, for she is not offended." Henry felt his heart softened—he asked pardon of the be-

wildered innocent, who told him it was granted ; at the same time, she turned to a table, and opening a small casket, took from thence a lock of hair, and pressing it to her gay, but heart touched visitor—"take," said she, "this ringlet, intended for one by whom I once thought myself beloved, and remember it was given thee by the pensive Maria, who, deserted by reason, and abandoned by him she loved, gave up her harrassed imagination to the keeping of melancholy and hopeless sorrow. Alas, sir ! wide are the realms of misery, and many are her children who roam therein. You have little reason to wish to see my face, where the winter of neglect has destroyed the rose of health, and the frost of unkindness has shortened my existence—but to the grave I look forward as a refuge from the storm I have endured." Henry felt himself affected, and replied, "why this romantic flight ! descend to common life and common terms, that we may converse with greater ease." "Common life and common terms !" cried the hapless girl, "how you mistake my fate ! uncommon has been my life, and hard has been the terms on which I have seen the light; few in number have been my years, yet the stings of affliction have rendered my existence gloomy and forlorn." Henry wept—"tell me, unhappy maiden, if it is in the power of him who has once claimed your regard, by sorrow and contrition, by love and affection, to restore you to life and to yourself; or has his unkindness utterly undone thy peace forever ?" Here Maria uttered a deep sigh, and exclaimed, "I fear my doom is fixed ! but why, sir,

these questions? by thus commiserating the fate of the hapless Maria, you will only add to the trouble of her mind; and would you wish still more to afflict the unfortunate?" "No," returned Henry, deeply sighing; "I am, notwithstanding appearances, myself unfortunate, and my mind, like thine, is distressed." "Indeed!" said the gentle Maria, "then sit down by me, and tell me all your sorrows, without reserve. What you relate shall go no farther, and as I wish to learn your story, will you deny her, who, when you are gone, will pray that your peace may be restored?" "Dear young lady," cried the afflicted Henry, "if my short story can any way serve to divert your sorrows, and break their force by participation, gladly would I visit the amiable Maria, with her to utter the mutual sigh, abstracted from the gay world, where all my hopes have been wrecked:—but, gentle maiden, indiscretion and folly have completed my ruin, and the tumults of my mind are not, like thine, allayed by the consciousness of innocence. Bred in the gay school of fashion and levity, I was early initiated in all the follies that stain the characters of many, who, boasting the advantages of birth and fortune, pursue a conduct that at once stains the one, and renders the other a curse instead of a blessing. Oh, Maria! I once loved and was again beloved:—Emilia possessed a mind rich in every charm. I was on the point of calling the lovely Emilia mine; when, by indulging a fatal propensity for play, I was, the evening before our intended marriage, rash enough to hazard my estate at —— on the turn of a fatal die! I lost

it, and in one moment saw myself stripped of wealth and affluence, and reduced to the condition of a private gentleman; I had, at the time I was rash enough to lose my all in the manner I have related, an uncle nearly at the point of death, and as a discovery of my rashness might utterly have undone me with him, I obtained a promise from the winner of my fortune to keep the matter a secret; he has not betrayed me; my uncle is since dead—I am again recalled to fortune and affluence, but my peace is gone forever; for on the instant I could again appear to claim my loved Emilia, I hastened to her father to own my crime, and petition forgiveness;—but, alas! I knew not the heart I had wounded. I found the wretched father, in the course of a few short months, sunk to a mere shadow of his former self—he forgave me indeed:—but told me that his child had, at her own request, immured herself from the world. But oh! Maria, this much injured gentleman would not inform me where I might once more see her whose remembrance will forever live in a heart that will never own another. 'It may,' he said, 'be considered as false pride in me, but I could no more bear the disgrace of that never to be forgotten day of your mysterious and cruel absence, than my poor child could support the shame of neglected and affronted love. This child, Henry, is now a voluntary recluse, nor will any but her father behold her face again'." As soon as Henry had finished his affecting relation, Maria took him by the hand, and leading him to the glass—"this mirror," said she, "has the power of restoring to thy faithful heart the per-

fect resemblance of the object beloved." "Whatever may be your meaning, my amiable Maria, or if what you have uttered be only the effusion of your elegant fancy, I appeal to heaven for the truth of all you have heard me utter." On this assertion, the amiable and hitherto afflicted girl withdrew her veil, and discovered to the enraptured Henry, not only the image, but turning round, he clasped the real, the restored Emilia. Mrs. —— immediately sent a message to her honoured parent; mutual vows of love and forgiveness were exchanged in his presence. Mr. —— was again cheered with health and happiness, and lived many years blessed in his children. Go ye, who sport your thousands, and take example from Henry.

THE INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

The most lofty and the strongest edifices decay! If they escape storms, tempests, and earthquakes, yet they must yield to time, and their glories must be buried in the dust. Pyramids are justly reckoned the greatest instances of the folly and vanity of mankind. The use for which those famous ones of Egypt were erected was only for their kings to be interred in. Take a view of the ruins of antiquity, and remember, O man! the frail state of thy mortality! Art thou rich and great, is thy name known throughout the world, and do thy lofty buildings aspire to the clouds? Yet a little while, and thou shalt sink to

dust. Thy edifices and thy monuments too must at length decay, and leave no traces behind them. Where now is Babylon? Where is the seat of Solomon? Where is wise Athens? And where ancient Rome, the mistress of the world? Where are those mighty cities once so famous upon the earth?—Of some there is not left a stone upon a stone, and others are remembered only in their ruins:

> E'en as an unsubstantial pageant faded,
> The cloud-capp'd tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind.

Be assured then, O man, who gloriest in thy strength and might, that there is nothing solid but peace of mind—nothing permanent but virtue: she alone shall last through ages, and grow brighter through the endless succession of eternity.

A REMARKABLE COURTSHIP.

At Deplitz, in Bohemia, a place not much unlike Tunbridge, where people of all sorts resort to drink the water, lived an old rich bachelor, of eighty-eight, and no more; who, besides his having arrived to this age, which the world calls maturity, was visited by almost every disorder that afflicts the human body—dropsy, gout, gravel, stone, palsy, shortness of breath, cough,

little less than half blind, more than half deaf, with many other of the like friendly attendants. This curious, this singular figure, had his heart violently wounded by the charms of a beauty of sixteen, of a small fortune, and great virtues, whom he saw, or thought he saw, as he hobbled along the walks. His mind, from that instant, was so greatly disturbed, and his pain on this account so insupportable, as to take place of all his other sufferings. To alleviate his sorrows, he resolved to be conducted into the presence of the young innocent, and boldly tell her to her face the wonders she had done. At length he arrived within view of the lovely fair, whom he found seated at the tea table with her brother: With his eyes half closed, part from age, and part from having so long beheld the follies of men—after a slow, but respectful motion, with his head declined, his body curved, his arms supported, his legs tottering, and the whole man disturbed, being seated, and every way kept from falling to the earth, he gently opened his mouth, and raising his eyes towards the beauty with all the circumstances of human modesty, thus did he tell his grief: "Miss, mercy on me; miss, thou art vastly handsome!" "Sir," said the pretty child, interrupting the good old man, "will you please to drink some tea!"—"No," says this much to be pitied lover, "but with your leave I'll smoke a pipe." A pipe was brought, a pipe was filled, and the lighted candle ready; and being himself willing to set fire to the matter therein contained, received it in his right hand; but, alas! on endeavouring to raise that hand, and direct it towards

the pipe then in his left, from some sudden cause it stopped on the way, trembling and shaking with the rest of his amiable frame—his hand with the lighted candle thus suspended on the road between his knees and his chin; in this strange position, he raised his drooping head, and directing once more his eyes towards his beloved lady, seemingly lost in thought; he suddenly freed his left hand from the pipe, and directing it towards his watch pocket, held forth that instrument of time, and placed it on the table; this done, he directed the same hand towards his right, and gently taking a ring from his little finger, slowly carried it towards the watch on the table, and left them together, at a small distance one from the other; he then put his pipe in his mouth and smoked away. The lady, filled with amazement at these things, turned her dear, pretty, tender, lovely eyes, towards her brother, and discovered how much she wished to know from him what was meant by these doings.—At length, for a second time, the wounded lover opened his mouth with intention to continue his tragic tale, and thus he addressed the beauteous innocent: "Miss, thou art all sweetness—all softness—the most loveliest, fairest, tenderest—Mercy on me!—I gaze upon thee with raptures; with astonishment do I fix my eyes upon thee—for never did I behold so excellent a fair! All perfection do I see in thee, thou ravishing, thou bewitching treasure, thou charmer of my heart." "Enough! enough!" cried the pretty creature; "pray, sir, speak to be understood—what means all this!"—"Means! my little angel!—

means ; my endearing, tender, engaging, delightful, transporting, pretty creature! I'll tell thee, my adorable, I'll tell thee ;—dost thou see that watch! dost thou observe that ring!"—"Yes, sir," replied this angelic figure, "but I know not for what they are placed on my table." "Patience, my turtle dove," says he, "patience, my loveliest darling. Oh, thou most perfect of thy sex! Oh mercy! I never made love; I am a stranger to the ways that lovers take to inspire their beloved with pity for their sufferings ; a pain like this I never felt before. Hear me, my soul's best wish, hear me—if in fifteen minutes—oh give me your attention—take some compassion on me, and turn your thoughts my way; if in that short time thou takest up that ring—oh! amazing excellence! Dost thou understand me now? I am not poor; I can make thee great; I can give thee a thousand and a thousand pretty things to make thee shine, if possible, brighter than thou art. I say again, dost thou understand me now? The watch will tell us the time, and time will wait for no man: in fifteen minutes my pipe will be out. Mercy on me, I say again, thou art wonderous handsome." Thus said, with a face filled with grief, he gently raised his head, and conducting with both his hands his pipe to his mouth, went on with smoking, and discovered every circumstance of a languishing and despairing lover, turning every second minute his heavy and sorrowful eyes on the watch, then on the lady, often reminding her in the most soft and tender terms, that time advanced, and that his pipe would presently

be out; that as soon as the time elapsed, he would beg pardon and take himself away, and labour in her absence to forget his woes; ever concluding all his tender sayings by crying, "mercy on me! thou art the most engaging sweetness that ever saw the light." The fifteen minutes drawing to an end, the young, the pretty infant, recovering by degrees her surprise at this extraordinary conduct of her lover, turned again and again her eyes towards her brother, to learn his approbation. The last minute being pretty near, she carried her lovely hand towards the ring, and looked with amazement, alternately, on her brother and her lover. No sooner had this little part of her tender form covered the ring, but with a sort of ecstacy she raised it from the table. The ravished lover, transported at the sight, let fall his pipe, slowly declined his body, and kissed (with the eagerness of a youthful admirer) her amiable hand. The business was immediately brought on the carpet: the next morning matters were agreed on in all the external forms; and the young lady wanted nothing to complete her happiness—but the death of her husband.

HORATIO AND EMMA.

"Horatio," says a rigid parent, "you are too young, you have not a fortune—why therefore would you wish to cherish a feeling for my daughter? It would be most prudent for you to dismiss your affection,

and learn to rise superior to so puerile a thought. If I should encourage that affection by admitting you to visit my child, it might prevent her from being more highly situated in life; therefore you will act more honourably, by banishing the idea, and resolutely determining to think no more of her." What feelings must a lady experience at these suggestions, if she loves the youth, is acquainted with his real worth, and admires him for his goodness and his virtue; her esteem is heightened by the dull prospects that surround him! Her tender heart may beat to the tear of sorrow, as his happiness is what she wishes to promote. She hears the cold dictates of a rigid parent, but would prefer the shades of adversity, with a dinner of herbs, rather than be deprived of one she esteems. Horatio thinks of his prospects with coolness. "True," says he, "I have not a fortune; my father is of a decayed family, and though a gentleman, yet poor, and therefore unable to assist me. My heart is the seat of misery, because her stoical parents wish to prevent a connexion, unless I have a fortune—this I have not. Industry, accompanied with honesty, may secure it to me. I will fly to Emma, and lodge my sorrows in her bosom, which has felt a wo on the same account." Emma, when I related to her my distress, gave me relief, and assured me that interested motives weighed not with her. She was happy in my affection, and she wanted no more. "Heaven," she said, "would in time reward my merit with fortune—if it did not, she would live with me in poverty: I am your friend; what can you de-

sire more; the flame which animates our bosoms is pure and virtuous—can it be rendered more delightful!" Such language as this, one would think, would dissipate sorrow from my heart—but Emma's parents were so averse to the connexion that her tender language could not relieve my anxious mind.

At this time, a gentleman, Musidorus by name, addressed Emma; fortune had tossed her gayest plumes into his hand;—this latter excellence was the highest recommendation Musidorus could proffer to win the attention of Emma's parents—he was considered as every thing. To complete his misery, Horatio hears that his Emma was married; that she was compelled by her parents to give her hand to Musidorus—Horatio's fondness for Emma, and the return which it had received, were not unknown to Musidorus, but his feelings were not lively, nor his delicacy extreme—Musidorus confided in this maxim, which Emma's father had taught him, that a woman's affection may be gained after marriage by any husband who will be kind and attentive. Horatio was informed that his amiable friend was led trembling, like a lamb, to the altar, and that while the sacrifice was performing, her cheeks faded, till at length she fell lifeless to the ground. Many months passed away; Horatio was sorrowful; his father saw his distress, and pitied him. He proposed a journey to his son; his son acquiesced, and took a different rout from what his father imagined he would. He rode night and day, and soon completed his intentions. He sees the house of Emma's father—The east wind blew when he

alighted at the gate—A spaniel, Emma's favourite, met Horatio at the door; the poor creature's limbs trembled as he leaped upon him. Horatio enters the house, and the first person he saw was Alberto, a brother of Emma's, sitting before the fire, with a miniature picture of his sister in his hand—his eyes were fixed upon it—tears flowed down his cheeks—Horatio felt their cause immediately—"Is Emma dead," says he—Alberto, who knew not that he was in the room till he heard his voice, started up, and pressing Horatio's right hand in both of his, "yes," said Alberto, "she is relieved from all her miseries. The marriage of Emma gave a wound to her heart which could never be healed—she considered herself as a criminal in bestowing her person without her heart—she pined—her husband endeavoured to console her mind, and restore her to health—his assiduities served only to embitter her anguish—she resigned herself to her grief—in her last moments she called Alberto to her bed side—see my brother, said she, the victim of rigid prudence—my beloved Horatio will, I trust, be satisfied with this proof of affection—tell him, that however my person has been disposed of, my soul has not ceased a moment to be his."

Horatio's health began to decline; he had just strength sufficient to carry him to the grave of Emma, where he spent whole days in weeping over the sods which covered her remains—he wished not to live—and suffered his life to waste away. Rigid parents, be pleased to read this affecting story; if you value the health, peace, and felicity of your children, do not

bias them too much—if the man be virtuous—if he adds industry to this rich jewel, be ye contented with the connection. Your children will then meet you with their smiles—they will love and respect you; but if you will compel them to give their hands to those their hearts cannot approve of, you make them wretched—you gradually destroy them.

ANECDOTE OF MONTESQUIEU.

A YOUNG man, whose name was Roberts, was waiting at Marseilles, till some passenger should enter his boat, that he might ferry him over. A person presently came, but as Roberts had not the air of a boatman, was going again, saying, "since the boatman was not there, he would find another." "I am the boatman," said Roberts, "where do you wish to go?" "I would be rowed round the harbour," said the passenger, "to enjoy the fresh air of this fine evening; but you have neither the manners nor the air of a mariner." "I am not a mariner," replied Roberts, "and only employ my time this way on Sundays and holydays, to get money." "What, are you avaricious at your age?" "Ah, sir," said Roberts, "if you knew my reason for thus employing myself, you would not suspect me of so mean a vice." "Well, row me where I have desired, and be so good as to tell your reasons." "I have only one, but that is a dreadful one: My father is in slavery." "In slavery?" "Yes,

sir; he was a broker in Marseilles, and with the money which he and my mother, who is a milliner, had in many years been able to save, he purchased a part in a vessel that traded to Smyrna; his desire to enrich and make his children and his family happy, was so strong, that he would go in the ship himself, to dispose of his property to the best advantage: they were met and attacked by a corsair, and my father, among the rest, was carried a slave to Tetuan; his ransom is a thousand crowns, but as he had exhausted almost his whole wealth in that unfortunate adventure, we are very far from possessing such a sum. My mother and my sisters work day and night, and I do the same: I am an apprentice to a jeweller, and I endeavour, as you see, to profit likewise by the Sundays and holydays, when my master's shop is shut. I intended to have gone and freed my father, by exchanging myself for him, and was just about putting my project into execution, when my mother coming to the knowledge of it, assured me it was impracticable and dangerous, and forbad all the Levant captains to take me on board." "And do you ever receive news of your father; do you know who is his master at Tetuan, and what treatment he meets with?" "His master is intendant of the king's gardens; he is treated with humanity, and his labour is not beyond his strength, as he writes: But, alas! where are the comforts he used to find in the society of his dear wife and three beloved children?" "What name does he go by at Tetuan?" "His name is Roberts; he has never changed his name, for he has no reason to be ashamed of it." "Roberts; and his master is intendant of the king's garden?" "Yes,

sir." "I am affected by your misfortune, and I find your sentiments so noble and so virtuous, that I think I dare predict a happier fate to you hereafter, and I assure you, I wish you all the happiness you desire; at present, I am a little thoughtful, and I hope you will not think me proud because I am inclined to be silent; I would not be, nor be thought proud, to such men as you." When it was dark the passenger desired to be rowed to the shore, and as he stepped out of the boat, he threw a purse into it, and ran off with precipitation. The purse contained eight double louis d'ors, and ten crowns in silver. This generosity made the most lively impression upon Roberts, and it was with grief he beheld him run from him so swiftly, without staying to receive his thanks. Encouraged by this assistance, the virtuous family of Roberts redoubled their efforts to relieve their common parent, and almost denied themselves a sufficiency of the most ordinary food. Six weeks after, as the mother and the two daughters were sitting at dinner over a few chesnuts, bread, and water, they saw Roberts, the father, enter. Imagine their joy, their transports, their astonishment. The good old man threw himself in their arms, and thanked and kissed them ten thousand times for the fifty guineas which he had received after the purchase of his freedom, for the payment of his passage in the vessel, for the clothes they had sent him, and for all the exactness and care they had taken in every thing that related to his release and safe return; he knew not how to repay so much zeal, so much love.

The mother and the daughters listened, and looked

with immoveable surprise at each other; at last the mother broke silence; her son had done it all, she said, though she knew not by what means; and related how, from the first moment of his slavery, that young Roberts would, had she not prevented him, have gone and taken his father's place; how the family had actually in the house above five hundred crowns towards his ransom, which had most of it been earned by the labours of young Roberts, &c. The father, on hearing this account, was instantly seized with a most painful suspicion that his son had taken some dishonest method to release him; he could no way else account for it—he sent for his son. "Unhappy young man," said he, "what hast thou done—would you have me owe my deliverance to crimes and dishonour? thou wouldst not have kept thy proceedings secret from thy mother, had they been upright; I tremble to think that so virtuous an affection as parental love should render thee guilty." "Be calm, my father," answered the young man, "your son, I hope, is not unworthy of you—nor is he happy enough to have procured your deliverance, and to prove how dear to him his father is. No, it is not me; it is, it must be our generous benefactor whom I met in my boat—he, my mother, who gave us his purse: I'll search through the world but I'll find him; he shall come and see the happiness he is the author of." He then told his father the anecdote before related. The elder Roberts having so good a foundation to begin again, soon became rich enough to be at ease, and settle his children to his satisfaction, while the younger

made every possible effort to discover their benefactor. After two years of fruitless search, he at last met him walking alone on the beach of Marseilles. He flew to throw himself at his feet, but his sensations were so strong he fainted. The stranger gave him every assistance, and a crowd of people presently gathered round them. As soon as Roberts came to himself, he began to thank him, to call him the saviour of his family, and to beg of him to come and see the happiness he was the author of, and receive the blessings of those whom he had so greatly blessed. The stranger, however, pretended not to understand him, and the multitude becoming great, by their contention, he found an opportunity of mixing with them, and escaping from the importunities of Roberts. He was never seen or heard of afterwards by his grateful debtors; and though the story was extraordinary, and soon made its way through France, yet it was never known, till after his death, (by his papers,) that the famous and immortal Montesquieu was the person. The note for 7,500 livres was found, and Mr. Mayn, banker of Cadiz, said he had received it of Montesquieu, for the release of a slave at Tetuan, of the name of Roberts; and it was known that Montesquieu used to visit his sister, madame D'Hericourt, who was married, and lived at Marseilles.

THE MUTTON CHOP.

"From trifling ills what mischief may arise."

Happening the other day to call on a friend of mine, who just at that instant was gone to market to buy something for dinner, I waited until he returned, which he did very soon, with some mutton chops in his hand. From what followed, I found that mutton chops were not the wife's favourite—a trifling dispute arose about the legality of his buying mutton chops—he insisted upon his right to do as he pleased in that respect; she as positively insisted on the contrary. However, during the dispute of each other's right, (the mutton chop being put upon a plate,) a little child happened to be fingering them; by accident, down they drop on the sandy floor; a favourite cat (as I found) being very attentive to the provision, immediately ran down stairs with it; my friend in great haste followed the cat, and in running down made an unlucky slip of seven or eight steps, broke his shins, and frightened the cat out of the door; just at that instant a large dog passing by, seized the cat and the mutton chops; by this time my friend had recovered himself, and immediately set out after the dog to recover poor tabby: for, alas! the mutton chops were no more. The dog happening to have more speed than my friend, gained ground apace. At last my friend had recourse to a stone, and with a furious throw missed the dog, and it went through the window of a public house; the landlord immediately came out, seized my friend by the col-

lar, and insisted on restitution, which my friend complied with. He then returned home, *sans* mutton chops, *sans* poor tabby, fourteen pence for the window, and a broken shin; dear marketing I thought; however, my friend and his wife resumed their usual good humour; she applied vinegar to the wound—we all sat down to partake of what we could find in the house—had a hearty laugh, and were happy that nothing worse attended this odd circumstance.

A COUNTRY NIGHT'S REFLECTIONS.

What a delightful night! the moon, full orbed, appears in majestic splendour on the front of yon high eastern hill; the lengthening shadows move along the plain below; the whole creation sleeps; pain and anguish only wake: the laborious husbandman forgets the toils of the day in peaceful slumbers; and nature makes a pause—an awful pause, prophetic of her end. Here let the musing mind awhile indulge reflection;—reflection, awful and instructive as this midnight hour;—the clock strikes twelve—oh time, memento of eternity! how are thy hours squandered away in trifles and intemperance! yet, who shall redeem thy loss, or give back yesterdays to come? The once hospitable mansion rises before my view, but now, alas! forlorn, untenanted, the owner flies to courts and cities, unmindful of the village swains; intemperate feasts and poisonous luxury succeed to

harmless mirth and hospitable cheer; but let the voice of reason and reflection thus address thee : return thou to the hospitable seat of thy forefathers, let thy flock clothe the naked, and let thy table feed the hungry ; be thy instructions the guide of the ignorant, and thy example the reproof to the froward ; so shall benevolence increase thy store, and thou shalt look forward to the end of life as the consummation of thy felicity. The miser now counts his ill-gotten store ; even the whistling wind alarms him, which his fears misconstrue as the midnight thief, while he worships in secret the god of his idolatry : as he accumulated wealth, he discovered his own importance by increase ; but, as he prized it more, he used it less ; and, as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom ; he surveys the shining ore with a look of circumspective caution ;—thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee, and then, whose shall all these things be? the ambitious waking now plan schemes of future glory, unmindful of this transitory state, and the uncertainty of human power ; while others, perhaps, lament the time mispent in such pursuits, and are ready to exclaim, "Where now, ye lying vanities of life, ye ever tempting, ever cheating train, where are you now, and what is your amount ?" the sons of poverty, dosing awhile, forget their cravings and their daily cares, while luxury, in palaces, lies stretching its vain thoughts to form imaginary wants. The plaintive voice of morning breaks through the stillness of night on my attentive listening ear :—the unhappy

fair one breathes the accents of her wo ; like another Philomel, she complains of the perjured youth : the villain sleeps unconscious of remorse, unmindful of her anguish ; but he shall one day awake to a sense of guilt like his, and shall acknowledge, that no life can be pleasing to God but what is harmless and inoffensive to human kind. Thou who sittest enthroned in power, relieve the wants, and heal the calamities of all those, who, from the remotest parts of the earth, waking in the bitterness of their spirit, address thy throne ; sleeping and waking, defend them still ; let thy day spring from on high break in upon and sustain them. The sprightly lark's shrill matin wakes the morn—here pause my thoughts awhile.

MENDOZA AND CORNELIA.

The plains in which Lima, the capital of Peru, is placed, are the most beautiful in the world—They are of vast extent, reaching from the foot of the Andes or Cordillera mountains to the sea, and are covered with groves of olive trees, of oranges and citrons, watered by many streams, one of the principal among which, washing the walls of Lima, falls into the ocean at Callao, in which latter place is laid the scene of the ensuing history.

To this city Don Juan de Mendoza, yet an infant, had come over with his father from Old Spain. The father having borne many noble employments in Peru,

died much esteemed and honoured, rather than rich. This young gentleman had in early youth conceived a very strong passion for Donna Cornelia di Perez, daughter of a wealthy merchant, who dwelt in the city of Callao, at that time the best port in the whole western world.

But although the young lady, who was reputed the most accomplished person in the Indies, returned his affection, yet he met with an insuperable difficulty in the avarice and inflexible temper of the father, who, prefering wealth to every other consideration, absolutely refused his consent. At length the unfortunate lover saw himself under the necessity of returning to his native country, the most miserable of all mankind, torn away forever from all he held most dear.

He was now on board, in the port of Callao, a ship ready to sail for Spain, the wind fair, the crew all employed, and the passengers rejoicing in the expectation of seeing again the place of their nativity. Amid the shouts and acclamations with which the whole bay resounded, Mendoza sat upon the deck alone, overwhelmed with sorrow, beholding those towers in which he had left the only person who could have made him happy, whom he was never more to behold ; a thousand tender and melancholy thoughts possessed his mind.

In the mean time, the serenity of the sky is disturbed ; sudden flashes of lightning dart across, which increasing, fill the whole air with flame. A noise is heard from the bowels of the earth, at first low rumbling, but growing louder, and soon exceeding the

roaring of the most violent thunder; this was instantly followed by a trembling of the earth; the first shocks were of short continuance, but in a few moments they became quicker and of longer duration. The sea seemed to be thrown up in the sky, the arch of heaven to bend downwards. The Cordilleras, the highest mountains of the earth, shook and roared with unutterable noises, sending forth from their bursting sides rivers of flame, and throwing up immense rocks. The houses, arsenals, and churches of Callao tottered from side to side, and at last tumbled upon the heads of the inhabitants.

Those who had not perished in this manner, you might see of every age and sex, rushing into the streets and public roads to escape from the like ruins. But even there there was no safety; the whole earth was in motion, nor was the ocean less disturbed; the ships in the harbour were some of them torn from their anchors, some of them swallowed up in the waves, some dashed on the rocks, and many thrown several miles up on the land. The whole town of Callao, late so flourishing, filled with half the wealth of the Indies, disappeared, being partly engulphed, partly carried away in explosion by minerals bursting from the entrails of the earth. Vast quantities of rich spoils of furniture and precious goods were afterwards taken up, floating some leagues off at sea. In the midst of this astonishing confusion, Mendoza was perhaps the sole human creature unconcerned for himself. He beheld the whole tremendous scene from the ship's deck, frightened only for the destruction

falling on his beloved Cornelia. He saw and mourned her fate, as unavoidable, little rejoicing at his own safety, since life was now become a burthen.

After the space of an hour this terrible hurricane ended; earth regained her stability, the sky its calmness. He then beholdeth close by the stern of the ship, floating upon an olive tree, to a bough of which she clung, one in the dress of a female. He was touched with compassion; he ran to her relief; he findeth her yet breathing, and raising her up, how unspeakable was his astonishment when he beheld in his arms his beloved, his lamented Cornelia, the manner of whose miraculous deliverance is thus recorded:

In this universal wreck, as it were, of nature, in which the elements of earth and water had changed their places, fishes were borne up in the mid land, trees, houses and men into the deep: It happened that this fair one was buried into the sea, together with the tree to which in the beginning of the commotion she had clung, and was thrown up by the side of the vessel wherein Mendoza was, which was one of the few that rode out the amazing tempest. I cannot paint to you the emotions of his mind; the joy, the amazement, the gratitude, the tenderness—words cannot express them. Happy pair! the interposition of providence in your favour was too visible to question your being at last united forever. Thrice happy Mendoza, how wonderfully was thy constancy crowned—thy merit rewarded. Lo, the wind is fair! haste, bear with thee to thy native

Spain this inestimable prize. Return, no less justly triumphant, than did formerly the illustrious Cortez, loaded with the spoils of Montezuma, the treasures of a newly discovered world.

HUMOROUS LETTER,

Upon certain indelicacies, very frequently practised.

I dined a week ago at the house of an old friend, with whom I made it a kind of point to pass a day once a twelve month: this gentleman, together with his whole family, piqued themselves not a little upon their knowledge in the minutest article of breeding, and are universally esteemed a very polite set by the most critical circle of their acquaintance. When the salutations of the season were over, I was permitted to take a chair, which I did by my friend, at the corner of the fire, and left the rest to the old lady and her daughters. For a full hour we sat in the sleepiness of silent stupidity.

Silence was, however, at last broke by Mrs. M——, who, taking out a pocket handkerchief, which in several places was almost glued together by a certain quantity of snuffy saliva, sagaciously took notice that the weather was very damp: at the same time that she made this remark, she pulled the handkerchief out of its plaits, and held it before the fire to dry, where, to do her justice, it smoked in such a manner as evidently to support the propriety of her

observation. She had no sooner done this, than Mr. M——, as if he understood it to be a signal, began an incessant coughing, and every other moment discharged large lumps of a tough phlegm against the bars of the grate, which kept up a constant hissing, like so many sausages in a frying pan. A concert of this kind, I cannot say, was very much to my fancy, so that by the time the summons came for dinner, I had completely lost my stomach, and was infinitely more fit for a bed than a haunch of venison.

During dinner time, however, matters were rather aggravated than redressed. Mr. M—— helped me with the same fork that had just before been employed in picking his teeth, and his amiable lady more than once dropped some double scented Maccuba among my gravy, though that was a favour I by no means wished for or solicited. To increase my satisfaction, I happened to be a great favourite with two of the young ladies, and generally sit between them when I pay a visit at their father's; in order to show their attention to me, therefore, whenever I wanted any thing, rather than suffer me to wait an instant, they kindly helped me from their own plates: and Miss Jenny, in particular, insisted, when the girl went down stairs for bread, that I should take her slice, though it bore the signs of half a dozen teeth, no way remarkable either for their whiteness or regularity.

Dinner being at length happily over, I flattered myself that I had gone through the principal fatigue of the day, though had I once taken the trouble of re-

flecting on the practice of former years, I might easily have known I was to suffer some additional mortifications. The interval between dinner and the hour for tea was employed in a general invective against the plague of keeping servants, in which Mrs. M—— gave notable proofs of a profound domestic understanding.

There is a practice, at the general run of tea tables, for the company to pour the remains of every cup into a particular basin; and in this comfortable mixture of slops, the elegance of under bred delicacy always rinses the various cups in the order they are emptied. Mrs. M——, who values herself highly on the proper discharge of the tea table duties, is a warm friend to this delicious custom, and always takes care to clean the cup of each individual in the united slabberings of the whole. For my part, though I am far from being a nice man, yet I prefer my own dirt to the dirt of other people, and on that account, endeavour to guard my cup from undergoing so extraordinary a purification, wherever I know this mode of rinsing is kept up. Mrs. M——, however, was not to be eluded. Under a supposition that my backwardness in this respect proceeded from a fear of giving her the least trouble, she insisted on my cup with a good natured peremptoriness, and obliged me to pretend a sudden pain in the head to avoid the disagreeable consequences of her misguided civility. Armed with this excuse, I took my leave, not a little happy at so fortunate an escape, where I was afraid I should have been obliged to pass the whole evening.

From this little picture, one may, perhaps, be led to reflect upon the disagreeable shake of a sweaty hand, the indelicate custom of picking one's nose; and the unpardonable practice of standing with our backs to the fire on a cold day, by which we entirely cut off every possible beam of warmth from the rest of the company. These, sir, are errors in which the politest part of our people indulge themselves, as well as the most underbred; and they are errors of so disagreeable a nature, that I heartily wish, for the credit of our country, we would once resolve to shake them off, as they are not only the objects of our own ridicule, but are also ridiculed by every sensible nation in Europe.

THE TRUE GAMESTER.

When I was at Aix, there was a little Italian, who, within a fortnight, had undergone as many revolutions of fortune, as in general fall to the lot of the most extraordinary gamester during his whole life.

He came there as an adventurer, with a few Louis d'ors in his pocket, determined to try the favour of fortune; his first attempt was at hazard, where he played crown stakes, and as fortune kindly smiled on him, encreased to an half guinea, guinea, and so on, to bank notes. In the space of twenty-four hours he had stripped the bank of upwards of four thousand pounds, and the next morning, resuming his opera-

tions, broke the bank entirely, his winnings amounting to more than nine thousand pounds.

One would have imagined that a poor needy adventurer, who most probably had never seen a twentieth part of such a sum before, would have packed up his all immediately, and returned to his native country. Content, however, was a stranger to his mind, and the accession of one sum only brought with it anxiety for another.

For several days the bankers could not play, so completely had he reduced them to their last stakes; a supply of cash at last arrived, which enabled them to open a fresh campaign; our little adventurer stuck close to them; for a few hours his usual success attended him; the tables at last turned upon him, and from being the possessor of ten thousand pounds, he left the bank, reduced to his last Louis.

When he reached his lodgings, he could not help taking a retrospective view of his conduct. How did he bewail his situation! how lament that he had not been content with his former gain, and retired to his own country to enjoy the fruits of his success! to complain, however, of his situation, could not amend it; being convinced of this, he determined to make one more vigorous effort to recover the money he had lost; fully determined in his own mind to leave Aix directly, if fortune should once more smile upon him; yet how to raise money sufficient to put himself in the fickle jade's way he could not tell. At last, however, he recollected a friend whom he had assisted in several emergencies, and who resided only a few

miles distant. He asked and obtained of him the loan of thirty pounds. Our Italian returned with this to the gaming table: good luck attended him, and he left it with more than ten thousand pounds; but instead of returning to Italy, he returned to the gaming table, where, in a few hours, he was stripped of every sol he had in the world.

ON RICHES.

Riches seems at present to be the aim of almost all mankind, and a man's character and reputation is formed only from what he possesses. Honesty is now hidden in the obscure paths of life, while vice blazons forth in the seat of affluence: every virtue, every generous passion of the heart, is suppressed, and the love of gold reigns supreme within the breast. Even the scanty coffers of the poor are searched, and they are stripped of their little all, to feed the greedy hand of avarice. But, O heavens! who would imagine that this baneful passion would find an abode within the tender bosom of the fair—alas! too many instances of this fatal truth daily present themselves; how often do we see the lovely maid, with all the charms of youth and beauty, married to a sordid wretch, whose gray hairs show him to be bordering on the grave, and who has nothing to recommend him but his treasure. Can such an union spring from love! yes—it springs from a love of gold—her heart

was captivated with his riches—from them she expected lasting enjoyment. How mortifying, how degrading is it, to think that this baneful passion should have so much influence in the world. When a rich man speaketh, every one holdeth his tongue, and lo! what he saith every one extolleth to the skies; but if a poor man speak, they say, "what fellow is this?" He who has nothing but merit to recommend him is despised, while he, who, though ignorant, possesses riches, is universally respected.

THE THREE DREAMERS.

Two traders were proceeding on a pilgrimage; a countryman, who was prosecuting the same journey, having joined them on the road, they agreed to travel together, and to make a joint stock of their provisions. But when they arrived within a days journey of the place, it was almost wholly expended, so that nothing was left but a little flour, barely sufficient to make a small cake. The perfidious traders entered into a plot together to cheat their companion of his share, and from his stupid air, imagined they could dupe him without difficulty. "We must come to some agreement," said one of the citizens; "what will not assuage the hunger of three, may satisfy a single person, and I vote that it be allotted to one of us only.—But that each may have a fair chance, I propose that we all three lie down and fall asleep, and that the bread may be the lot of him who, on awaking,

shall have the most curious dream." The other citizen, as we may readily suppose, approved vastly of this suggestion. The countryman also signified his approbation, and pretended to give completely into the snare. They then made the bread, put it on the fire to bake, and lay down. But our tradesmen were so much fatigued with their journey, that, without intending it, they soon fell into a profound slumber. The clown, more cunning, waited only this opportunity, got up without noise, went and eat the bread, and then composed himself to rest. Soon after, one of the citizens awoke, and calling to his companions, "Friends," said he, "listen to my dream : I thought myself transported by two angels into hell. For a long time they kept me suspended over the abyss of everlasting fire. I here was witness to the torments of the damned." "And I," said the other, "dreamed that the gates of heaven were open to me ; the arch-angels, Michæl and Gabriel, after raising me up into the sky, carried me before the throne of God. There I was a spectator of his glory." And then the dreamer began to relate the wonders of paradise, as the other had of the infernal abodes. The countryman, meanwhile, though he heard perfectly well what they said, pretended to be still asleep. They went to rouse him from his slumber ; when he, affecting the surprise of a man suddenly disturbed from rest, cried out, "what is the matter?" "Why it is only your fellow travellers ; what, do you not recollect us ? Come, arise, and inform us of your dream." "My dream ? Oh ! I have had a very droll one, and one that I am sure will af-

ford you some diversion. When I saw you both carried away, the one to heaven, the other to hell, I thought that I had lost you forever. I then got up, and as I expected never to see you any more, I went and demolished the loaf."

THE UNGRATEFUL GUEST.

A certain soldier in the Macedonian army had, in many instances, distinguished himself by extraordinary acts of valour, and had received many marks of Philip's favour and approbation. On some occasion he embarked on board a vessel, which was wrecked by a violent storm, and he himself cast on shore, helpless, naked, and scarcely with the appearance of life. A Macedonian, whose lands were contiguous to the sea, came opportunely to be a witness of his distress, and with all humane and charitable tenderness flew to the relief of the unhappy stranger. He bore him to his house, laid him in his own bed, revived, cherished, comforted, and for forty days supplied him freely with all the necessaries and conveniences which his languishing condition could require.

The soldier, thus happily rescued from death, was incessant in the warmest expressions of gratitude to his benefactor, assured him of his interest with the king, and of his power and resolution of obtaining for him, from the royal bounty, the noble returns which such extraordinary benevolence had merited.

He was now completely recovered, and his kind host supplied him with money to pursue his journey.

In some time after, he presented himself before the king; he recounted his misfortunes, and magnified his services; and this inhuman wretch, who had looked with an eye of envy on the possessions of the man who had preserved his life, was now so abandoned to all sense of gratitude, as to request that the king would bestow upon him the house and lands where he had been so kindly entertained. Unhappily, Philip, without examination, inconsiderately and precipitately granted his infamous request; and this soldier now returned to his preserver, and repaid his goodness by turning him from his little settlement, and taking immediate possession of the fruits of his honest industry.

The poor man, stung with this instance of unparalleled ingratitude and insensibility, boldly determined, instead of submitting to his wrongs, to seek relief; and in a letter addressed to Philip, represented his own and the soldier's conduct in a lively and affecting manner.

The king was instantly fired with indignation; he ordered that justice should be done without delay; that the possessions should be immediately restored to the man whose charitable offices had been thus horribly repaid: and having ordered the soldier to be seized, caused the words, "*The Ungrateful Guest*," to be branded on his forehead—a character infamous in every age, and among all nations, but particularly among the Greeks, who, from the earliest times, were most scrupulously observant of the laws of hospitality.

A GOOD STORY.

The following anecdote of an honest farmer, (one of the first settlers,) which happened at Westminster, will serve to show the fanatical spirit which then prevailed—so contrary to that liberal toleration now prevalent over America, and which so happily unites every denomination of christians in the bonds of charity and love—But to the story :

The farmer in question was a plain pious man, regular in the discharge of his duty both to God and his neighbour ; but unluckily he happened to live near one with whom he was not inclined to cultivate either civil or friendly terms ; this troublesome personage was no other than a monstrous overgrown he bear, that descended from the mountains, trod down and destroyed the corn fields, and carried off whatever he laid his paws upon. The plundered sufferer watched him in vain, the ferocious and cunning animal ever finding methods to elude his utmost vigilance ; and at last it learned its cue so thoroughly, as only to commit its depredations on the Lord's day, when it knew from experience the coast was clear. Wearied out with these oft repeated trespasses, the good man resolved on the next Sunday to stay in the fields, where, with his gun, he concealed himself—the bear came according to custom—he fired, and shot it dead. The explosion threw the whole congregation (for it was about the hour of people's assembling to worship) into consternation. The cause was inquired into ; and as soon as the pastor, deacon,

and elders became acquainted with it, they called a special meeting of the church, and cited their offending brother before them, to show cause, if any he had, why he should not be excommunicated out of Christ's church for this daring and unexampled impiety. In vain did he urge, from the scriptures themselves, that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath day; he pleaded before judges determined to condemn him; and the righteous parson, elders, and church, with one voice, agreed to drive him from amongst them, as polluted and accursed. Accordingly, he was enjoined (as is customary on such occasions) on the next Sabbath to attend his excommunication in the church. He did attend—but not entirely satisfied with the sentence, and too much of a soldier to be scandalized in so public a manner for an action which he conceived to be his duty, he resolved to have recourse to stratagem: he therefore went to the appointment, with his gun loaded with a brace of balls, his sword and cartridge box by his side, and his knapsack on his back, with six days provisions in it. Service was about half over when he entered the sanctuary in this martial array. He marched leisurely into a corner, and took his position. As soon as the benediction was ended, the holy parson began his excommunication: but scarce had he pronounced the words "offending brother," when the honest veteran cocked and levelled his weapon of destruction, at the same time crying out with a loud voice, "proceed if you dare—proceed, and you are a dead man!" At this unexpected attack, the astonished clergyman shrunk behind his

desk, and his opponent, with great deliberation, recovered his arms. Some moments elapsed before the parson had courage to peep from his ecclesiastical battery, when finding the old hero had come to a rest, he tremblingly reached the order to the eldest deacon, desiring him to read it; the deacon, with stammering accents, and eyes staring wild with affright, began as he was commanded; but no sooner had he done so, than the devoted victim again levelled his piece, and more vehemently than before exclaimed, "desist, and march—I will not live with shame—desist and march, I say, or you are all dead men!" Little need had he to repeat his threats; the man of God leaped from his desk and escaped; the deacon, elders, and congregation followed in equal trepidation; the greatest confusion prevailed: the women with shrieks and cries sought their homes; the victor was left undisturbed master of the field, and of the church too, the doors of which he calmly locked, put the keys in his pocket, and sent them with his respects to the pastor. He then marched home with all the honours of war, lived thirteen years afterwards, and died a brother in full communion, declaring to the last (among his intimates) that he never tasted so great a dainty before.

THE MASK.

A beautiful lady of Bordeaux mourned with the sincerest grief for her husband, who, as she heard by

report, had perished by shipwreck. A numerous crowd of suitors, attracted by her youth and charms, only waited the confirmation of this rumour to solicit her hand. She behaved towards them with the utmost decency and propriety: yet, as she wished to make some return for the politeness they showed her, she made a splendid entertainment for them on one of the concluding days of the carnival. While the company were engaged in play, a stranger, masked, and habited as a genius, entered, and sat down to play with the lady. He lost, demanded his revenge, and lost again. This adverse fortune attended him ten or twelve times successively, because he adroitly managed the dice in such a manner that the chance was continually against him. Other players then wished to try their luck with him, but the experiment did not turn to their advantage. The lady again resumed her place, and won an immense sum, which the mask lost with a good humour and gaiety that absolutely astonished the spectators. Some person observed, loud enough to be heard, that this was not playing, but lavishly throwing away one's money; on which, the mask, raising his voice, said that he was the dæmon of riches, which he valued not, except so far as it was in his power to bestow them on that lady: and immediately, to prove the truth of his words, he produced several bags full of gold, and others filled with diamonds and different kinds of precious stones, offering to stake them, at one single throw, against any thing of the most trivial value she might please to propose. The lady, startled and embarrassed by

this declaration, now refused to play any more ; and the whole company knew not what to think of this extraordinary occurrence—when an old lady present observed to the person next her, that the mask must certainly be the devil ; that his riches, his appearance, his discourse, and his dexterity at play, all sufficiently showed what he was. The stranger, overhearing this, profited by the hint. He assumed the air and stile of a magician, mentioned several things which could be known only to the lady, spoke many foreign languages, performed many ingenious tricks—and concluded by declaring that he had come to demand a certain person in the company, who had given herself to him, and who, he protested, belonged to him ; asserting, at the same time, that he would take her to himself, and never leave her more, in defiance of every obstacle. All eyes were now turned on the lady, who knew not what to think of this adventure. The women trembled—the men smiled—and the genius still continued to excite the perplexity and admiration of the company. This extraordinary scene lasted so long, that some grave personages at last arrived, who interrogated the dæmon, and were on the point of exorcising him.

The mask, however, turned every thing into ridicule with so much wit, that he had the laughter on his side. At length, when he found that it was no longer time for raillery, he took off his mask, which immediately brought on the *denouement* of this extraordinary entertainment, by exciting an exclamation of joy from the mistress of the house. In the generous

stranger she immediately recognized her husband, who having been to Spain, had gone from thence to Peru, where he had made an immense fortune, and returned laden with riches. He had learned, on his arrival, that his lady was to give an entertainment and a masqued ball to some particular friends. An opportunity so favourable to disguise, inspired him with a wish to introduce himself without being known, and he had chosen the most extravagant dress he could meet with.

The whole company, which, in a great measure, consisted of his relations and friends, congratulated him on his return, and willingly resigned to him his amiable lady, whom he had very justly claimed as his own.

CHINESE JUSTICE.

A MERCHANT of the city of Nankin had, with equal industry and integrity, acquired a considerable fortune, which awakened the rapacious spirit of the viceroy of that province: on the pretence, therefore, of its being too rapidly accumulated, he gave some intimations of his design to make a seizure of it. The merchant, who had a numerous family, hoped to baffle the oppressive avarice that menaced him, by dividing his possessions among his children, and depending upon them for support.

But the spirit of injustice, when strengthened by

power, is not easily thwarted in its designs: the vice-roy, therefore, sent his children to the army, seized on their property, and left the father to beg his bread.—His tears and humble petitions were fruitless; the tyrannical officer, this vile vicegerent of a beneficent sovereign, disdained to bestow the smallest relief on the man he had reduced to ruin: so that, exasperated by the oppression of the minister, the merchant at length determined to throw himself at the feet of his sovereign to obtain redress, or die in his presence.

With this design he begged his way to Pekin; and having surmounted all the difficulties of a long and painful journey, he at length arrived at the imperial residence; and, having prepared a petition that contained a faithful statement of his injuries, he waited with patience in an outer court till the emperor should pass to attend the council. But the poverty of his appearance had almost frustrated his hopes: and the attendant mandarins were about to chastise his intrusion, when the attention of the emperor was attracted by the bustle which the poor man's resistance occasioned: at this moment he held forth a paper, which his imperial majesty ordered to be brought to his palanquin: and having perused its contents, commanded the petitioner to follow him.

It so happened, that the viceroy of Nankin was attending his annual duty in the council: the emperor therefore charged him with the crime stated in the poor man's petition, and commanded him to make his defence; but, conscious of his guilt, and amazed at the unexpected discovery, his agitation, his looks,

and his silence condemned him. The emperor then addressed the assembled council on the subject of the viceroy's crime, and concluded his harangue with ordering the head of his tyranical officer to be instantly brought on the point of a sabre. The command was obeyed; and while the poor old man was wondering on his knees at the extraordinary event of the moment, the emperor addressed him in the following manner; "Look," said he, "on the awful and bleeding example before you, and as I now appoint you his successor, and name you viceroy of the province of Nankin, let his fate instruct you to fulfil the duties of your high and important office with justice and moderation."

THE HUMOURS OF A WET SUNDAY.

Having dined with a friend, a few Sundays ago, at his seat, within a few miles of this city, I was, on my return home, overtaken by a violent shower, and obliged to put up at the first public house I met with on the road. While I was there, watching the weather from a window, that I might seize a favourable moment to pursue my journey without being in a dripping condition, I was not a little amused with a collection of draggled females, who, with their loving husbands, &c. were driven, by the torrent's pouring upon their heads, to shelter themselves under the same roof.

"L—d have mercy upon me!" exclaimed a woman of the largest size, and rendered still more weighty by her corpulence, "L—d have mercy upon me!" wiping her face, which shone like a cook maid's, with her apron, "I am sure this is making a toil of pleasure; here we labour and take pains all the week, on purpose to have a little comfort on Sunday, and now you see, I shall spoil every individual thing about me; besides, I am so fatigued into the bargain: but I told my husband, this very morning, that I would never set out again without a coach, or a shay, or something to carry me." "You're in the right of it," replied her friend, a tall raw boned woman, with her mouth full of pins, with which she was endeavouring to pin up her petticoat, "I am sure I will not slave myself to death again for all the pleasure upon earth: and yet I'll not sit at home all day neither."

"What's that you won't do?" said a poor, meager, half starved fellow, who had by this time come up to them, with a heavy child under each arm, "I am sure you have not the reason to complain I have, who have carried the boys so many miles: you are never satisfied; but you shall carry them yourself the rest of the way, or leave them behind." Here, being hardly able to stand with his incumbrances, he was going to throw off his load; his rib then called out to him in a raised, but not very melodious voice, "don't offer to sit my children down, don't, I say! Do you think I will have their coats wetted, and their frocks dirtied? Who must clean them? Not you, I suppose you will tell me, like a sneaking puppy as you

are! but come what will, please God, you shall stand at the wash tub till you drop; for I shall see them all got up, to cure you of dragging me from home upon my feet; and now we are brought into this precious pickle, I wonder what is to become of us."

"Oh," replied her unwieldy neighbour, "we must stay till we can light a coach; and in the mean time let us call for something. What do you like best, ma'am?"

"You may call for what you please," answered the distressed husband, interrupting her, "but then you must pay for it, as I have not a single sixpence left out of my whole week's wages—'tis all gone." "Gone!" cried his clamorous lady, "Why, then, if we should have the good luck to meet with a shay or a coach, we must be wet to the skin because you have no money to pay for it." "No, but you have," replied he, "for I gave you every penny that I received last night, and did not keep back enough for a single pot of porter: I am sure I drank nothing but Adam's ale after my bread and cheese before I went to bed, which has made me as weak as a rat." "Weak!" said she, "weak with drinking water! that's a good one, indeed! I am sure there is not a wholesomer liquor in the world." "Then I wonder, my dear," answered he, with an arch look, "that you drink so much strong liquor yourself."

"I drink strong beer! Aye, and so I do, or else how should I be able to suckle my two twins. God help me! as women go through so much in this world, they have need of something to support them; but

men are always grudging them, and taking every thing for themselves."

"Zounds! what ails the woman," said the provoked husband, "with her grudging? did'nt I give you all."

"Yes, and then went and run up a long score at the black dogs; so we shall not have a farthing left to pay our rent."

"Why, we cannot eat our cake and have it," said he; "you wanted to come a pleasuring, and so let's hear no more about it."

The waiter now made his appearance with a bowl of punch and a plate of cold boiled beef; and by so doing, put a stop to their altercation, as they all fell to as if they had not eaten a morsel that day, though they had dined very heartily upon a fillet of veal, and a gammon, and despatched a large quantity of strong beer, with a pot of tea, and several plates of bread and butter.

The present refreshment put them into a tolerable humour, the mother of the twins took them by turns to the breast, while the father of them sat down in the corner of the room to rest himself till the rain was over. When he had began to think of setting off for the capital, the huge waisted lady said to his wife in a whisper, "if you will lend me enough to discharge the reckoning, I will treat in return next Sunday." The curious trio above mentioned having thoroughly lined their insides, set out on foot, and became quite regardless of their outsides; but their expenses had been so heavy, and the reparations of the damages

which their clothes had sustained made such breaches in their pockets, that they were obliged, not only to work harder than usual during the following week, but to deny themselves some of the lowest necessaries of life; yet all their labour and economy could not enable them to make another excursion when the next Sunday arrived; and as that Sunday happened to be a remarkable fine one, they spent it in quarrelling, because they could not enjoy it by abusing it.

ANECDOTE.

A gentleman called one morning upon a lady of his acquaintance; after paying his respects, he discovered she appeared rather serious; he desired to know the cause of her being thus pensive; the lady replied, sir you mistake the matter totally, for on the contrary, I was just meditating of the happiness of being an American; and observed that she had always understood that the British government had been remarked for its mildness and utility of laws; but here, she said, she must confess, that she found nothing of that kind in them; and turning to the gentleman with a flirt of her fan and a kind of a sneer, asked him what he thought of the Newfoundland bill? It appeared to her, she said, like commencing hostilities before a declaration, which would pass well enough from one nation against another where injuries had been received, but

to suffer such a law to operate without the least previous notice, to the manifest prejudice of the subject, was exceedingly cruel, and, in her opinion, enough to tarnish any British senate whatever. The American system, she said, was a very different one, for all united in one common cause to promote the interest of one another, and acted upon different principles as free and independent sons of liberty. The gentleman advised her not to exult too much, and recommended her being a little more cautious in expressing her sentiments so freely, telling her, as she resided in a British government, and under the immediate protection and favour of its laws, he thought less freedom of speech would best suit her interest, lest that government, which she was exclaiming against, should undertake to *seize her;* she laughed very heartily at the gentleman's observation, and said she admired his idea of protection and favour under the British laws; there were few, she believed, if any, who could boast of that, and as to her own part, she thanked him for his kind advice, though she had nothing to fear, for she was *legally registered, and navigated according to law*, and therefore defied any person seizing her; no, not even the admiral himself, much less any of his captains.

REWARD OF VILLANY.

A poor French cottager, who had a few pounds left him, and whose wife lay in, was obliged to go to Aix on business. In the way he met with an old ac-

quaintance, whom he informed of the legacy, desiring also that he would call at home, and purchase for his wife such things as she might want. When he entered the cottage, after the customary salutations, he asked the woman for the money. She replied, that they being very poor, could ill spare it, but if he was in real necessity, she would lend it to him. He returned for answer, he meant not to borrow, but to take it for his own use. It was in vain for a person in her condition to expostulate with a villain, she therefore pointed to the cupboard, and he took it: then turning to her, said, "this is not all—you must prepare for death, and choose whether you will be burned, poisoned, or hanged."

The woman was amazed at the cruelty and barbarity of the man's proposal, and beseeched him to go away, solemnly declaring that she would sooner die than discover the robber to her husband; he behaved resolute and determined; and she, forced at last to accept the horrible choice, preferred hanging. The villain immediately retired to a little out-house, taking with him a cord and a stool, upon which he stood to fasten the cord to a cross beam. Whilst he was making the noose, the stool slipped from under him, and his right hand was caught in the noose, and held him suspended. She, affrighted and terrified at the villain's horrid voice, screamed so very loud as to be heard by some distant cottagers, who came to her relief. To them she related the above story; they went to the out-house immediately, where they saw him suspended; they took him down and carried him to Aix, where he was tried and broke upon the wheel.

TRAGICAL ACCOUNT OF A COURTEZAN OF BRABANT WHO MURDERED HER HUSBAND.

About ten years ago, M. de la Place, returning to business after a month's absence, had his carriage stopt, between the hours of twelve and one in the day, by a great concourse of people, the officers of justice being then conducting a criminal to execution.

But how great was his surprise to see a young woman, about eight and twenty, tall, well made, and of so fine a figure, that even the remembrance of her crime could not prevent its interesting every spectator in her favour, who, to complete the singularity of her appearance, was habited in a kind of pantaloon or hussar dress of white satin.

It was easily to be imagined he endeavoured to procure information concerning the crimes she had committed, and the strange dress in which she was to suffer punishment.

"I am able to satisfy your curiosity in both these particulars," said one of the officers of justice, "for I was present at her trial in the first court, the sentence of which was yesterday confirmed by the sovereign council of Brabant.

"No sooner was her arraignment read, than she addressed the judge in a resolute, though decent manner. 'To shorten the proceedings,' said she, 'the tediousness of which is worse to me than death, condescend, my lord, to hear my history; you will find me to conceal nothing but my birth, which secret, however unimportant to you, no tortures shall force from me.

'I was not more than sixteen years of age, when, after having been the victim of seduction, of which there are but few similar examples, I arrived in Paris under a feigned name. In this situation, the people into whose hands I fell plunged me into many scenes of guilt and misery, from which I could never afterwards expect to emerge, as my inexperience and friendless state seemed to preclude all hope.

'After having passed through all the varieties of a life, no less wretched than culpable, the particulars of which are but too easily imagined, I was attacked by a malady rendered more formidable by want. A man of the lower rank of people, I mean one of the coachmen of the deceased prince of Conti, and the only man whom I ever really loved, offered me assistance; and, by his means, I was restored to the enjoyment of a life which I vowed to dedicate entirely to my preserver.

'To complete my good fortune, a lottery ticket, which produced me ten thousand livres (four hundred guineas) enabled me to prove my gratitude towards my lover; and the passion we conceived for each other increased to such a degree, that we determined to renounce forever our mutual irregularities, and unite ourselves by an eternal and sacred bond, which we solemnly swore so to venerate, that whoever should first be proved to have violated it, the life of the violator should be forfeited to the vengeance of the other.

'I dare even affirm, my lord, nor could the deceased himself deny it, that from that moment this duty be-

came my pleasure, though the return of my health procured me more than one temptation, which were rendered still more artful and ardent by my inflexible refusal.

'We were both unspeakably happy, and enjoyed that kind of mediocrity which placed us above want; nor did any thing diminish our felicity, till the death of the prince, whom my husband served, suddenly deprived us of half our little revenue.

'Soon after, however, count ——, to whom my husband had formerly been a servant, offered to procure him the place of second coachman to his royal highness prince Charles; we determined, therefore, to set out for Brussels, where I employed what money we still possessed in a little business, while we waited the issue of the flattering promises of the count.

'But idleness, that dreadful source of every vice, and the want of amusement, having allured my husband into the petty public houses of the suburbs, the report of an inconstancy, of which he had been guilty, becoming known to me, reduced me to such a condition that my life was despaired of.

'His repentance, however, appeared so sincere, that, after having reminded him, with some vehemence, of our covenant, I suffered myself to be prevailed on to grant him a pardon; declaring, at the same time, if I found him false again, nothing should prevent my taking ample vengeance. Alas! the faithless man again proved guilty, and I had again the virtue to forgive his inconstancy.

"Having learned, however, a short time after, that

he not only had repeated his treachery, but that, after having robbed me of what money and trinkets I had, he and my rival intended to set off for Paris by night, nothing could appease my rage, or prevail on me to defer my revenge.

'I gratified it that same night, during his first sleep, and employed his own sword as my instrument.

'I might easily have effected my escape; I had at least four hours before me; and as I had, with this view, sent away my servant, I might have been at a great distance from Brussels before my crime could have been known.

'But as soon as I saw my husband's blood pouring from his wound, the blood of a man for whom, two months before, I would gladly have shed every drop of my own, seized with horror, I fainted, and only recovered my senses to see him expire in my arms.

'Laying hold, therefore, of the bloody instrument of my revenge, I resolved to bury it in my own bosom; but, no, said I, the punishment is too mild; the most lingering and cruel tortures are insufficient to expiate my crime.

'You know the rest, my lord,' continued she, addressing her Judge; 'without swerving from my resolution, which seemed in some measure to mitigate the dreadful torments of remorse, I refused to quit the body till separated from it by the officers of justice, whom I now only implore to hasten the punishment due to my most horrid offence.'

"I confess, sir," continued the officer, "that nothing ever affected me more forcibly than the con-

fession of this woman, and it interested me so much, desirous to see whether she would manifest the same firmness in the presence of the council of Brabant, when she came, as the expression is in that country, to demand her sentence, I went thither yesterday morning, an hour, at least, before she was brought before her judges.

" To the great astonishment of the assembly, she still preserved the same resolution, till she heard herself condemned to the wheel. But then, with a piercing cry which penetrated our very souls, and with language at once expressive of indignation and surprise. ' The wheel!' said she, ' the wheel! Do you forget, gentlemen, I am a woman ?'

' Such,' said they, ' is appointed by the law of the emperor Charles the fifth, for those convicted of the crime that you have committed.'

' Barbarous man! Ah! had I known this !' exclaimed she in a voice almost stifled with passionate sobbing.

" But, recovering herself a moment after, ' I ask pardon, gentlemen, there is no kind of torment or disgrace which I do not well deserve. Permit me only —and I will undergo my sentence with resignation— permit me only to appear on the scaffold in such a dress that my person may not be indecently exposed to the spectators.'

" Her request was granted, and she returned thanks to her judges with much humility.

" She was then taken back to prison, where she in-

stantly sent for a taylor, to make her a habit, in which you have just seen her led towards the scaffold."

An hour after M. de la Place saw her, she suffered with the most heroic fortitude.

HORRID INSTANCE OF DEPRAVITY.

A green-grocer, whose name we shall forbear to mention, in pity to his unfortunate family, and who lived lately in the neighbourhood of Paddington, meditated, a few days ago, the destruction of his wife and children by poison; but by the most singular interposition of providence, the diabolical wretch fell a victim to his own snare.

To carry this unnatural scheme into effect, he purchased a leg of mutton, over which he rubbed a large quantity of arsenic, and sent it home to his wife, desiring that she should dress the joint for the family dinner, as he could not return till night.

The wife being a frugal woman, did not dress the meat, but dined with the children, on bread and cheese, of which she informed the monster, who seemed extremely disappointed. The next day he said that he should go out early to market, desiring that a beef steak should be provided for his dinner, but that the family must have the mutton, which he wished to have cold for his supper.

The wife obeyed—when the wretch having eat heartily of the steak, asked her in what it was fried,

as he thought it had a peculiar taste. The wife, strictly adhering to her economical plan, said, that instead of butter she had used the fat of the mutton, when the wretch instantly replied, "then I am a dead man, for I am poisoned." In a few hours afterwards he died in the most excruciating torture. It is generally understood that the wretch had formed a connexion with some loose woman of the town, who probably suggested this plan of extirpating his family, that she might have the entire of his property, which is not inconsiderable.

AN INGENIOUS WAY OF RAISING MONEY.

About thirty years back, two young fellows, brothers, went to Jamaica; they were by trade blacksmiths. Finding, soon after their arrival, that they could do nothing without a little money to begin with, but that with sixty or seventy pounds, they might be able, with the aid of that and industry, to make a fortune, they hit upon the following novel and ingenious expedient. One of them stripped the other naked, shaved him close, and blackened him from head to foot.

The ceremony being performed, he took him to one of the negro dealers, who, after viewing and approving, advanced (he being a fine stout young fellow) eighty pounds currency upon the bill of sale, and prided himself much upon the purchase, supposing him the finest negro on the island.

The same evening this new manufactured negro made his escape to his brother; washed himself clean, and resumed his former appearance. Rewards were in vain offered in handbills; pursuit was eluded, and discovery, by care and precaution, rendered impracticable.

The brothers, with the money, commenced business, and actually returned to England, not many years since, with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. Previous, however, to their departure from the island, they waited upon the gentleman of whom they had received the money, and recalling the circumstance of the negro to his recollection, paid him principal and interest, with thanks.

This story is well known and attested in the island.

RESIGNATION.

A certain gentleman (who has not been long dead) was so resigned to, and dependant on the will of providence, that, whatever accident happened to him, he not only said, but thought it was all for the better. He was going from Ireland to England, when stepping into the packet boat, the entering rope broke, he fell into the pinnace, and shattered his leg: "Well," said the honest gentleman, "it is all for the better," which was his constant expression. His friend asked him how he could think breaking his leg, and the loss of his voyage, which might be followed by that of a

suit in chancery he was going to attend, could be for the better! "Providence," replied he, "knows best. I am still of opinion it is for the better." He was carried back; the packet boat sailed, foundered on her passage, and but one man was saved.

INDIAN RETALIATION.

About forty years ago, when these Americans did not know the Europeans, a traveller penetrated into their country, made them acquainted with fire arms, and sold them muskets and gunpowder: they went a hunting and got great plenty of game, and of course many furs. Another traveller went thither some time after, with ammunition; but the Indians being still provided, did not care to bargain with the Frenchman, who invented a very odd trick in order to sell his powder, without much troubling his head with the consequences that might result from this imposture, to his countrymen. He thought he had done a great action in deceiving these poor people.

As the Indians are naturally curious, they were desirous of knowing how powder, which they call grain, was made in France. The traveller made them believe that it was sown in savannas, and that they had crops of it as of indigo or millet in America.

The Missouris were pleased with the discovery, and sowed all the gunpowder which they had left, which obliged them to buy that of the Frenchman, who got a considerable quantity of beaver skins for it, and

afterwards went down the river, to the Illinois, where M. de Tonti commanded.

The Missouris went from time to time to see the savanna, to see if the powder was growing; they had placed a guard there to hinder the wild beasts from spoiling the field; but they soon found out the Frenchman's trick. It must be observed that the Indians can be deceived but once, and they always remember it. Accordingly, they were resolved to be revenged upon the first Frenchman that should come to them. Soon after, the hopes of profit excited the traveller to send his partner to the Missouris with goods proper for commerce; the Indians soon found out that the Frenchman was associated with the man who had imposed upon them; however, they dissembled, the trick which his predecessor had played. They gave him the public hut, which was in the middle of the village, to deposit his bales in. When they were all laid out to view, the Missouris came in confusedly, and all those who had been foolish enough to sow gunpowder, took away some goods; so the poor Frenchman was rid of all his bales at once, but without any equivalent from the Indians. He complained much of these proceedings and laid his grievance before the great chief, who answered him very gravely, that he should have justice done him; but for that purpose he must wait for the gunpowder harvest, his subjects having sown that commodity by the advice of his countryman, and that he might believe, upon the word of a sovereign, that after the harvest was over, he would order a general hunt, and that all

the skins of wild beasts that should be taken would be given him in return for the important secret which had been taught them.

EXTRAORDINARY LOVE LETTER,

From Peter Plainman to Miss Priscilla Prudish.

Madam—I am a little afraid you and I shall never come together. There is that expectation of flattery about you that I cannot bear—yet as I love you well enough to be honest—a bold word that—I will once for all speak my mind, and I desire your attention. I believe I do not admire you or value you for any one of those charms for which you admire and value yourself. I do not, for instance, pay any adoration to the present brightness of your eyes, because I am so strange a fellow as to consider them philosophically. I write in honest prose, madam; and therefore in honest prose I tell you, that those same balls of ethereal beauty, those same love-darting mirrors, are at best two pieces of ordinary clay varnished. The varnish, I allow, is good, and well put on; but what of all this? I am not such a short-sighted, amorous puppy, but I can look forward a little beyond the length of my nose, to the time when the gloss will all be worn away; when the japan of nature will be utterly gone, and the devil a spark of fire will you have about you. Some time ago, I remember you showed me, in a great air of triumph, a paper scrawl-

ed upon by some florid puppy of your acquaintance, who swore, in very sorry verses, that your cheeks threw into utter despair all the lilies and roses in the creation; your skin too was, if I recollect, polished marble; the veins were compared to the azure of the third heaven, and the colour was whiter than alabaster. 'Tis a lie, Priscilla, 'tis a lie; I never saw a pair of cheeks in my life that were fairer than a lilly, nor a pair of lips that were redder than a rose. As to alabastar, I will take upon me to say, there never was a woman's skin half so white in the whole world; and I should be very glad to see a complexion so well polished as a piece of Egyptian marble. I am perfectly sensible to handsome features; I like to see the proper proportions of red and white; I am very well pleased with a sparkling pair of eyes; but I have no idea of calling any of these what they are not, nor of comparing them with objects to which they have no likeness whatever. For instance now, your bosom is said to be purer than the driven snow: if that is not carrying the jest as far as it will go, I don't know what is. As to features, skin, complexion, &c. they are so truly things of to-day, that if I was a woman, I should be afraid to put any trust in them. They have more enemies than the ever persecuted have. I could recount such a catalogue as would make

> "Your hair to stand an end,
> "Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Go into your garden—fix your attention on the fairest flower; take care that it is in the luxuriance of its

bloom. Did you ever behold tints more exquisite, scollops more exact, colours better mixed, or beauties better varied? Now leave it. Pay it a second visit to-morrow morning. What are you surprised at?—That a flower should fade! A slight blast of wind in the night hath wholly destroyed it; the tints are dead; the colours are faded; the beauty is no more. Step now to your toilette. Indeed, Priscilla, you are very pretty: what a face, what an air, what a shape! In the evening one of the thousand enemies of handsome features overtakes you, and your second visit to the mirror shows—an ugly woman. I would not have you fix too violent a dependance upon features. Nor do I, Priscilla, estimate you according to your wealth: Certain it is, old Prudish, your father, left you rich; but I wish you were not so fascinated with these possessions. I think there is under all your false ideas a good heart; 'tis this, Priscilla, which draws me towards you. I know we should live very happy together if you would but comply with my terms—They are neither difficult nor various: First, break your looking glass; secondly, turn all your poets out of doors; thirdly, throw their verses into the fire; and, lastly, make a solemn vow never to trust in metaphors and comparisons, two cursed things which have done more injury to young women than libertinism itself. What say you? Will you agree to these conditions, and take to your bosom, without either lace on his coat, poetry in his head, or puppyism at his heart,

Yours, &c.

P. P———.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE ITS OWN PUNISHMENT.

A Prussian peasant accompanied some of his companions to the house of a fellow who assumed the character of a fortune-teller; and having disobliged him, by expressing a contempt of his art, the fellow, out of revenge, prophesied that this man should die on a scaffold. This seemed to make little impression at the time, but afterwards recurred often to this unhappy creatures memory, and became every day more troublesome to his imagination. At length the idea haunted his mind so incessantly that he was rendered perfectly miserable, and could no longer endure life.

He would have put himself to death with his own hands, had he not been deterred by the opinion, that God Almighty never forgives suicide; though upon repentance he is very ready to pardon every other crime. He resolved, therefore, to commit murder, that he might be deprived of life by the hand of justice; and mingling a sentiment of benevolence with the cruelty of his intention, he reflected, that if he murdered a grown person, he might possibly send a soul to hell. To avoid this, he determined to murder a child, who could not have committed sin which deserved damnation, but dying in innocence, would go immediately to heaven. In consequence of these ideas, he actually murdered an infant of his master's, for whom he had always shown an uncommon degree of fondness. Such was the strange account that this

infatuated creature gave on his trial; and thus the random prophesy proved, as in many other cases, the cause of its own completion.

He was executed about two miles from Berlin. As soon as he ascended the scaffold, he took off his coat and waistcoat; his shirt was rolled down below his shoulders; his night cap was pulled over his eyes; he was placed on his knees, and the executioner, with a single stroke of a broad sword, severed his head from his body. It was the first time this executioner had performed; there were two others of the same trade on the scaffold, who exhibited an instance of insensibility more shocking than the execution. While the man's head rolled on the scaffold, and the arteries of the trunk poured out their blood, those men, with the gayest air imaginable, shook their brother by the hand, wished him joy, and clapping him on the back, congratulated him on the dexterous and effectual manner in which he had performed his office.

THE REAL PHILOSOPHER.

In the suburbs of St. Marcel, where poverty reigns, a spotted fever cut down the people by hundreds.

The confessors laboured night and day; the arms of the grave diggers failed; the hearse rolled from door to door, and was never empty. A reinforcement of priests were called in to assist the dying. A venerable capuchin entered a low hovel, where one of the

victims of contagion suffered; an old man in dirty rags lay dying; a bundle of straw serving him for a covering and a pillow. Not a moveable, not a chair was in the house—he had sold all during the first days of his sickness for a little broth—and on his naked wall hung an axe and a saw.

This was his whole possession, except the strength of his arms, which he was not able to lift up.

"Take courage, my friend," said the confessor, "it is a great blessing God bestows on you to-day. You are going to depart from a world where you know nothing but misery." "But misery!" replied the dying man with a feeble voice; "you are mistaken; I have lived contented, and never complained of my lot. I never knew hatred nor envy. My sleep was tranquil. I laboured in the day, but I rested at night—the instruments which you see procured me bread, which I have eaten with pleasure. I never envied the table of the rich—I have observed the rich to be more subject to diseases than their neighbours. I was always poor, but never was sick until now. If I recover health, which I do not expect, I will return to labour, and continue to bless the hand of God which has hitherto cared for me." The astonished comforter knew not well what tone to take; he could not reconcile the miserable thatch with the language of him who lay on it—recovering himself, he said, "my son, though this life has not been unpleasant to you, you must nevertheless resolve to quit it; for we owe submission to God's will."

"Without doubt," replied the dying man, with a

firm tone of voice and composed countenance, "all the world must pass in their turn. I have known how to live; I know how to die. I thank God for giving me life, and conducting me through it to himself. I feel the moment approach—adieu, my father." This is the death of a pious christian.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.

An old woman, on a Sunday, was making dumplings, when two of her grand sons came to see her, and being merrily inclined, conveyed some quick silver into the dough while her back was turned, and then took their leave. The old woman left the cooking to the care of her grand daughter, and went herself to church, charging her to be careful, and skim the pot, in which was to be boiled the dumplings and the mutton; the girl was very careful to watch when the pot boiled, when taking off the cover, out jumped a dumpling, which she instantly put in again, when out flew another, and another after that, which so terrified the girl, that she ran with all speed to the church; the old woman, seeing her come in, held up her hand, shook her head, winked at her, as much as to say begone! at last the girl cried out, before the whole congregation, "all your nodding and winking does not signify, for the leg of mutton has beat the dumplings out of the pot." This caused much laughing; and her two grand sons, being then on their knees, saw plainly the pleasing effect of their experiment. But tricks played

with quicksilver should be managed with great care, as it is a very dangerous amusement.

LUDICROUS ANECDOTE.

A certain major H. a rich planter in the state of Virginia, was famous for his hospitality, and no less noted for the drollery which he frequently practised on strangers, who often lodged at his house. One evening a gentleman, passing through that part of the country, who was informed of the major's character, determined to halt there until the next morning. He accordingly stopped, and the humourist received him with his usual politeness. After the tea table was removed, and they had conversed for some time on different subjects, the major asked the traveller if he could dance—the other answered in the negative; but H. pretended to impute this answer to the stranger's modesty, insisted, in the politest manner possible, that he must certainly be an adept in the accomplishment, and assured him that he should be highly gratified in seeing a specimen of his skill. The gentleman, much surprised at his host's importunity, obstinately persisted in denying the least knowledge of dancing, while Mr. H. strenuously insisted on the contrary. He then ordered his negro boy to bring in his fiddle, and requested his guest to gratify him in dancing a reel; but the stranger begged to be excused. The major, having repeated his desires to see the gentleman dance, and finding he

could not prevail upon him by entreaty, suddenly drew a pistol from his pocket, and presented it to the breast of the astonished traveller, swearing he must either instantly obey him, or he would discharge its contents into his body. The stranger, seeing the major's resolution, was terrified into a compliance, and the music striking up, he fell to dancing with the greatest gravity imaginable, cursing the humour of his host from the bottom of his heart. Having exercised himself in this ridiculous manner (to the no small diversion of his host) till he was much fatigued, he was about to sit down; but his tormentor, not yet satisfied with the fun, presented his pistol a second time, assuring the dancer his performance had hitherto afforded so much entertainment, that he must continue it till further orders. The poor intimidated stranger, seeing the earnestness with which his mischievous host repeated his demand, began again, till extreme fatigue compelled him to beg a momentary respite. The major was inexorable, and compelled his panting guest to a further exercise of his limbs, till he was so far exhausted by fatigue that he could scarcely move. The major being at length fully satisfied with the *fun*, liberated his prisoner about twelve o'clock at night, and retired from the room, leaving his pistol on the table. The instant the major was out of sight, the traveller took possession of the pistol, examined it, and found that it was not charged.—He was doubly irritated when he found that he had been so completely duped, and instantly resolved to retaliate on his entertainer in a manner he little ex-

pected; he therefore charged the pistol with powder and ball, which he happened to have about him, and on the major's return, the guest requested to be gratified in his turn; but the major with great good humour observed that it was rather late for further diversion; and desired his guest to retire to bed.—"Sir," said the other, with great sang froid, "I insist on your dancing;" the major still excused himself; but his guest presenting the pistol at him, commanded him to begin instantly, or abide by the consequence. The major, imagining the pistol was unloaded, smiled at his threat, and was going off; "Stop, sir," said the stranger, "do not think to escape with impunity: you must know that I have charged the pistol, and by G—d you must either instantly obey, or expect the consequence." He accordingly cocked the pistol, evincing a determined resolution to execute his threats, if not instantly obeyed—the major, seeing, by the resentment that sparkled in the eyes of his guest, he was in earnest, proceeded to action as soon as possible.

The poor negro, who had not enjoyed a minutes rest from seven till twelve o'clock, thought the sport had ended with the first dance; but the gentleman, after bestowing a few curses on him for his laziness, ordered him to play a brisk tune for his master, who was desirous of trying his skill next. The musician alleged in vain his fatigue, and being repeatedly terrified with threats of immediate death if he did not proceed, he played as hard as he could, while his master was obliged to submit to this musical disci-

pline. He kept the poor major most sweatingly to work till break of day, when he ordered his horse to be brought, and in the mean time confined him as close to his work as ever. His horse being ready, the traveller prepared to mount, when the almost breathless major insisted on his staying to breakfast, assuring him he had never met with an equal match before, and he should think himself happy in a further acquaintance with the gentleman; but the traveller doubting the sincerity of his host's professions, thanked him very politely, and assured him that his kindness had already laid him under obligations he should not very soon forget; then discharging the pistol at the door, he pursued his journey with aching bones, but not a little pleased with having paid his host so well for his night's entertainment.

THE STORM.

It is dark, and a silent gloom pervades the face of heaven and earth, that makes my soul expand to such a magnitude, as if it would burst the very bosom which contains it. All is silent! Fear takes possession of my mind; when, from an angry cloud, the liquid flames flash forth with terrible sublimity, darting from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, with such repeated swiftness, blazing expansive through the heaven's high vaults, then on a sudden vanish-

ing! On rolls the distant thunder—solemnly sublime, and with the peeling rain and howling wind, approaches nearer; between each peal out flashes the sulphureous flame, illumining the rushing cataract with its light; succeeded by a crash most horrible, which shakes the very earth to its centre! Once more a sombre gloom spreads over the face of nature—again all is terror and confusion.

SINGULAR MEMOIRS OF PAT O'CONNOR.

Pat O'Connor, who never boasted of his family, as they had been all buried in obscurity, having experienced the many heart-achs of being out of employ, and sometimes the many belly-fulls of being in a good service; after this round of ups and downs, at last engaged himself with an English gentleman at Cork, who was then about leaving Ireland.

The day of departure came—Pat took leave of his friends and country; while his conjectures on his new master engaged his present thoughts.

He soon became acquainted with London, as well as the intrigues and roguery of his employer, who having been the son of a late respectable citizen, thought he could never spend a small sum that had been left him too soon or extravagantly.

A young lady near Windsor having attracted his notice, he was resolved, in his general phrase, to *have* her, notwithstanding she had already testified her dis-

approbation of his addresses, as well as her dislike to his person: this, however, instead of discouraging, provoked our volatile youth to meditate a design of ruining her; for though his partiality for ladies was great, yet marriage seldom entered his head.

Her uncle, with whom she lived, being a strange character, that received the company of every one who boasted of his parentage and lineage, he deemed it an easy task to ingratiate himself in his favour. To accomplish this, however, he dared not to acknowledge himself the son of a citizen, as that would totally mar his designs, and defeat his purpose with the old gentleman. He was, therefore, resolved to dress up Pat O'Connor in great style, and introduce him as an Irish baronet, being his supposed uncle, whom he intended to instruct, and enable to puff off his unknown family. The project delighted poor Pat, who was highly pleased with the thoughts of becoming a gentleman. He promised to expatiate upon the excellence of his birth, and inform the young lady's uncle of the large estate which he would givehim. The day was accordingly fixed, and Pat was introduced as a man of consequence and fortune.

The mock hero now strutted about with assumed state and airs; the old gentleman, on account of his supposed rank, received him with the greatest cordiality, and begged to know who the young gentleman's father was.

"Why my brother," cries Pat, "my brother, do ye see, was a very good sort of a gentleman, but not altogether as handsome as me." "And pray, sir, what fortune do you intend to give your nephew?"

"What fortune?—why 'faith and troth, honey, it's hard for me to say, when I don't know the extent of it myself." "Is it in lands, sir?" "Lands—oh, aye—it's in the Comb—the Pottlehole—I'll give him a bit of the Liberty—a scrap or two of Meath-street—a few yards of Donny Brook, and—" "Why, sir, I never heard of such estates." "No; then you were never in sweet Dublin."

"I have heard many expatiate upon its beauties; indeed, from the traveller's account, one may be apt to think it was the promised land, that overflowed with milk and honey."

"Milk and honey!" exclaims Pat, "oh honey! oh, that's a singular union indeed!—why you mean milk and potatoes, you fool."

The similarity of names did not agree with the family pride of the old gentleman; of course a quarrel ensued; Pat swearing by St. Patrick that he was as good as he; and in order to prove it, called out for his master.

The sound of master alarmed the old gentleman, but it did not in the least confound Pat, who recollecting himself, put it off with—"why, aye, did I not tell you I would make him master of the comb and pottlehole."

The master appeared, and as his servant was generally going beyond the bounds, he applied a sly pinch in order to remind him of his duty—Pat gave a sudden roar, and swore, in a terrible manner, if he did that again he would divulge all.

"All what?" cries the uncle" "Why what's that

to you ?" rejoins Pat. "Must you know every thing, you old rogue ?"—"Rogue ! sir, consider my family."

It was with the greatest difficulty the young gentleman could restore peace and harmony, which at last he did, by assuring him, that in his country, rogue was an appellation of honour.

"Oh yes," exclaims Pat, "we gentlemen are all rogues—but search the world through, there are not more honest rogues than the sons of Tipperary."

The last scheme was to deceive the young lady. Pat was informed, that he must personate a chaplain, in order to give a mock ceremony, that miss might be deluded by a supposed private marriage. Our Irish hero was left alone to consider, and seeing the young lady at a distance, flew to meet her, and discovered the whole design.

"He wants to make a gentleman in black of me, honey, but may the black gentleman seize me, if I wrong so much innocence."

By this honest confession, the lady's honour was preserved. In token of her gratitude, she persuaded her guardian uncle to take Pat (who was accordingly dismissed by his master) into his service, which place our son of Tipperary still retains, being honoured by his fellow servants, both for his birth and lineage.

DELICATE BENEVOLENCE.

Two young ladies of a distinguished family, in the city of Anch in France, were so far reduced in life as

to be compelled to gain their subsistence, with the greatest difficulty, by the labour of their hands.—Nothing was left of their once splendid fortunes, but some wretched furniture, and an old picture, of little value. The Archbishop of Anch having heard of their deplorable circumstances, instantly repaired to these unfortunate ladies, and being anxious to relieve them without wounding their delicacy, he said to them, with a smiling and affable air: "I am informed, ladies, that you have in your apartment a most valuable picture. I see it. It is by the hand of a great master. It particularly pleases me, and if it be not too great a favour, I would entreat you to part with it for a pension of one hundred louis, which shall commence this moment. I have brought the first year in advance."

HUMOROUS INSTANCE OF STRONG SUPERSTITIOUS CREDULITY.

A widow lady at Paris, aged about sixty-five, who lodged in a two pair of stairs floor, in the Reu de la Ferronerie, with only a maid servant, was accustomed to spend several hours every day before the altar dedicated to St. Paul, in a neighbouring church.—Some villains observing her extreme bigotry, resolved, as she was known to be very rich, to share her wealth. One of them, accordingly, took the opportunity to conceal himself behind the carved work of the

altar; and when no person but the old lady was there, in the dusk of the evening, he contrived to throw a letter just before her. She took it up, and not perceiving any one near her, supposed it came by a miracle. In this she was the more confirmed, when she saw it signed, Paul the Apostle; he expressed the satisfaction he received by her prayers addressed to him, when so many newly canonized saints engrossed the devotion of the world, and robbed the primitive saints of their wonted adoration: and to show his regard for the devotee, he promised to come down from heaven with the angel Gabriel, and sup with her at eight in the evening. It seems scarcely credible that any one could be deceived by so gross a fraud; yet to what length of credulity will not superstition carry a weak mind? The infatuated lady believed the whole, and rose from her knees in transport, to prepare an entertainment for her heavenly guests.

The supper being bespoke, and the side-board set out to the best advantage, she thought that her own plate, worth about four hundred pounds, did not make so elegant an appearance as might be wished; and therefore sent to her brother, a counsellor in the parliament of Paris, to borrow all his plate. The maid, however, was charged not to disclose the occasion; but only to say that she had company to supper, and would be obliged to him if he would lend her his plate for the evening. The counsellor, surprised at the application, well knowing his sister's frugal life, began to suspect that she was enamoured of some

fortune-hunter, who might marry her, and thus deprive his family of what he expected at his sister's death. He therefore positively refused to send the plate, unless the maid would tell him what guests were expected. The girl, alarmed for her mistress's honour, declared that her pious lady had no thoughts of a husband; but St. Paul having sent her a letter from heaven, promising that he and the angel Gabriel would sup with her, she wanted to make the entertainment as elegant as possible.

The counsellor immediately suspected that some villains had imposed on her; and sending the maid with the plate, proceeded directly to the commissary of that quarter. On the magistrate's going with him to a house adjoining, they saw, just before eight o'clock, a tall man, dressed in long vestments, with a white beard, and a young man in white, with large wings at his shoulders, alight from a hackney coach, and go up to his sister's apartments. The commissary immediately ordered twelve of the police guards to post themselves on the stairs, while he knocked at the door, and desired admittance. The old lady replied, that she had company, and could not speak to any one. But the commissary answered, that he must come in, for that he was St. Peter, and had come to ask St. Paul and the angel Gabriel how they came out of heaven without his knowledge. The divine visitors were astonished at this, not expecting any more saints to join them; but the lady, overjoyed at having so great an Apostle with her, ran eagerly to the door, when the commissary, her brother, and the

police guards, rushing in, presented their muskets, seized her guests, and carried them to prison.

On searching the criminals, two cords, a razor, and a pistol, were found in St. Paul's pocket, and a gag in that of the angel Gabriel. Three days after, the trial came on, when they pleaded in their own defence, the one was a soldier in the French infantry, and the other a barber's apprentice; that they had no other design than to procure a good supper at the widow's expense; that it being carnival time, they had borrowed these dresses, and the soldier having picked up two cords, put them into his pocket; that the razor was that with which he constantly shaved himself; that the pistol was to defend them from any insults to which their strange habits might expose them in going home: and that the barber's apprentice, whose master was a tooth drawer, merely had the gag which they sometimes used in their business. These excuses, frivolous as they were, proved of some avail; and as they had manifested no evil design by any overt act, they were both acquitted.

But the counsellor, who foresaw what might happen through the defect of evidence, had provided another stroke for them. No sooner, therefore, were they discharged from the civil power, than the aparitor of the Archbishop of Paris immediately seized them, and conveyed them to the Ecclesiastical prison. In three days more they were tried, and convicted of a scandalous profanation, by assuming to themselves the names, characters, and appearances of a holy apostle and a blessed angel, with intent to

deceive a pious and well meaning woman, and to the scandal of religion. They were accordingly condemned to be publicly whipped, burnt on the shoulder with a hot iron, and sent to the gallies for fourteen years. A sentence which was in a few days faithfully put in execution.

SINGULAR EXAMINATION

BEFORE A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Justice. What have you to allege against the prisoner?

Accuser. Please your worship's grace, I am come to prosecute him on the dog act.

Prisoner. 'Tis a false charge! I never stole a dog in all my born days; and if any man should say I did, I would tell him he was a gallows liar to his face.

Accuser. I say you are one of the most notedest dog-stealers in England, and I can prove as how you stole my bitch.

Prisoner. As to my stealing a few bitches now and then, I don't pretend to deny. It is better to pick up a little money in an employment like this, than to lounge about like an idle vagabond. There is no harm at all in stealing bitches.

Justice. I believe, fellow, I shall convince you to the contrary.

Prisoner. You must not pretend to tell me law better than I know it. I was bred to the crown law, and served a regular clerkship to it among my brethren,

in the neighbourhood of Chick-lane ; I think I should have made a figure if I had been called to the bar.

Justice. Then you will shortly have an opportunity of shining in your proper sphere.

Prisoner. I should have been hanged many a sessions ago, if so be as I had not been clever in turning and twisting the acts of parliament. I have not studied law for nothing. Lord bless your dear worship's eyes, I have made the most learned judges going knock under to me. When I came to explain and identificate what law was, they hung down their ears, looked foolish, and had not a word to say for themselves.

Justice. Have you not stole the man's bitch ?

Prisoner. I have.

Justice. Then I shall convict you in the penalty of forty pounds.

Prisoner. I have carefully perused the act of parliament, and defy you, or any other dealer in the peace, to hurt a hair of my head. You must not pretend to teach those that can teach you. I know a thing or two, and if you don't mind what you are about, you may, perhaps, catch cold.

Justice. If you threaten me, I shall commit you.

Prisoner. You had better commit adultery.

Justice. Is not a bitch a dog ?

Prisoner. Is not your wife a justice of the peace ? Your worship won't pretend to say now that a cow is a bull.

Justice. I insist upon it that, according to the true spirit of the statute, a dog and a bitch is exactly the same thing.

Prisoner. I dare you to convict me on the statute. The word bitch is not so much as mentioned in it. I had the opinion of my brethren upon this jig, and b . . . t me if I don't steal as many bitches as I come near, in spite of all the old women in the commission.

Justice. If you call me an old woman again, I'll trounce you.

Prisoner. Read that, and be convinced. (*Presenting to the justice the act of parliament against dog stealing.*)

Justice. (*After reading the act.*) Discharge this fellow, I shall not venture to commit him.

Prisoner. Lord help the poor law makers, they always leave a hole for a man of ingenuity to creep out at! If they have a mind to make their acts binding, they must consult one of us knowing ones, who are up to a thing or two, which is more than they are.

ENVY REWARDED.

Louis the Eleventh, whilst dauphin, passed some time at Burgundy, to conceal himself from the pursuits of the king his father; he diverted himself with hunting, and called often at the house of a cottager to rest himself, who, having an excellent crop of turnips, often set them before the prince, and he frequently partook of them. At length, the king dying, the dauphin was, of course, exalted to the throne; when the villager, at the solicitation of his wife, went to Paris, and carried the king some of the finest turnips

in the garden; but, as he had neither money nor provisions, he eat all by the way, except one of the finest, which he reserved for his majesty. On his arrival he presented it to the king, who received it as a diamond of the same size, and placed it in his cabinet; he gave the villager a thousand crowns, and sent him away.

A courtier, perceiving how well the man was rewarded for so trifling a present, begged the king to accept of a fine horse, richly caparisoned, little doubting of the same success. Louis, however, knowing the motive, stepped into his cabinet, and returned with a packet neatly wrapped up: "There," said he, "take this, but I charge you not to open it in Paris." The courtier eagerly embraced the present, and expecting shortly to behold a jewel, opened the packet, and found a turnip! He immediately returned to Paris, and going to the king, informed him he had mistaken one thing for another. "I crave your pardon," said Louis, "I have bought your horse very dearly, since the present I made you cost me a thousand crowns."

THE DESPERATE LOVER.

Kingston, Jamaica, has been for two years full of French emigrants. Many of them appear to have been people of fashion and fortune; some few are from Martinico, but the greater part from Hispaniola. I do not know whether the following tragical story ever reached you:

A French planter of eminence in Hispaniola had taken refuge here with his lady, his daughter, about fourteen years of age, and his domestics in whom he confided, and who chose to follow his fortune. A Mr. Smith, the son of an eminent coffee planter here, and a subaltern of the first battalion of the Royal Scots, at present quartered in this island, fell deeply in love with the young lady, and, with his father's approbation, paid his addresses to her; the young lady, like a dutiful daughter, referred him to her father, who refused his consent under various pretences. In the mean time, news was received that the second division of the army from old France, destined to quell the rebellion of the slaves in Hispaniola, had arrived there.

The French gentleman, with the hopes of peace being restored to that island, embarked with his family on board a schooner bound thither. Mr. Smith went on board in a boat, and renewed his entreaties to the planter to allow him to marry his daughter. The father remained inexorable; Mr. Smith in vain urged his suit. The vessel was now at some distance from the harbour, and the young lady, drowned in tears, was present on the quarter deck where this interesting scene passed. Mr. Smith, finding all his entreaties fruitless, drew his sword in a transport of rage, and told the planter that nothing but the respect he owed the father of the woman he loved, prevented him from putting him to death on the spot; and having repeated, what he had often declared during this interview, that he would not survive her loss, he bid

the young lady an everlasting farewell, and jumping overboard, instantly sunk.

The boat was manned to pick up the body when it rose, but it never was seen. His unfortunate father, when the news reached him, in vain offered a reward of two hundred pounds to any person who would bring him the body of his son, that it might be decently interred, but it was never found.

The vessel in a day or two made the land of Hispaniola, but too late to reach their port that day; one night only intervened, as the planter thought, to prevent him returning in peace to his home; but during that night, his domestics, headed by a favourite waiting man, rose, murdered every white person on board except the young lady, whom the waiting man seized on as his prey, and taking the boat, went on shore and joined the rebellious negroes, who are still unsubdued.

ANECDOTE OF MARESCHAL DE CATINAT.

This philosophic general was denominated by the soldiers, the Father of Thought. After the battle of Marsaille, gained by Catinat, while on all sides the acclamations of victory were still heard, and the general was surrounded by those who came to pay him their court, a veteran soldier of his regiment, piercing the congratulating crowd, threw himself at the general's feet, and in the name of the whole corps beg-

ged for mercy in favour of one of the bravest of their comrades, who was just seized as a deserter, and who had the preceding evening, in the battle, taken a standard, and made several prisoners. "Compose yourself, my friend," replied the general, as he assisted the veteran to rise; "let the deserter come forward."

He then made his appearance; and, "O! my father," he cried, as he threw himself on the ground, "I am a gentleman, the son of an officer who was killed at the battle of Lens. My mother, left without provision, and without protection, was obliged to labour for my subsistence and her own; but age and infirmity soon rendered her unable to work, and reduced us to wretchedness in the extreme. To support my mother I enlisted. Soon after I had joined the regiment, I learned that she lay dangerously ill: I begged for permission to go and give her my assistance; that permission was refused me: unable to resist the impulse of nature, I left my colours to fly to her aid; and as soon as she began to recover I rejoined the army. Such, O my father! is the crime which I am now going to expiate with my life; a crime, the disgrace of which I endeavoured yesterday to efface in the field of battle. I do not beg for mercy, but only that, when I shall be no more, some assistance be given to my poor mother." "My son," replied the general with vivacity, "why did you not come to me? Or, if you conceived that I was barbarous and unfeeling, why did you call me father? Your birth, and still more your sentiments, entitle you to the rank of an officer; a commission you shall have,

your worthy comrade shall be rewarded. Go, I will inform the king of this affair; continue to act as becomes a gentleman." Catinat solicited a pension for the unfortunate mother, and not succeeding at first in his application, he made her an annuity from his own purse, in the name of the king, that he might not hurt her delicacy.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

Mr. Andrews had a friend who studied at a celebrated university, and having a strong predilection for anatomy, took great pleasure in attending on dissections. One evening he, with many others, were anxiously attending the commencement of that operation on the body of a notorious malefactor, who lay stretched out on the table before them; the surgeon, who had been placing it in a proper position, turning to the company, addressed them thus: "I am pretty certain, gentlemen, from the warmth of the subject, and the flexibility of the limbs, that by a proper degree of attention and care, the vital heat would return, and life, in consequence, take place. But then, when it is considered what a rascal we should again have among us; that he was executed for having murdered a girl; and that, were he to be restored to life, he would probably murder somebody else; when all these things are coolly considered, I own it is my opinion that we had better proceed with the dissec-

tion." With these words, he plunged the knife into the breast of the carcase, and precluded at once all dread of future assassinations, or hopes of future repentance.

A STRIKING INSTANCE OF COURAGE.

When the Romans were at war with the Gauls, the latter advanced as far as the banks of the river Anio, within three miles of Rome. The Romans marched against them: the two armies continued some time in sight of each other, without coming to action, separated only by the bridge over the river. A Gaul, of a gigantic stature, advanced upon the bridge, and cried out with a loud voice, "Let the bravest man in the Roman army enter the lists with me; the success of our combat shall determine which is the more valiant nation." His extraordinary size and fierce looks struck the Romans with such awe, that for a long time not one in the whole army appeared to accept his challenge. At length young Manlius, who had so remarkably signalized his affection for his father, touched with a just sense of the affront offered to the Roman name, quitted his post, and flying to the dictator, asked leave to encounter the enemy. "Though I were sure of victory," says he, "I would not fight this proud Gaul without your order; but, if you will give me leave, I will make this huge boaster know that I am of the blood of that Manlius whose valour

proved so fatal to the Gauls on the capitol." The dictator, who had been very uneasy that no Roman had accepted the challenge before, readily complied with the request of the brave youth. "Go, Manlius," said he, "and humble the pride of this insulting enemy; revenge the cause of the city where you first drew your breath, as successfully as you relieved him to whom you owe it." Upon this the young Roman, having changed the round buckler, which he wore as a Roman knight, for a square one, and armed himself with a short sword, fit both for cutting and stabbing, advanced against the Gaul, who was strutting about in his armour, and making an ostentatious show of his strength. Both Romans and Gauls retired to their respective posts, leaving the bridge free for the two champions. "The Gaul," says Livy, "began the combat by discharging a great blow with his long sword at Manlius, which made much noise, but did no execution; hereupon the young Roman dexterously slipped under his enemy's shield, and stabbed him in two places, so that he soon fell. The conqueror cut off his head, and without troubling himself about the rest of the spoils, only seized a golden collar, which he tore from his neck, and, bloody as it was, put it upon his own, in token of his victory; and hence he got the surname of Torquatus, which he transmitted to his posterity. The event of this combat so discouraged the Gauls, that they abandoned their camp in the night, and retired into Campania.

SINGULAR CASE OF A MURDER.

A French officer, going in a vessel from the Hague to Rotterdam, contracted an acquaintance with one of the passengers, a dealer in watches, who was going from the latter city to Brabant. The watch-maker was so well pleased with the patriotic effusions of his companion in the course of their passage, that when the vessel arrived at its place of destination, both resolved to halt at the same inn, which is called the Kiene Schippere Herberg. They supped together, and afterwards amused themselves at cards till one in the morning, when they agreed to sleep in one room, and at length even in one bed. Unfortunately, however, the tradesman had, either by accident or carelessness, exhibited to his new acquaintance a purse, richly stowed with ducats. The officer waited till sleep had closed the unsuspicious traveller's eyes, stopped his mouth with a handkerchief, and almost instantly plunged a sword into his breast.

The instrument missing the unfortunate man's heart, he awoke, and struggled violently, but was not able to give any alarm. The officer, chagrined at the disappointment, continued to hack the miserable victim till his intestines dropped out, and no signs of life appeared, when he dragged the body to a trunk, which belonged to the murdered person, in order thus to conceal the main evidence of this dreadful deed; and by cutting the joints of the thighs and arms, which were brought by that means to rest on the

body, he succeeded in placing it in the trunk, and again locked it. Being unable, however, to wipe up all the blood which deluged the bed and the chamber, he stabbed himself in a part where no danger could result, and returned in tranquillity to his pillow, where he actually slept so long the next morning, that the chambermaid conceived it her duty to inform the gentlemen of the late hour ; but obtaining no answer, she peeped through the key hole, and seeing the floor covered with blood, gave an instant alarm. The police officers attended, broke open the door, and after a narrow search, discovered the horrible contents of the trunk. The Frenchman alleged, that what had happened was merely in his own defence, and showed his wound, as a demonstration of the intention of the deceased! He is, however, closely confined, but the friends of humanity suspect that the monster will escape his merited punishment. The mangled body was taken to the surgeons' hall at Rotterdam, and exposed to public inspection for several days, in order to discover the unfortunate tradesman's name and family.

SPANISH CRUELTY.

By the gloomy, the merciless dispositions of the Spanish conquerors of South America, the very name of Spaniard became an object of execration to the helpless victims of their insatiable fury. One of the

chiefs of the island of Cuba, named Hatway, who had, with uncommon resolution, defended the liberties of his country, having been overcome and taken prisoner, he was condemned to be burned alive. As the unhappy prince, in consequence of the doom thus cruelly and unjustly awarded against him, advanced to the fatal stake at which he was to expire, a missionary exhorted him to embrace christianity, and assured him that, by this change of his religion, he would be admitted into paradise. "In this paradise, of which you so much boast, are there any Spaniards?" demanded the chief. "Doubtless, there are," replied the missionary: "none, however, but good ones can enter into it." "Worthless are the best of them," returned Hatway; "on no account will I agree to go into a place where I shall be in danger of meeting with an individual of the Spanish race. No more then of your religion! let me die."

THE SHIPWRECK.

Mr. M—— was a gentleman of property, of one of the southern states. Though descended from a good family, he reprobated that species of affectation which supposes all inherent worth and goodness to consist in the length of one's pedigree: neither did he conceive it impossible that many virtues should exist unconnected with affluence and splendour. Surrounded with every convenience, every luxury of life, he

lived happy—supremely so, in the embraces of a fond wife, and the caresses of a darling child. The little Fanny, just two years old, by the beauty of her countenance, bid fair to reward the tender care of her parents.

Such was the situation of affairs when Mr. M—— was necessitated to take a voyage to Europe. Mrs. M—— insisted on accompanying him. Painful was the idea of separating; painful was the thought of exposing his precious all to the mercy of the winds and waves; but he finally consented to the urgent solicitations of his amiable Maria. The preparations were made, and they set out with a propitious gale, and the most flattering expectations of an easy passage. Nor were their expectations for some time deceived: they already, in idea, beheld rough Albion's hoary cliffs; already imagined their dangers pas , but, alas! how blind to fate is man!

The heavens, on a sudden, are overcast, and that sky, which of late afforded the most serene prospect, is now shrouded in storms—the wind rises—old ocean roars—the steady pilot scarce maintains the helm—the sturdy seaman, who before had weathered many a gale, now trembles—night approaches—the tempest increases—the vessel drives as the wind and sea direct—the forked lightnings play, and serve to add new horror to the surrounding darkness—hark! the surf beating against the rocks is at a distance heard—every hope is lost—the boldest heart appals with fear. Till this moment Mr. M—— had entertained some faint ideas that all might yet be well—but hope is

now drowned in despair. Behold the husband clasping to his breast the darling wife in agony of wo. Behold the tender mother embrace her lovely child, who, terrified by her repeated shrieks, responsive demands its wonted protection. But in vain—the vessel strikes—One universal shriek proclaims their aggregate despair. The vessel parts, and each, unmindful of his fellow, prefers his own safety. Some on broken planks trust to the guidance of the rolling waves. Mrs. M—— still embracing her beloved child, seizes on a large chest, to which she clings, till fainting with the enfeebling task, she had sunk to rest eternal, had not one wave, more furious than the rest, driven her towards the shore, and retreating, left her extended on the sands—once more she exerts her strongest effort, and places herself and child beyond the reach of the returning wave. Anxious for the fate of her dear husband—shivering in the cold, she waits the returning light. Scarce could exhausted nature support the mighty exertion—day light appears—in vain she casts her eyes upon that element, lately so turbulent, for some traces of her late companions—all are buried in a watery grave. Alone, unknown and unfriended, in a foreign clime, reduced from the height of affluence and ease, to the depth of misery and despair, behold her wandering to beg that charity, she once so willingly bestowed. Among christians she hoped that most amiable tenet of their religion would not be forgotten. But alas! she begs in vain! The beauteous babe, still hanging at her breast, whose cries,

one would think the most obdurate heart could not resist, is, to some, matter of derision and insult. Many were the repulses, many the mortifications she endured; till at length, heaven, tired with persecuting merit so great, sends her a friend, who comforts her desponding soul, and lulls her cares to rest. She returned to her friends—returned to mourn her lost husband—returned to rear her babe, still more endeared by her labours to preserve it.

INSTANCE OF COURAGE IN TWO BOYS IN AMERICA.

About the middle of October, 1789, two brothers, by the name of Johnson, one twelve, the other nine years old, were playing on the western bank of Short creek, skipping stones in the water. At a distance they discovered two men, who appeared to be settlers, being dressed with coats and hats. These men, to amuse and deceive the children, (as the event showed,) engaged in the same sport, advancing towards them, till by degrees they got so near that the children discovered them to be Indians, but it was then too late to make their escape; the Indians seized and carried them six miles into the woods, where they made a fire, and took up their lodging for the night; their rifles and tomahawks they rested against a tree, and then laid down, each Indian with a boy in his arms. The children, as may be supposed, kept awake; the oldest began to move, and finding his Indian sound

asleep, by degrees disengaged himself, and went to the fire, which had then got low, and stirred it up; the Indian not waking, he whispered to his brother, who likewise crept away, and both of them went to the fire. The oldest boy then observed to his brother, I think we can kill these Indians, and get away from them; the youngest agreed to the proposal of attempting it: the oldest then took one of the rifles, and placed the muzzle, which he rested on a small stick that he found for the purpose, close to the head of one of the Indians, committing the execution of this part of the business to his brother, ordering him to pull the trigger at the moment he saw him strike the other Indian with one of the tomahawks. The oldest gave the signal; the youngest pulled the trigger; the rifle shot away the lower part of the Indian's face, and left him senseless; he then told his brother to lay on, for he had done for his; after which he snatched up the gun and ran; the boy with the tomahawk gave the stroke with the wrong end, and the Indian started on his feet. The boy found the mistake, and turning the tomahawk in his hand, gave him another blow, which brought him to the ground; he repeated his strokes till he had despatched him, and then made the best of his way after his brother. When the boys had found the path, which they recollected to have travelled before, the oldest fixed his hat on a bush, as a direction to find the place next day. The tomahawked Indian was found near the place where the boys had left him: the other was not there; but was tracked by his blood, and although so weakened by

his wounds that he could not raise his rifle to fire on his pursuers, (two men,) they suffered him to escape; but it is supposed he must have died of his wound. These two Indians were sent out to reconnoitre the best place for an attack, which was to have been made by a body of warriors, waiting in the neighbourhood. The gentleman who gave this account saw and conversed with the two children.

THE DEVIL CHEATED BY A SHEPHERD.

The following story relates the encounter of a protestant shepherd with a counterfeit devil, that attempted to persuade him to renounce his faith for popery.

The account is dated from Ummendorf, July, 1676, and is thus: In the bishopric of Halberstadt, there lives a poor shepherd, bred up in the protestant religion, but of that kind which, from Martin Luther, are called Lutherans, differing in many points from the Roman church, and holding consubstantiation, &c. Not far from the plains where he kept his sheep, was situated a monastery, or convent of monks, who had frequently laboured with all the arguments they could use, to withdraw this shepherd from his profession, and bring him over to the Romish religion. How our shepherd was furnished with logic I cannot say, but it appears he wanted not a settled resolution, which remained proof against all their attempts; wherefore, finding neither persuasion nor flatteries would prevail,

they proceeded to threatenings; telling him, that if he persisted in heresy after so many ghostly admonitions, he should immediately be plagued with the devil, who would carry him away quickly into hell. But he, not regarding such ridiculous nonsense, persisted still in his religion. Wherefore, two monks dressed themselves up in wonderful shapes; the one very gay and beautiful, with a brave pair of wings, and other accoutrements, fit to represent him as a good angel; the other in a frightful habit, personating the devil; and, being thus prepared, they came one night to the shepherd, as he was sleeping in the fields, in his car, a small hut going upon wheels, commonly used by men of his profession.

The counterfeit angel first approached him, and with fair words and insinuations, tempted him to embrace the Romish religion. But the good shepherd (possibly remembering that text, "if an angel from heaven should teach you any other doctrine than what you have received, let him be accursed,") would in no wise hearken to him so as to return to popery—Whereupon, the seeming angel told him, if he would not obey his message, he must forthwith deliver him over to the devil; and finding his threats made no impression, he retreated; and then presently came up his confederate, representing the devil's own proper person, with a dreadful noise and muttering, and to the great dismay of the trembling shepherd. But just as the mock devil made an offer to seize on him, the shepherd's dog, not being afraid, when he saw his master in danger, fell on the pretended fiend;

when the shepherd perceived that the devil was not able to keep off the dog, his courage returned, and leaping out of his car with his hook in his hand, knocked down the supposed devil dead upon the spot, whom at daylight he discovered to be a neighbouring monk; he buried him in the devil's dress, to prevent further trouble. But the confederate angel having fled at the sight of his companion's fall, returned the next day with more monks, to demand their brother. The shepherd at first denied the fact; but being carried before a magistrate, he scrupled not to declare, that as for the monk, he could give no account of him; but that he had killed the devil, who attacked him last night in his car, and buried him, as related above. The magistrate immediately ordered the ground to be opened; but the monk being found in his hellish dress, the monks thought it most prudent to drop the prosecution of the murderer.

FILIAL PIETY.

It has been often said that so many children make a bad return for the kindness they have experienced from their parents, and bring upon their old age such an accumulation of sorrow and affliction, that it is much better for men not to have any children, than to bring them into the world under the chance of their turning out ill. But, sir, this is a bad mode of reasoning; for, in the first place, the grounds on

which it is formed are erroneous; and, in the next, it would destroy the population of the world, which God clearly means should be kept up. Suffer me here, sir, to relate a very remarkable instance of filial affection in a youth.

On the banks of the Seine, just at the gates of Paris, is a magnificent pile of buildings, known by the name of the Royal Military School. Very near four hundred young gentlemen are there clothed, boarded, lodged and educated at the expense of the crown.—Being intended for the army, they are instructed in the theory of military tactics, which are reduced to practice in an extensive lawn lying before the house, and which, from the exercises performed there, is called the Campus Martius, or Champ de Mars. To be admitted into this school, a youth must be the son of a commissioned officer, and of noble birth, however decayed the father's fortune may be. When the education of the pupils is completed, they are always provided with commissions in some of the marching regiments before they leave the school.

Some years ago, one of the young gentlemen admitted into the school was remarked to abstain from fish and flesh meats; and to take nothing at his meals but soup, and some bread and water unmixed with wine. The governor, who is always a general officer, being informed of this singularity, thought he was led to it by a fit of mistaken devotion, and ill judged mortification, and therefore reproved him for want of discipline, in departing from the rules of the house.—The youth received the reproof with modesty and

humility; He did not attempt to excuse himself, nor did he assign his motive for this mark of self-denial; but nevertheless continued to live upon soup and bread and water.

M. Paris de Verney, hearing this from the governor, sent for the young gentleman, and mildly represented to him how necessary it was to avoid the appearance of singularity, and to conform to the rules and orders of his superiors. The youth was silent; on this M. de Verney thought it necessary to threaten the young man that he would send him back to his family, if he did not change his conduct in the particulars alluded to.

This forced the boy to speak out. "Alas, sir," said he, "since you will force me to speak, I will open my heart to you. When I was at home we had seldom any thing to eat but black bread, and in small quantities, and sometimes we had nothing to drink with it but water. Here I have excellent soup, fine white bread, and as much of it as I please to eat; so that with these only I live sumptuously, compared to what I did at home. When flesh meat, fish, poultry, and wine are set before me, I cannot for the soul of me touch them, for I recollect that my dear father and mother have nothing better than bread and water or a little soup for their support."

At this mark of sensibility in so tender a youth, M. de Verney and the governor, who was also present, could not refrain from tears. "But sir," said the former gentleman, "as your father bore a commission in the army, he must have had a pension for his sup-

port."—"Yes, sir, but it is very small; and my father being descended from a race of younger brothers, he has no other support. He once came from the country to Versailles, in order to solicit an augmentation to his pension, his title to which was his long services, and ten children, for whom he was unable to provide; but not being able to bear the expense of a long attendance at Versailles, he returned home to languish out the remainder of his life, rather than run into debt by attending the levees of the great." "Well, sir," said M. de Verney, "if, upon inquiry, I find the case to be as you state it, I promise you I shall obtain for your father an addition to his pension of five hundred livres a year. And," added he, "as your parents have so little to spare, I presume they have been ill able to allow you any pocket money; accept, therefore, these three louis d'ors, which I present you with in the name of his majesty, for your private use; and as for your father, I will take care to remit to him immediately in advance the first half year's payment of the augmentation which I have promised to procure him, and in which I am sure I shall not fail." "Pray sir," said the youth, "may I take the liberty to ask, how or by what conveyance you can remit the money?" "Don't be uneasy on that head," replied M. de Verney, "I'll find means to send it." "Ah! then, sir," cried the child, "grant me one favour more." "What is it?" said he. "Take back the three louis you were so good as to give me just now, and send them to my father. Here the king's bounty provides me abundantly with every thing I can

want, this money therefore is useless to me; but it will be a treasure to my father, and the rest of his children."

M. de Verney tenderly embraced the boy, and from that moment became his declared friend and protector. Who would not wish to be the parent of such a son! Animated with such a soul, and adorned with such sensibility, he would give his parents, in this world, a taste of that bliss which the society of saints and angels affords in heaven.

ANECDOTE OF A MISER.

An opulent financier, had procured an iron door to be made for an obscure vault, in which he concealed his gold and silver, and where he daily went to pay his adorations to the deity Mammon. The maker of the ingenious lock warned him to be particularly attentive to a certain spring, lest it might prove fatal to him; because if he neglected to fasten it while in the vault, he would be himself irrecoverably caught in the snare he had laid for others.

Many years elapsed: the insatiate miser continued his accumulations, and regularly visited his hoard. He laid himself down among his treasure, numbered his bags with the feelings of a voluptuary, and ranged them in order in that obscure vault, the only shrine of his worship. One day, in his transports, whilst animated by the idol he adored, and enjoying all the

pleasures of avarice, he neglected to fix the fatal spring; the door closed upon him, and he remained for ever entombed with his money and despair.

In vain he cries and roars, for he was in a dungeon distant and inaccessible to every living creature, and from which no sound could be heard: his only companions were gold and hunger; and he there died distracted in the midst of his bags, piled one above another, all of which he would gladly have exchanged for a glass of water or morsel of bread. Tedious and dreadful sufferings preceded his death; and the horror of his fate was not lessened or alleviated by the recollection of one generous or benevolent action.—What a shocking exit for a financier, affording a new and terrible subject for a drama, where it may be exhibited as a dreadful lesson to misers.

In the meanwhile, his family, ignorant of his fate, searched every where for him without success, as no body knew of the hiding place, which the caution of avarice had caused to be dug secretly. His sudden disappearance came at length to the knowledge of the locksmith, who, immediately suspecting the cause, discovered the mystery to the widow, by whose orders the iron door of the cave being forced open, a shocking spectacle appeared: the unhappy miser starved to death, extended upon his treasure, having, in his anguish, torn and devoured the flesh from his own arms.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DOCTOR YOUNG.

This eminent writer was remarkable for the urbanity of his manners, and the cheerfulness of his temper, prior to a most disastrous family contingency, which threw a shade on all the subsequent part of his life. He was once on a party of pleasure with a few ladies, going up the water, to Vauxhall gardens, and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him several officers were also in a boat rowing for the same place, and soon came along side the boat where the Doctor and the ladies were. The Doctor, who was not much conceited with his playing, put up his flute on their approach. One of them instantly asked why he ceased playing, or put the flute in his pocket? "For the same reason," said he, "that I took it out, to please myself." The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined, that if he did not immediately take out his flute and continue his music, he would throw him into the Thames. The Doctor, in order to allay the fears of the ladies, pocketed the insult with the best grace he could, and continued his tune all the way up the river. During the evening, however, he observed the officer who had acted thus cavalierly, by himself, in one of the walks, and making up to him, said, with great coolness, "It was, sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of my company or your's, that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black as well as a red coat, I expect you will meet me to-morrow morning at a certain place, without any second, the quarrel being entirely our own."

The Doctor further covenanted, in a very peremptory manner, that the business should be altogether settled with swords. To all these conditions the officer implicitly consented. The duellists accordingly met next morning at the hour and place appointed; but the moment the officer took his ground, the Doctor presented to his head a large horse pistol. "What!" said the officer, "do you intend to assassinate me?" "No," said the Doctor, "but you shall this instant put up your sword and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man." Some short altercation ensued, but the Doctor appeared so serious and determined, that the officer could not help complying. "Now, sir," said the Doctor, "you forced me to play yesterday against my will, and I have obliged you to dance this day against your's. We are again on an equal footing, and whatever other satisfaction you demand I am ready to give." The officer forthwith embraced the parson, acknowledged his impertinence, and begged that for the future they might live on terms of the sincerest friendship, which they did ever after.

THE FORCE OF NATURE.

An elderly French lady, retiring to a country seat, had only one child, a son, who was a handsome young man, but a gamester and debauchee. Destitute, at length, of other means to live, he associated with a strolling company of comedians, who, as it happened, passed a short time at Worcester, near which town was the old lady's residence. After sustaining a few characters, the young actor was discovered, and

the circumstance imparted to the mother. Though highly displeased with her son, she could not resist a wish to see him, and for this purpose went incog. to the theatre. The Gamester was the play, and the young man filled the principal part. During the recital of those passages which bore a resemblance to her son's bad conduct, the picture worked so strongly on her imagination, that she exclaimed aloud, "Aye, there he is! the beggar! the scoundrel! Always the same! No changeling!" The delusion grew so strong in the fifth act, where Beverly lifts up his hand to kill the child, that the old lady, in a tone of voice the most distressing, cried out, "Wretch that thou art, don't kill the child! I will take it home with me."

A PIOUS FRAUD.

The following pious fraud lately occurred at the opening of a new Methodistical meeting at Bell Bar, near Enfield Chase: A person, apparently a gentleman, passing by on horseback, and seeing a great number of people waiting at the doors, after inquiring the cause, and understanding that it was the day appointed for the opening of the same, by a minister from London, and that a collection was to be made, &c. waited till after service began, when alighting from his horse, he went in, and joined in the service. In a short time he pulled out a purse, and putting a guinea into his hat, went round the congregation, who, influenced by his example, contributed very liberally. Though this conduct in a stranger was rather unaccountable, it passed very well with the minister, who

imputed his zeal to a sudden conversion of the subject, as collections in the middle of the service are common in conventicles. Notwithstanding this, the surprise of the whole congregation was inexpressible, when, instead of going into the vestry, they saw the new convert making towards the door. The minister and others called upon him to deliver up his charge, which he refused, saying, "My brethren, freely have ye given, and freely have I received;" and instantly remounting his horse, which was an exceeding good one, he left the congregation to expatiate on the damnable nature of apostacy.

ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE DREAM.

A PEDLAR, who lived many years ago at Swaffham, in Norfolk, dreamed, that if he went to London, and stood upon London bridge, he should hear very joyful news. This he at first slighted, but afterwards his dream being doubled and trebled unto him, he resolved to try the issue of it; and accordingly to London he went, and stood on the bridge for two or three days, but heard nothing which might give him comfort, that the profit of his journey might be equal to his pains.

At last it so happened that a shop-keeper there, having noted his fruitless standing, seeing that he neither sold any wares, or asked any alms, went to him, and inquired his business; to which the pedlar made answer, that being a countryman, he had dreamed a dream, that if he came to London he should hear good news.

"And art thou," said the shop-keeper, "such a fool as to take a journey on such a foolish errand?" "Why I tell thee this—last night I dreamed that I was at Swaffham, in Norfolk, a place utterly unknown to me, where, methought, behind a pedlar's house, in a certain orchard, under a great oak tree, if I digged there, I should find a mighty mass of treasure. Now think you that I am so unwise as to take so long a journey upon me, only by the instigation of a foolish dream! No, no; far be such folly from me; therefore, honest countryman, I advise thee to make haste home again, and do not spend thy precious time in the expectation of the event of an idle dream!"

The pedlar, who noted well his words, glad of such joyful news, went speedily home, and digged under the oak, where he found a very large heap of money; with part of which, the church being then lately fallen down, he very sumptuously rebuilt it; having his statue cut therein, in stone, with his pack on his back, and his dog at his heels, which is to be seen at this day: and his memory is also preserved by the same form, or picture, on most of the glass windows of the taverns and ale-houses in that town.

A MURDERER DISCOVERED.

A man was once taken up on suspicion of murder, but, when brought to the bar, the evidence appeared not strong enough to convict him. He behaved with great apparent boldness, for he knew there were no witnesses to the fact; and he had also taken all the

necessary precaution to prevent a discovery. But the judge observed in the man's countenance a terror and confusion which his pretended boldness could not hide, and therefore kept his eye steadily fixed on him the whole time. As soon as the last witness was dismissed, the man asked if they had any more evidence against him, when the judge, looking sternly at him, asked him if he did not himself know of one more that could appear against him, whose presence would put the matter out of doubt? On which the man started, and cried out—"My lord, he is not a legal witness! no man can speak in his own cause; nor was the wound I gave him, half so large as what he shows against me." The judge presently perceived by the man's starting, and the wildness and terror in his look, that he either saw the ghost of the murdered man, or that his imagination had, from his guilty conscience, formed such an appearance; and, therefore, making the proper answers from such a supposition, he soon brought the murderer to confess the fact; for which he was condemned, and hanged in chains at the place where he declared the murder had been committed. At his death he averred that the ghost of the murdered person had appeared before his eyes at the trial.

THE END.

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